

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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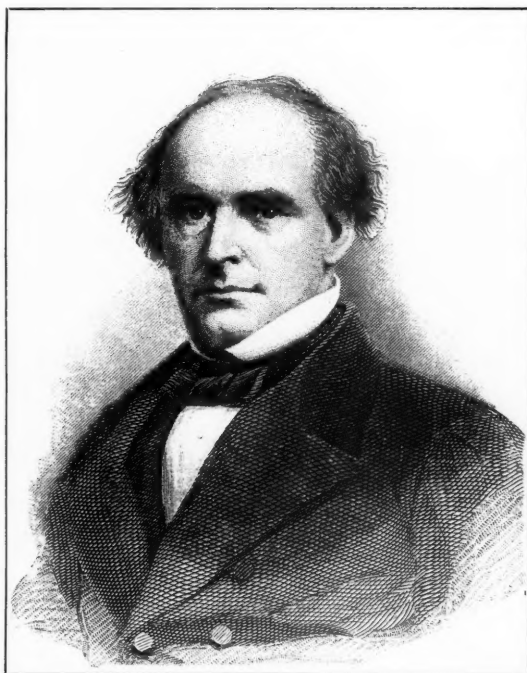
Number II

## SOME OF THE BIG NEW ENGLANDERS WHO HAVE HELPED TO BUILD UP THE GREAT WEST

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Ph.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"IT was not that Rome came upon the world, but that the world came upon the Romans; and that is the sure way of greatness," said Lord Bacon; and he might almost have had in mind the manner in which the United States has been energized and impressed by New England.



SALMON P. CHASE (BORN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE), GOVERNOR OF OHIO, UNITED STATES SENATOR, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, AND CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Everybody knows that the Pilgrim Fathers were steering for the coast of New Jersey, and that nothing but the coincidence of a Dutch sea-captain's obstinacy with an overruling Providence caused them to land in Massachusetts Bay. Apparently the Puritans set themselves to make good their original

People have only recently learned that the New Englanders were the first architects of the Federal Constitution; inasmuch as, in 1775, when Benjamin Franklin drew up a sketch of a constitution, parts of which are embedded in the later work of the Federal convention, he must have had before him a copy of the New



LEWIS CASS (BORN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE), GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN TERRITORY, SECRETARY OF WAR, UNITED STATES SENATOR, AND SECRETARY OF STATE

purpose by spreading their principles throughout the country. Their church, their law, their customs, their thrift, their shrewdness, their adherence to principle, have long since flowed beyond the Hudson, and may be traced in every State of the Union. As William Bradford set it down at the beginning:

Their ends were good and honourable; their calling lawfull and urgent; and therefore they might expect the blessing of God in their proceeding.

England confederation, framed in 1643. Certainly phrases from the constitution of those little allied colonies can be recognized in our present frame of government.

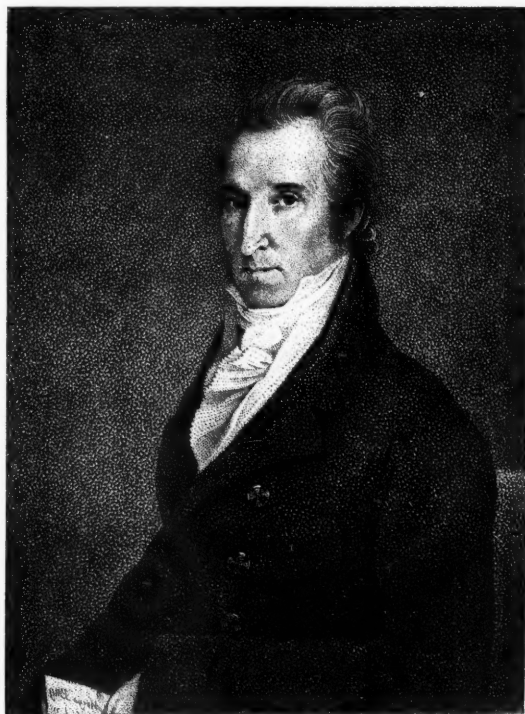
#### NEW ENGLAND MEN AND PRINCIPLES

One of the reasons for the success of the New Englander is that he takes every chance that comes to him. His region has never been one of rich soil; but where are there neater and better-kept farm-



buildings or trimmer villages? The coast is rocky and forbidding; but the Pilgrim Fathers found that it abounded in fish, and the fruit of their nets paid their heavy debt in England. When the West first opened up its unrivaled advantages, the New Englanders kept on fishing and building ships, and sailing them, and carrying other men's goods. A century ago, when the Napoleonic wars had interfered with shipping, they turned to manufactures, developed their water-powers, invented machinery; and thus found employment and built homes for a population which has grown as fast as that of almost any part of the Union. It was the typical New Englander that Emerson had in mind when he said:

A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles,* keeps a school, preaches, edits a



RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS (BORN IN CONNECTICUT), GOVERNOR OF OHIO DURING THE WAR OF 1812, UNITED STATES SENATOR, AND POSTMASTER-GENERAL

newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a town-ship, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already.

So far-spread are the New England principles that one might almost think they made their way through the air, settling down wherever there was good soil and springing up in a new crop of white frame houses with green blinds, a new acreage of town meetings, a new church, with a minister preaching sound doctrines up in the lofty pulpit. But principles are spread by men, and the main reason why New England is so powerful in the West is to be found in the stout hearts and the lively spirit of those who have carried westward their families and their household gods.

An astonishing number of the great names in the annals of the West are traceable directly or more remotely to



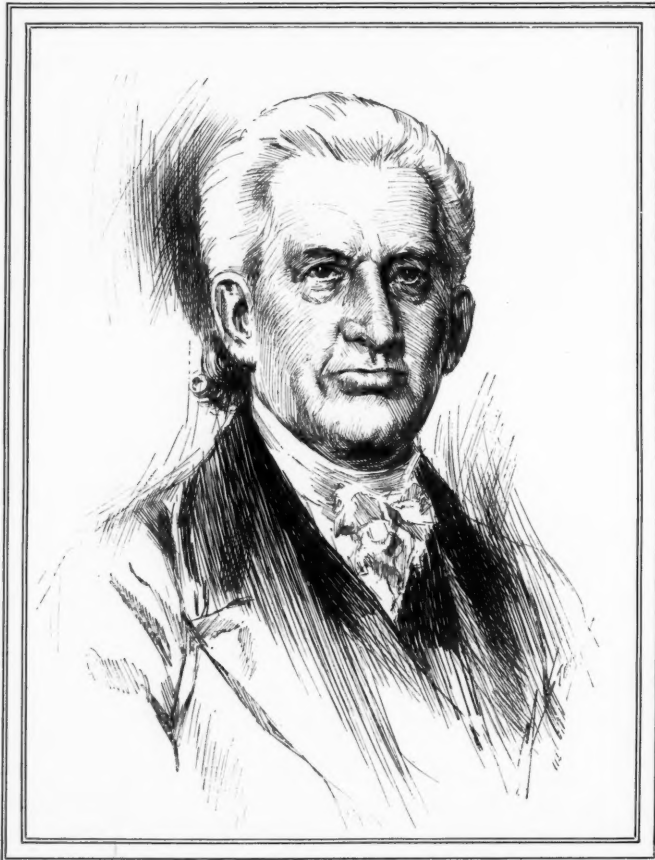
MOSES CLEAVELAND (BORN IN CONNECTICUT),  
FOUNDER OF THE CITY OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

New England ancestry. Massachusetts might claim Abraham Lincoln, whose forebears lived in Hingham, were it not that the family had a century in which to take its leisurely course through Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana to Illinois. At least, New England may fairly claim

four times visited his birthplace. Late in life he wrote:

I long much to see again my native place and to lay my bones there—my best wishes attend my dear country.

New England claims Franklin's indus-

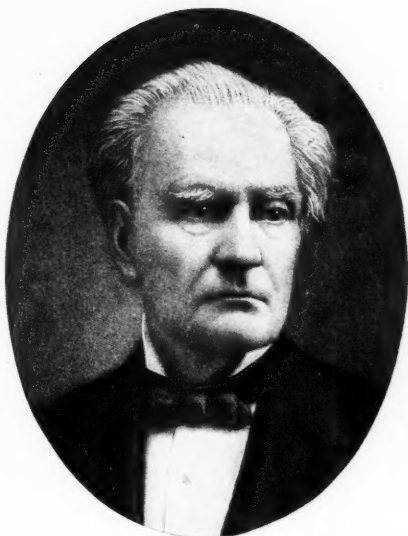


LYMAN BEECHER (BORN IN CONNECTICUT), FOR NEARLY TWENTY YEARS  
PRESIDENT OF LANE SEMINARY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

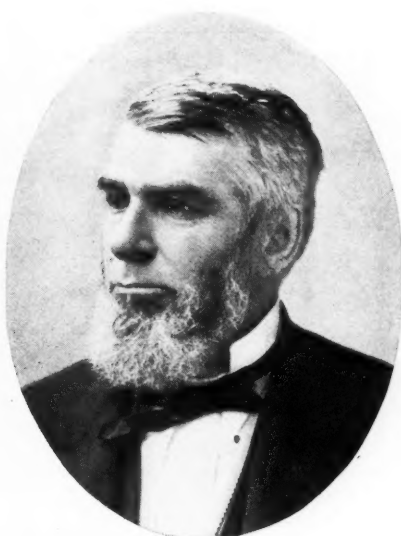
Benjamin Franklin as the first distinguished emigrant to the West, where he settled in the frontier town—as it was then—of Philadelphia. To be sure, in the midst of the culture of Boston, this graceless youth contented himself with two years' schooling, and he never was fond of going to church; but, like most transplanted New Englanders, he liked to come back to what corresponds to the Old Home Week of modern times, and

try, keenness of insight, and breadth of view; and leaves to Pennsylvania the honor of furnishing his later self-indulgence and love of ease. Succotash and terrapin never did make a proper combination for any table!

Leaving aside New England's influence on New York, on Pennsylvania, on the South—where in many a churchyard lie the last remains of a born New Englander—some attempt may be made to



BENJAMIN F. WADE (BORN IN MASSACHUSETTS),  
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO



MORRISON R. WAITE (BORN IN CONNECTICUT),  
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT

follow her peripatetic sons to the Western communities in which they have played a distinguished part.

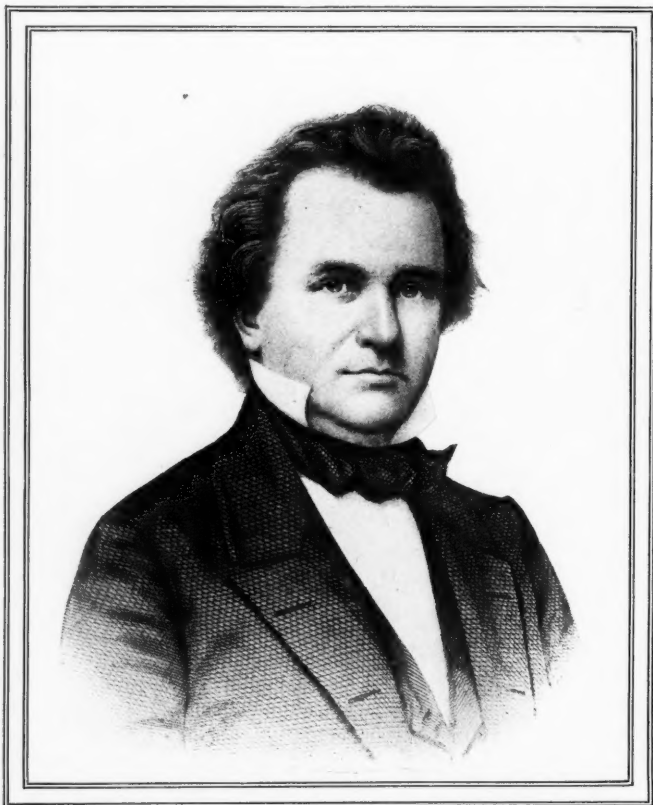
The first and among the most picturesque of these transmitters of civilization were the early settlers of southern and



CADWALLADER C. WASHBURN (BORN IN MAINE),  
GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN AND CON-  
GRESSMAN



ELIHU B. WASHBURNE (BORN IN MAINE), CON-  
GRESSMAN FROM ILLINOIS AND MINISTER  
TO FRANCE



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS (BORN IN VERMONT), UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS, THE "LITTLE GIANT" OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN THE PERIOD PRECEDING THE CIVIL WAR

northern Ohio. Of these, the most distinguished was Manasseh Cutler, of Connecticut and of Yale, who, with other friends, worked out the idea of the colonizing Ohio Company, which was to make them all the rich and happy possessors of Western farms. Never was there a more determined and successful lobbyist than Manasseh Cutler, who, in 1787, descended upon Congress—then sitting in New York—and proceeded to convince the members that there was nothing for it but to give him a favorable contract for land on the Ohio River.

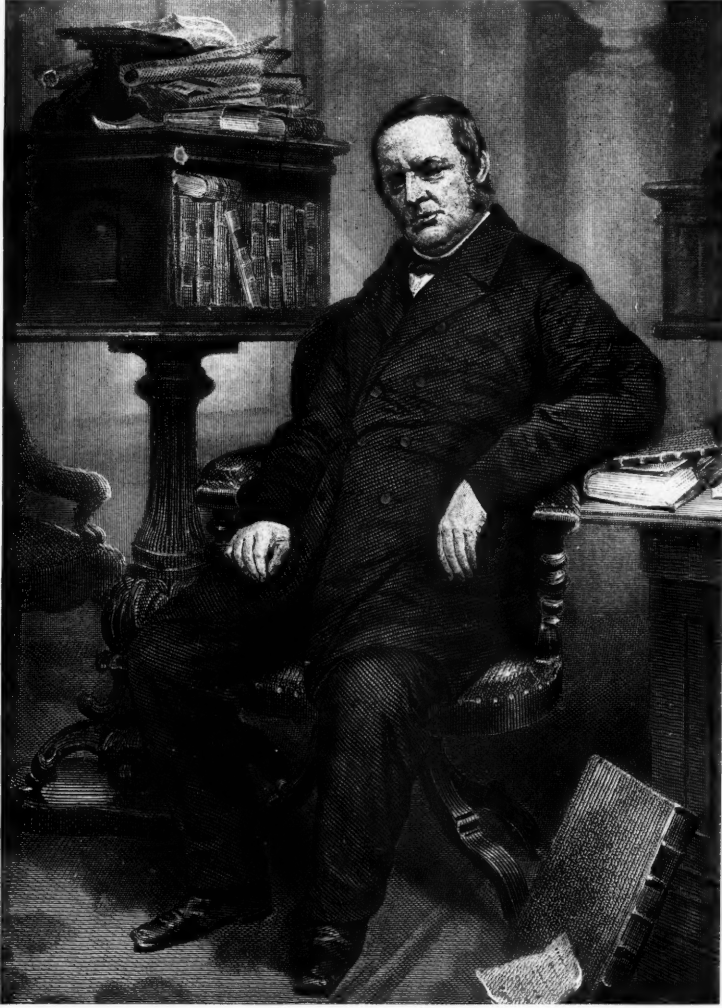
"In order to get at some of them, so as to work powerfully on their minds in some instances," says Cutler, "we engaged one person, who engaged a second, and he a third, and so on to a fourth before we could effect our purpose." Yet all these wheels within wheels failed to

move Congress, till the Rev. Manasseh hit upon the idea of letting them in on the ground floor by organizing the Scioto Company, in which the members of Congress could take stock. That company was sold to another company, which was sold to a French holding company, which sold the lands without paying for them. French settlers were sent out, who founded the town of Gallipolis, but who proved to have been more completely sold than anything else in this remarkable combination.

Nevertheless, Manasseh Cutler, his son, Ephraim, and their friend, General Rufus Putnam, were true commonwealth-builders, willing to risk their own property and to make a home in a wilderness then more remote in time of travel and accessibility than Cape Nome is to-day. In their little settlement of Marietta they

introduced all the New England methods that they could. They built a block-house for defense against the Indians, a

and temper of their older home. They transferred their own good New England names to the new community, where Cut-



HUGH McCULLOCH (BORN IN MAINE), AN INDIANA BANKER WHO SERVED AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY UNDER PRESIDENTS LINCOLN, JOHNSON, AND ARTHUR

part of which still stands near the beautiful Indian mounds, the adornment of the city of Marietta; they founded an academy; they made early provision for free common schools; they looked forward to a college, which last year celebrated its seventy-first anniversary. They reproduced, as far as they could, the tone

and Putnams are still serving their day and generation.

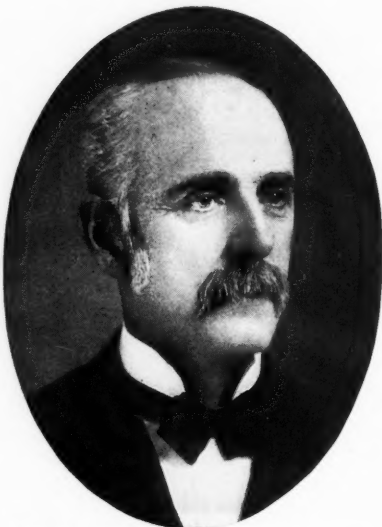
#### THE WESTERN RESERVE

Two hundred miles away, on the shores of Lake Erie, there was planted, about ten years later, a second New England settlement, which even more than the



smaller community on the Ohio reproduced the conditions and the atmosphere of New England. This was the Western Reserve, which for fifteen years was an integral part of the State of Connecticut, and was originally settled almost entirely by people from that community.

Among them was General Moses Cleaveland, who surveyed and founded the city, now rich and prosperous, which bears his name, less a single letter dropped out by an early news-

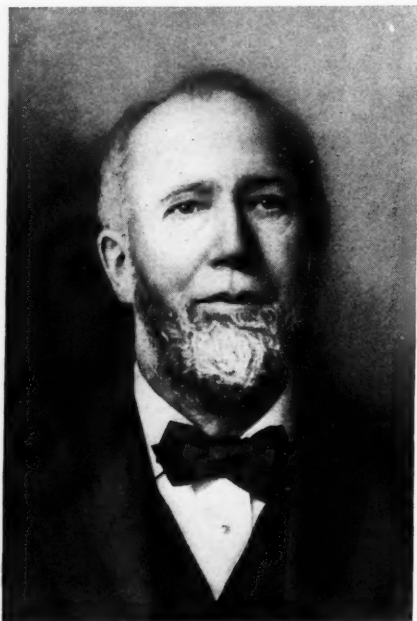


LESLIE M. SHAW (BORN IN VERMONT), GOVERNOR OF IOWA AND SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

*From a photograph by Gessford, New York*

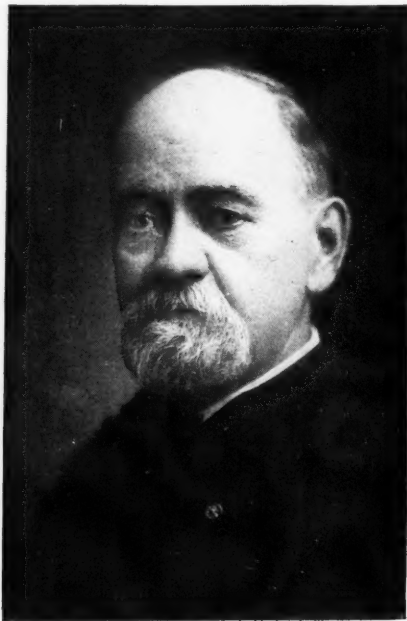
paper. From the same Cleaveland family came that Grover Cleveland who, some eighty years later, was living in Buffalo—evidently as near as he could get to the West—and thence was twice called to live for a time in Washington.

Up to the coming of the coal-mine and the iron-furnace, the Western Reserve was more like Connecticut than Connecticut itself. It had the same trim, white villages, each with its green, upon or around which were grouped the



GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT (BORN IN MASSACHUSETTS), A PIONEER AND ORGANIZER OF THE MEAT-PACKING INDUSTRY IN CHICAGO

*From a photograph by Lawrence, Chicago*



JOHN S. PILLSBURY (BORN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE), GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA AND A PIONEER IN THE NORTHWESTERN FLOUR-MILLING INDUSTRY

*From a photograph by Opshal, Minneapolis*



church, the town hall, the schoolhouse, and perhaps the academy. One Ambrose Hart went out there in 1804 from the village of Farmington—now a suburb of Hartford, Connecticut—and helped to found another Hartford in Ohio; and without him this narrative had not been written. The very dialect of New England was carried West, and preserved after it was dying out at home. The churches were duplications of similar buildings in Connecticut. Later the people read the same semi-weekly *New York Tribune*, and voted the same abolition ticket as their Eastern cousins. Indeed, some of the communities in the Western Reserve were bodily transferred from the East. For instance, nearly all the people of Granville, Connecticut, agreed to move to Ohio; and there they founded the new town of Granville, with church, town-meeting, and the whole thing.

Thus thousands of people participated in New-Anglicizing the West, and naturally they chose some of their own people to office. Among the early Governors of Ohio was that Return Jonathan Meigs whose grandfather was the reputed hero of the pretty tale that the Puritan maiden who had once frightened him away coyly begged him to "return, Jonathan"; and, of course, Jonathan returned. Meigs was chief justice of Ohio, then Senator, and for four years, before and during the War of 1812, an efficient Governor. He also served under President Monroe as Postmaster-General, for New Englanders have a habit of rebounding from a Western State into the Federal government.

Many New Englanders have sat in Congress from Ohio, among them Samuel F. Vinton, born in South Hadley, Massachusetts; Albert G. Riddle, born in Monson, Massachusetts, a writer of very good novels on early Ohio life; William W. Campbell, of Vermont, and Charles H. Grosvenor, born in Pomfret, Connecticut, and for twenty consecutive years a member of Congress from Athens, Ohio.

#### CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE'S CAREER

Three New Englanders, however, stand out especially in the history of Ohio. Morrison R. Waite, Chief Justice of the United States from 1874 to 1888, was

born in Lyme, Connecticut. His predecessor, Salmon P. Chase, the most distinguished civilian identified with Ohio, was also a New Englander. Chase is a fine example of the New Englander militant. Born in Cornish, New Hampshire, his uncle, Philander Chase, Episcopal bishop of Ohio and one of the uplifters of that section, brought him out for a time as a boy; and in 1830, when Chase was admitted to the bar, he deliberately chose Cincinnati, then the metropolis of the West, for his future home. Until he went to Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, in 1861, he was a stirring figure in that State—twice chosen Senator and twice Governor. President Lincoln appointed him Chief Justice in 1864, and he served until he died in 1873. To the end of his life Chase never forgot that he was a New Hampshire man, and he liked to revisit the scenes of his youth.

#### A MILITANT OHIO SENATOR

For a time a colleague of Chase in the Senate was Benjamin F. Wade, who was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, but made his career in northern Ohio, and especially in Cleveland. He was Senator from Ohio continuously from 1851 to 1869, and furnished one of the most picturesque figures in Congress. Alongside of Thaddeus Stevens, also a New Englander, he stood for the rudest and fiercest treatment of the Confederacy during the Civil War and of the ex-Confederates after the war. He had the Puritan intolerance of his enemies. He would have enjoyed being at the destruction of the Pequot fort, in 1635, when "many were burned in the fort, both men, women, and children"; for, as Captain Underhill, the hero of that occasion, said:

Some time the Scripture declareth women and children must perish with their parents; some time the case alters; but we will not dispute it now.

Wade loved to stir up the ardent fire-eaters of the South. On one memorable occasion, when they accused him of trying to antagonize the annexation of Cuba with a homestead bill, Wade replied that he was urging "this great measure of land to the landless," while the other side was trying "to give niggers to the

niggerless." A Senate made up wholly of Ben Wades would be like a Senate of Ben Tillmans for courtesy and grace; but he was an interesting old Puritan.

#### NEW ENGLANDERS IN MICHIGAN

No other Western State has had such thorough-going New England settlements as Ohio, although a belt of Yankee influence can be traced directly westward from old New England. Northern Indiana, southern Michigan, northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, and northern Iowa, all show this pervasive influence; and islands of New England people can be found in central Ohio, central Indiana, and other spots north and south of this belt. No Western State so nearly reproduces the New England town government as Michigan, which alone out there knows the real, genuine, unadulterated town-meeting.

Besides the late Governor Pingree, who was born in Denmark, Maine, two of the most noted Michiganders came from the same favored section. Lewis Cass, Governor of the Territory of Michigan, Senator, minister to France, Secretary of War during the Mexican War, Democratic candidate for President in 1848, and Secretary of State for Buchanan, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire. Cass is a type of the vigorous and obstinate frontier statesman. In an unlucky moment somebody accused him of being "a Northern man with Southern principles"; and no one was more detested by the abolitionists of the Northwest. Cass was, nevertheless, a man of power and a national figure, much superior in character to the later radical Senator from Michigan, Zachariah Chandler, who came from Bedford, New Hampshire, only a few miles from Cass's birthplace. Nobody charged "Zack" Chandler with concession to Southern sentiment. Along with Ben Wade, of Ohio, and Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, he was always urging President Lincoln to strong measures, and that statesman once compared the pertinacious trio to Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. Chandler and Wade were the most strenuous advocates of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Had the one more vote which was necessary been forthcoming, so that Johnson had been removed, Ben Wade,

as president of the Senate, would have acted as President.

In Indiana, as in southern Ohio, the New Englanders were brought into rivalry with a strong current from the South. The only distinguished son of the East who came to represent that State was Hugh McCulloch, who was born in Kennebunk, Maine, and served as Secretary of the Treasury in Johnson's Cabinet.

#### NEW ENGLANDERS IN ILLINOIS

Next to Ohio, the State most strongly influenced from New England is Illinois, in which four statesmen of first-rate rank have appeared with the Puritan nimbus. "Long John Wentworth," a Representative in Congress, a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and a force in the Republican party, came from Sandwich, New Hampshire. He was the hero of the incident in a theater, when his towering form interfered with the vision of the spectators, and they began to call: "Down in front, down in front!"

"In order to convince the audience that I was sitting down," said "Long John," uprearing his person like a monument, "I will now rise up;" whereupon the audience burst into vociferous cheering.

Another of Lincoln's friends was Lyman Trumbull, of Colchester, Connecticut, who, in 1854, carried away the unexpected prize of the Senatorship, for which Lincoln was also a candidate; but Lincoln threw his forces for his friend, and from that time it was understood that the Kentuckian would be the Republican candidate in 1858. Trumbull was a sage and able man whose service in the Senate was of great value to his party and his country.

Of larger national reputation, through his diplomatic service, was Elihu B. Washburne, member of a distinguished family which furnished Governors for Maine, Wisconsin, and Illinois. Washburne served long and well in Congress, and was minister of the United States to France during the terrible war years of 1870 and 1871. It was to his hands that the German government committed the interests of the thirty thousand Germans who were expelled from Paris; and he won the good-will of the German people

and of his own countrymen by his courageous and skilful handling of this difficult matter.

#### THE CAREER OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

By far the greatest New Englander in Illinois, and indeed the most striking figure in the whole list of transplanted statesmen, is Stephen A. Douglas, who was born in Brandon, Vermont, went out early to the West, and grew up as the rival of the rising Abraham Lincoln. Douglas identified himself with the proslavery men of Illinois. He drew an unwavering support from the southern counties of the State, which were popularly called "Egypt," and were peopled almost entirely by Southern immigrants and their descendants; while the northern tier abounded in New England men, and furnished a stronghold of abolitionism.

Notwithstanding his origin, Douglas was preeminently the frontier statesman. He had the manners of the backwoods—rough, violent, and constantly appealing to the groundlings; but he had also the virtues of the West—an immense vigor; a willingness to tackle any question that came up; a breezy belief that somehow things would come out right in the end; a genuine confidence in the capacity of his countrymen to settle their own problems. He went to Congress earlier than Lincoln; and, while Lincoln retired after a single term, Douglas remained there, first as a Representative and then as a Senator. Except Cass, he is the only one of our New England emigrants who came near the Presidency. He was a strong candidate in the Democratic conventions of 1852 and 1856; but the party split on the question of popular sovereignty, and in 1858 he had to fight for his seat in the Senate with the great champion of antislavery in the West, Abraham Lincoln.

Never was Douglas's extraordinary ability as a popular speaker more needed. His tall antagonist brushed aside the personalities with which the Vermonter attempted to break him down, and compelled Douglas to define his principles in the celebrated "Freeport doctrine"; so that, though Douglas carried the election and was returned to the Senate, the Southern Democrats would not vote for

him, and split the Democratic party when he was nominated in 1860.

In the great contest of that year Lincoln and Douglas contended for the electoral vote of Illinois, and Lincoln got it. • Nevertheless, the two men seemed to have retained a personal regard for each other; and when the Civil War broke out Douglas offered his services to Lincoln for organizing the North. At this critical moment, however, his career, in which there were many possibilities, was cut short by death.

#### A LONG LIST OF PUBLIC MEN

Still farther West, several Governors and Senators have sprung from New England. Iowa, for instance, has had among her chief magistrates William Larrabee, of Connecticut, and Leslie M. Shaw, of Vermont, the latter having also been Secretary of the Treasury. C. C. Washburn, a Maine man, and brother of Elihu B. Washburne, was Governor of Wisconsin. John S. Pillsbury, of New Hampshire, was Governor of Minnesota, and a principal figure in building up the great flour industry. William F. Vilas, Senator from Wisconsin and Postmaster-General, came from Vermont. Charles Robinson, of Massachusetts, one of the antislavery leaders of Kansas, became Governor of that State.

Two men who have had an immense and unfortunate influence on the West were Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, successively prophets of the Mormon church, both Vermonters, although their enterprise was first established at Palmyra, New York; then at Kirtland, in the Western Reserve of Ohio; and then at Nauvoo, Illinois. Both were men of extraordinary vitality and hypnotic power, who withstood their many opponents with genuine Yankee grit.

Several prominent Western members of the present Congress are New Englanders—George E. Foss and Henry S. Boutell, of Illinois, for instance, and Frederick C. Stevens, of Minnesota. Two more who have lately retired, after long service at Washington, are Joseph W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, and Loren Fletcher, of Minnesota. Thomas Cale, the delegate from Alaska, was born in Maine. Franklin Brooks, who represented Colorado in the last Congress,

was a Massachusetts man and a graduate of Brown University. Senator Kittredge, of South Dakota, comes from New Hampshire, and is a graduate of Yale. Richard F. Pettigrew, who served for two terms from the same State, is a Vermonter. Jonathan Bourne, Senator-elect from Oregon, is an Eastern man and a graduate of Harvard. Of the Senators from California, George C. Perkins hails from Maine and Frank P. Flint from Massachusetts.

#### LINKS BETWEEN EAST AND WEST

This roll of public men is far from including all the personalities who followed the star of empire westward. The early churches were founded by men like Philander Chase, of Ohio, who came from New Hampshire, and Peter Cartwright, the frontier missionary who once unsuccessfully ran against Abraham Lincoln for Congress. Other men, like Lyman Beecher, of Connecticut, for a time settled in the West and then returned eastward. It was Beecher's connection with Lane Seminary, in Cincinnati, that gave his daughter, Harriet Beecher Stowe, an opportunity to see something of slavery, and thus inspired "Uncle Tom's Cabin." William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, stirred up Theodore F. Weld, who aroused Oberlin College, and made it a center for abolitionists; and Garrison, like Emerson, made a lecturing tour through the West.

New England's greatest influence on her Western brethren, however, was more through the unknown and the forgotten than through the men whose names are inscribed on the book of fame. Hundreds of obscure ministers, school-teachers, and professional men have carried with them the fire of learning and rekindled it in their new homes. Thousands of business men, trained in affairs and inheriting the thrift of their Yankee forefathers, have brought their skill and their money, and their ability to make more money, to the service of their new homes. Notable among them are the late Gustavus Swift, of Massachusetts, the organizer of the packing industry of Chicago on a large scale, and William Deering, of Maine, whose great factory of agricultural implements at Moline, Illinois, is known throughout the world.

Another powerful influence has proceeded from the Western men who have graduated from New England colleges and schools, and who have in the process absorbed something of the New England spirit. Ever since the West has been well enough off to send its sons and daughters to distant colleges, New England has had a preference, due to its ancient seats of learning and its highly developed system of education. These men and women, when they scatter through the country, take with them strong ties of loyalty to their *alma mater*, and of friendship with New Englanders; and thus they help to forge those hooks of steel which bind the East and the West together.

#### THE LEAVEN OF THE PURITANS

If it is asked what New England has transferred to the West, in their hundred and twenty years of kinship, the most notable gift is undoubtedly the Puritan strength of character, which has radiated from the New England centers in the West till every hamlet feels something of it. The New England Congregational Church is vigorous in many parts of the West. The New England principle of an educated ministry has permeated the nation. The New England public school, the New England academy, the New England college, have been reproduced in every Western State.

The New England system of town government has influenced many of the Northwestern States. The Western abolitionists were in part recruited from the New England settlers, though also from Southerners who came across the Ohio River in order to get away from slavery. In such matters as the regulation of railroads and of corporations, New England legislation has often been a model for the West; and the decisions of the New England courts have been a strong influence in forming the law of the newer part of the country.

Indeed, considering that New England is invaded by foreigners until Boston is no longer a Yankee city, the great field for New England thought, aspiration, and influence is now outside her own borders. The Puritans have been "the little leaven that leavened the whole lump."



# THE INDISCRETION OF PRUDENCE

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "A FAREWELL DINNER," "THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD," ETC.

"MY dear Miss Montgomery!" gasped the astonished lawyer. "Do you intend to run the great risk of staying in that house alone?"

"My dear Mr. Sumner!" laughed Prudence. "Do you intend to give me the keys?"

Old Sumner laughed too, but rather unwillingly. From a drawer of his office desk he took a bunch of keys, and passed it to this impetuous and handsome girl who had just introduced herself to him.

"I sha'n't be long alone," said Prudence. "Surely, you have cleaners and paper-hangers here in Marengo-on-the-Hudson."

"But at night!" Sumner expostulated. "You won't spend the night at the deserted Blount place? You must be my guest, of course. Mrs. Sumner will be delighted." He tilted his chair irritably. "There, I forgot," said he. "Fanny and I are compelled to go up the river this afternoon, and can't be back until to-morrow; but the minister's wife will put you up. Really—"

"Now, look here," interposed Miss Montgomery, "I shall be perfectly safe with Elise. Don't you worry!" She waved her hand at the little French maid in the way Napoleon would have pointed out the Imperial Guards. "I haven't time to waste," she resumed, jingling the keys. "My sister Jane and Mr. Blount are to be married in a fortnight or so. This house of his, Jane writes me, has to be put in order for the honeymoon, and, as there's no Blount handy, I seem to be the only one for the job. Jane and Uncle Sim are coming North with Mr. Blount on his yacht. The yacht may be in any day, and I want to finish with this house-cleaning before they land. After that, I'll be

busy getting acquainted with my brother-in-law."

"Strange you've never seen Victor," mused Sumner. He rummaged in a pigeonhole and pulled out a faded photograph. "Taken when Victor was at Yale," said he.

"M-m-m!" commented Miss Montgomery. "Eyes a trifle close together. Family trait, I dare say. You see, I know nothing at all about the family, Mr. Sumner. But you know nothing at all about us Montgomerys. There are three Montgomerys. Jane and I are orphans, and Uncle Sim is our guardian. He's a hoteliac."

"I beg your pardon?" murmured Sumner.

"A bachelor hoteliac," repeated Prudence, "and so Jane and I have been hoteliacs ever since we left school. You know—White Mountains, Florida, Bar Harbor, Catalina Island, world without end, amen. I revoked on Florida this winter, but Jane and uncle went down, and Jane got engaged. There's the buckboard from the livery-stable. Pile in, Elise!"

"One moment," said the lawyer. "This Blount house—Heatherpool Lodge—why, it is miles away from everybody! I insist on sending you a night-watchman, Miss Montgomery. I shall send Mulligan. He is my gardener, a recent arrival in the village, but thoroughly reliable."

"I'm a thousand times obliged for your kindness, Mr. Sumner," acknowledged Prudence. "Mulligan be it. *Mulligan go bragh!*"

Sumner viewed the buckboard as it splashed along the muddy street. Prudence sat beside the local plumber. Her trim blue gown and snug hat gave her the appearance of a marvelously good-looking boy in uniform. Thus Mr.

Sumner informed his wife over their midday dinner.

"Impulsive and breezy, like the Blounts," said he. "If Jane resembles Prudence, Victor has made a suitable match."

"Victor was bound to do that," replied Mrs. Sumner. "He has all the brains of the family. That harum-scarum brother of his, Eric Blount, for instance—he hasn't been here for nearly two years. What corner of the world is Eric exploring now?"

"The Lord only knows!" avowed Sumner piously. "Last I heard, he was engaged in exploring Labrador."

"Eric will never be engaged anywhere," said his wife.

The words reminded the lawyer vaguely of Miss Montgomery.

"I feel I've allowed that girl to commit a crazy indiscretion," he grumbled. "I feel that something is going to happen to her, alone in that house. We must go up there, Fanny, the moment we return from Albany."

## II

HEATHERPOOL LODGE was perched on a wooded hillside, overhanging the Hudson.

"So called because there is no heather," observed Prudence critically; "and no pool, and probably no lodgings. Elise, please don't try to look like an owl with the neuralgia!"

Elise cheered up when the driver, whom Miss Montgomery had retained for the day, unscrewed the window-shutters and built a roaring fire on every hearth. The house was not large, and it warmed quickly. In a store-room they found chests of linen and blankets. Elise sang as she produced cooking utensils and tableware from various cupboards.

The buckboard plied back and forth incessantly. Before the driver departed from the lodge for the last time, Prudence bestowed hot coffee and sandwiches with exultant pride.

After supper came Mr. Mulligan—stocky, middle-aged, and greatly pleased by the situation. He declined a bed, expressing rapturous satisfaction with a divan in the hall; but it was seen that he would be satisfied even more by active

service, and he cleaned and loaded a revolver, to Elise's horror.

A sleety March rain began to tattoo on the shingles. Mr. Mulligan paced the piazza with a catlike tread. Prudence, clad in a voluminous dressing-gown, stretched her slippered feet contentedly at the fire in her bedroom.

"This," soliloquized Miss Montgomery, "beats any hotel from Fifth Avenue to Palm Beach. I hope that yacht is a good long time coming. How should one greet a brother-in-law? I must be affectionate, for Jane's sake." She made a grimace at the fire. "I hate to be affectionate. I don't know how. Heavens above us, what's that?"

She jumped out of the steamer-chair. Voices growled on the piazza. She heard Mulligan roar belligerently.

"Your name's Blount, is ut?" he blustered. "I never seen one, and you've got to show me. Don't be monkeyin' with that dure, like a thief, or I'll pepper ye!"

"It's my door, you fool!" retorted a wrathful stranger. "And my house. What the devil does this mean?"

The front door banged, and Elise fluttered to Prudence with a face white as her night-dress.

"We are slain!" she moaned. "It is terrible!"

"Terrible?" hissed Prudence. "Ha! You'd better believe it's terrible. That's Victor Blount. That's who it is—Mr. Victor Blount. The gentleman who is engaged—Elise, if you don't understand, I'll choke you! I'm having Mr. Blount insulted—shot, maybe—in his own house. I must go down there quick. Terrible? Elise, put on your clothes. Terrible? Ha! I should think so."

She went to the stair-head. In the lamp-lit hall a very well-made and very angry young gentleman was beating the rain-drops from his Norfolk jacket.

"Ahem!" she ventured nervously.

The young man turned. She recognized the features of the photograph. What the astounded young man saw was a beautiful girl in mysterious fluffy raiment, her dark hair in pendent braids, who regarded him with the rapt intensity of a martyr hurrying to the stake.

"Good evening," she said. "I'm Prudence Montgomery."



"Prudence Montgomery!" stammered the young man. "Prudence—why, in the telegram—my name's Blount, but—"

He said no more because she was close under his chin, crimson but determined.

"I'm so glad you are to marry Jane, Victor!" she blurted with a rush, clutched his coat collar desperately, and planted a resounding kiss somewhere in the region of his nose. "That's over, anyhow," she sighed, but she did not dare look at him. "I camped out here, Victor, to put the house in shape before you and Jane got back. Jane wrote me, you know—where is Jane?"

"Oh, she's all right," mumbled the young man, in palpable distress. "But I ought to tell you—you ought to know that—" He whirled savagely on Mulligan. "What are you snickering about, you old jackass?" he demanded. "If you're guying us, I'll—"

"That's my chaperon," interceded Prudence. "I'll present you. Mr. Mulligan—Mr. Victor Blount. Perhaps Mr. Mulligan is doubtful about my costume. It is airy, that's a fact. But when receiving your sister's future husband, somewhat unexpectedly, too—and you're married, Mr. Mulligan, of course?"

"I am that, ma'am," affirmed Mulligan. "Six children."

"An ample equipment for any chaperon," decided Miss Montgomery. "Besides, here's Elise, dressed with propriety enough for both of us. Chafing-dish and eggs, Elise—then the front bedroom to be fixed for Mr. Victor."

The young man started convulsively. "No, no!" he objected. "I'll go to the hotel. I only strolled up to find out if the lodge was still here."

A sharp gust of wind drummed the hail against the windows.

"Hotel fiddlesticks!" sniffed Prudence. "Do you imagine you are going to be turned out of your own house into a Kansas cyclone, after being nearly murdered by my chaperon? What would Jane say?"

"Tell you what," Mr. Blount proposed timidly. "If you won't go to any extra bother—let me bunk down here with Mulligan—"

"You can do as you please," said

Prudence, and she presided at the chafing-dish with charming spirit.

Indeed, she was forced to do most of the talking, as the young man was ridiculously reticent, especially about Jane. She liked him, however, and in sisterly fashion told him so, when they said good night. He thanked her modestly.

Up-stairs, Prudence addressed her bedroom mirror.

"I don't care, I do like him!" she reiterated. "He got rattled fearfully easy, but, for that matter, so did I. I think he is very nice, and will make a very nice husband for dear Jane."

The divan made shrill creaks in the hall. Prudence listened. The young man was not resting easily.

"Well, I'll—be—everlastingly—" she heard him begin with deliberate awe, and Miss Montgomery thought it judicious to close her door.

### III

THEY had an early breakfast, over which Mr. Blount was inclined to linger, but Prudence tapped the coffee-urn severely.

"You must hurry," she admonished. "We have a lot to do. I'm sending by Mulligan for cleaners and carpet-men."

The young fellow traced the pattern on his plate with a bit of toast.

"Let's postpone all that for a day," he said slowly. "There's loads of time. Let's make up our minds first exactly how you—how we'll arrange things. I want to look around a little." As a beginning, he looked cheerfully at Prudence. "There's an old sideboard in the garret," he went on. "I always thought it would fit in here. I'll show it to you."

"All right," she agreed, rising. "I'm afraid I won't be much help, though. I've never had anything to do with a home—a real home."

"Neither have I," said he; "but I think I'm going to like it. Don't you like it?"

"Why, yes," laughed Prudence frankly.

"Now, this fireplace in the hall," indicated the young man. "I'm not stuck on it, are you?"

Miss Montgomery surveyed the fireplace with a pretty frown.

"A fireplace ought to coax you to sit by it," she said; "but this—no happy pair could sit happily by this structure on a winter evening, with the lamps out, could they?"

"We might try to-night," suggested the young man hopefully.

"Oh, are you expecting Jane to-day?" inquired Miss Montgomery.

"Let me show you that sideboard," said Mr. Blount.

Commencing with the garret, they inspected the house. They discussed domestic trifles, such as curtain-rings and picture-wire, at absurd length, debated rearrangements of rooms and furniture, and laughed a great deal. Lunch-time came before Prudence was in the least aware of it.

After luncheon she donned a walking-suit, short-skirted and businesslike, and they tramped over the estate. It was a gray, chilly day, following the storm. Blount found a wood road, shrouded in pines, and Miss Montgomery swung along it at the pace of an athlete. She took the lead when the road narrowed.

"Don't talk!" she said.

Silence pleased Blount's mood as well as hers. They circled a wide valley and emerged from the woods close to Heatherpool Lodge. It was dusk. On the piazza, Prudence pulled off her slouch hat and fingered the rebellious curls, while her face glowed in the twilight.

"That was splendid!" she exclaimed. "Now for tea!"

"And the fireplace," supplemented the young man. "No lamps, Elise. This is a test."

He wheeled a low chair to either side of a tabouret table, on which Prudence made the tea. They were both pleasantly tired, and listened approvingly to the lazy song of the fire.

"You and Jane will be happy with this kind of thing," declared Prudence. "But it makes me feel lonely—old maidly. It's so new to me. It's a sort of revelation."

"What sort of a revelation?"

"Why, housekeeping—tea-making—you know."

"Yes, I know," he assented. "Sort of a revelation. It's new to your brother Victor, too." He leaned toward her, over the tray. "Now I'm going to tell

you something, Prudence," said he, "and you are going to take my head off. Your brother Victor has a brother of his own. Your brother Victor's brother is a silly cad, who ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered!"

He pounded the tabouret disgustedly.

"Look out!" cried Miss Montgomery. "The alcohol—now you *have* done it!"

The alcohol from the kettle-lamp ran blazing over the tray. Blount grabbed the tray in both hands, and hurried with it to the butler's pantry beyond the dining-room. Prudence was ready to follow him when a carriage clattered outside, the door opened, and in came Mr. Sumner, the lawyer.

"How do you do, Miss Montgomery?" he said genially. "Where's Eric? They told me at the hotel—"

"Eric?" echoed Prudence.

"Yes, Eric Blount," he answered. "Victor's brother. Surely he's here. I must say you and he have made the old lodge look homelike already;" and he turned to the fire.

"Eric!" groaned Miss Montgomery, staggering to the pantry.

The young man stood by the sink and flourished a dish-cloth triumphantly.

"Fire's out," said he. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" rejoined Prudence hotly.

"Mr. Sumner has come. He's told me who you are—you—you—"

"Yes, a silly cad," supplied Blount. "I'm sorry. Forgive me!"

"You let me think you were somebody else!" said Prudence, with blazing cheeks. "You let me make a fool of myself. I don't believe you are sorry at all. You let me—oh!—kiss you!"

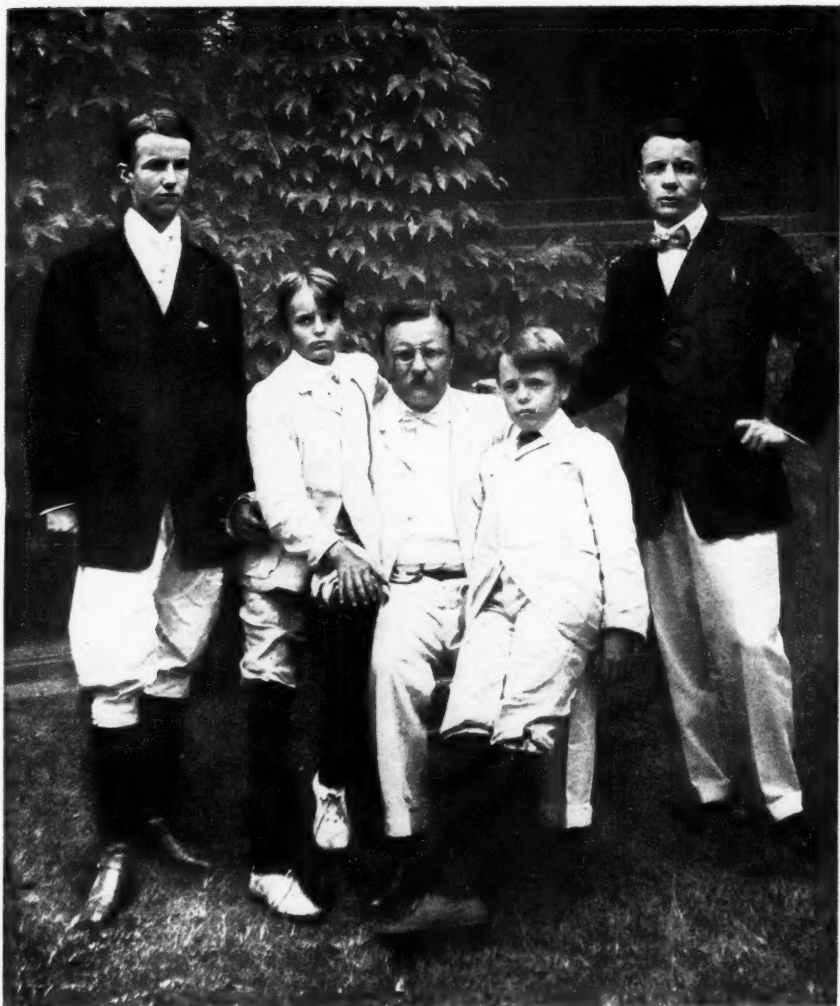
"Ah, I'm not sorry for that!" admitted Eric. "No—wait here a minute. I swear I'm more in earnest now, Prudence, than any man ever was before. I swear I mean to make you glad of this whole business—this revelation—all your life long, and all my life long. As for that kiss—it wasn't much of a success, and so—"

"Oh, Eric!" protested Prudence faintly.

"Well, well, well!" called Sumner in the distance. "Is this the right way to treat a visitor, you young people?"

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FOUR SONS

A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON AUGUST 15 LAST AT MR. ROOSEVELT'S  
SUMMER HOME, SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS SONS—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT OF THE PICTURE THE FIGURES  
ARE THOSE OF KERMIT ROOSEVELT, ARCHIE ROOSEVELT, THE PRESIDENT,  
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT, AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

*From a stereograph—copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

**A**BOUT five years ago, not long after Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency, photographs were taken of the new President with the members of his family grouped around him. These group photographs were very popular, and were reproduced and circulated until the whole country came to know them. Meanwhile, however, time has been flying by, and five years make an immense difference in young people who are growing up. Since 1902, although the President himself has changed but little, his sons have taken long strides along the road that leads from childhood to manhood. As they appear in the accompanying picture, they could scarcely be recognized by those familiar only with the portrait of five years ago.

# KINGS WHO NEVER REIGNED

BY VANCE THOMPSON

THRONELESS CLAIMANTS OF EUROPEAN THRONES—SOME OF THEM ARE PICTURESQUE AND PATHETIC FIGURES IN HISTORY, SOME ARE RIDICULOUS, BUT ALL ARE INTERESTING

HISTORY is full of those melancholy figures—the luckless kings who have no throne; down all the dusty pages they march with frustrated eyes and empty hands. Have you ever stood aside and watched them? Those lean fellows wrapped in cloaks are the outcasts of Braganza. And yonder go the blithe Stuarts, wandering in beggary and drink through the courts of Europe—pawning the last rags of royalty—dying in monkish chambers or up three pairs of stairs among the lackeys.

Personally I find a queer kind of fascination in these naked royalties; I can study them—half in sympathy, half in amusement—by the hour. And you can, too? Then it is as it should be.

It was a long time before loyalty to the house of the Bourbons died out in France. Longer than anywhere else it lingered in Brittany and the Vendée and among the sunburnt hills of Provence. These provinces still send up royalist deputies to brawl in democracy's parliament at Paris. Moreover, there have been many occasions when the Bourbon might have come to his own, had it not been that the Comte de Chambord was such poor stuff to make a king of. He might have gained the throne in 1848, had he not lacked courage, and long after that there was a moment when he might have overturned the corrupt republic of Grévy.

Louis XVI at least died well. The real dishonor of the house of Bourbon began at Quiberon in the person of the Comte d'Artois; it was continued in that wild Duchesse de Berry—you know her portrait by Lawrence—whose adventures

in love and insurrection were at once foolish and wicked; it culminated in her son—Henry V. He was a posthumous child. Loyal France hailed him as the "Child of the Miracle." It was his destiny to waste those fifty years wherein it was always possible to reestablish monarchy in France. The men now living who knew him best speak of him with veiled contempt. And the picture you get of him is that of a gross old man, limping about Frohsdorf—he had broken his left thigh in his youth—heavy with too much sleep and food.

And yet, even when he died, loyalty to the idea was not dead. Through Brittany and the Vendée and Provence the whisper went, "Where shall we get us a king?"

Don Carlos of Spain and the decayed Bourbons of Naples did not appeal to the French soul. There was left only the Orléans branch. More than one royalist asked himself what these descendants of "Egalité" and Louis Philippe had to do on the throne of St. Louis, but the idea was more important than the man, and the Comte de Paris was hailed as king, under the title of Philippe VII. He was an amiable, soldierly man—he had fought for the North in the Civil War, and had many friends in the United States—and made his shadowy royalty at least respectable. The Republic exiled him, and he went to England. There, at Twickenham, he passed the rest of his years in the kingly work of instructing his heir.

His son, Robert, Duc d'Orléans, is a fine figure of a man, big-chested, bearded, with short, upstanding hair

and features molded on the large Bourbon plan. Withal he is courteous, gay, and forthcoming, and there is in him a kind of peremptory force which sends him abroad to shoot Asian tigers and ex-

affair, he slipped into Paris and tried to rally the butchers of the Villette and the casual discontent of the streets to his cause, but the day for that sort of thing had gone by, and his majesty fled, hunted



JAMES III OF ENGLAND (1688-1766), THE THRONELESS PRINCE KNOWN AS THE OLD PRETENDER AND AS THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE

plore polar seas. In his thirty-seventh year he is still young enough to enjoy the rôle of a king without a throne—a rôle which may be filled with pleasant conspiracies and notable cloaked adventures. Although exiled by law, he has visited his capital more than once. During the stormy days of the Dreyfus

by unromantic agents of the secret police.

A kinglier man, I think, than most monarchs of his generation, he has come too late into too republican a world; he will get himself written into history as one of the kings who never reigned.

My own opinion is that the Duc



d'Orléans is no more King of France than you are. I know the real king—but before making his acquaintance you will have to go back.

When Louis XVI was guillotined by

pass was shown to the guards, and the carriage was permitted to enter the central court. There a youngish, prudent-looking man got down, with a little, sickly boy. The man was



LOUIS XVII OF FRANCE (1785-1795), THE LITTLE DAUPHIN WHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED A PRISONER IN THE TEMPLE

triumphant democracy, and Marie Antoinette went the same way, there was left in the Temple a little boy who was rightful King of France, Louis XVII. On the 12th of November, 1794—you see, it happened long ago—a closed cabriolet drove up to the Temple. A

Baulard, a once famous orator in the Commune of Paris. He took the sickly lad into the right wing of the Temple, and had there a long, whispered colloquy with the chief guard, Laurent. Then he went away in his carriage, leaving the child.





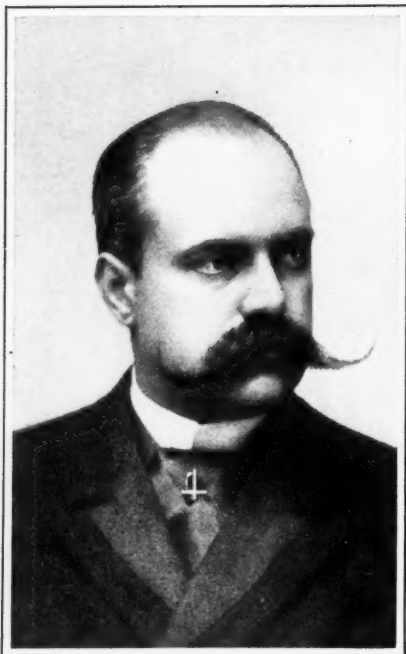
HENRY V OF FRANCE (1820-1883), BETTER KNOWN AS THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD, THE LAST REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ELDER LINE OF THE FRENCH BOURBON KINGS

Ten days later the citizen Baulard came again at nightfall. His cabriolet stood in the court while he talked with Laurent. Then, as before, he drove off; but there was a little boy with him, and that child whom he carried away, under the nose of the *sans-culottes*, was the little king, Louis XVII, or, as they called him then, the citizen Capet. The sickly boy who had taken his place died in the prison on June 8, 1795—a poor scrofulous, phthisical child, born of a woman named Leninger.

And whither went the king? He was taken to the little hamlet of Crécy, in Picardy. An old peasant woman hid him and cared for him, and ten years

went by. Then Napoleon, who had learned of his existence, ordered the police to hunt him down. These orders you may read in the police archives to-day, if you will. The youth fled, terror-stricken, from this new danger. Never in all the world was there so pitiable a little king. Under the name of Naundorff he dragged out his miserable life, hunted over Europe, gaining a mean livelihood as a working jeweler—his royal father made locks—to die, in the end, poisoned, at Delft, in Holland, on August 10, 1845.

So the legitimate king—he who will never reign—is neither an Orléans nor a Bonaparte, but the grandson of the old Naundorff.



PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON (BORN 1862), THE  
IMPERIALIST CLAIMANT OF THE FRENCH  
THRONE

*"M. de Bourbon, s'il vous plaît?"*

"The first floor back, the door to the right," says the *concierge*, and you knock at a door on which a brass plate announces the sale of Algerian produce. Prince Jean de Bourbon—to his partizans Jean III, King of France—is seated at a desk covered with bills and invoices. He is about thirty, slim and straight, with an oval face, the curved Bourbon nose, and the thick lower lip of the Austrian family. The gray-blue eyes are very gentle. It is the mustache, waxed at the ends, that gives a soldierly air to this young clerk. He wheels round in his chair and tells you:

"The number of my partizans increases day by day; but I bide my time. At present there is nothing to do but wait—until France calls me. And if the call does not come in my day, my son will hear it some day or other and be ready."

One thing does not die in the heart of the throneless kings—hope; but this hope is not so much for themselves as for their sons—the long hope, once removed.

After all, it is not all of royalty to

reign—to sign Latin documents, to have one's head stamped on coins of gold and silver, and to get, in the end, four dull lines and a foot-note in history. There is a tenderer kind of fame that goes to the stripped and disinherited kings. Long after the Philips and Williams and Georges are forgotten, the bonnie Stuart and the Eagle's son will live in song and story, and that is worth while.

Always, too, the legend is truer than the fact. The whiggish and puritan historians—down even to Macaulay and Carlyle—did all they could to bury the last of the Stuarts under rhetorical obloquy, and it may be they interpreted rightly the essential weakness of that great house, but the popular mind was always of one opinion with the song-makers. "Charlie is my darling—the young Chevalier!" was more potent than all the marshaled facts, and that James III, slightly called the Old Pretender, stands in the popular imagination as a shadowy king, tragic, sad, and heroic.

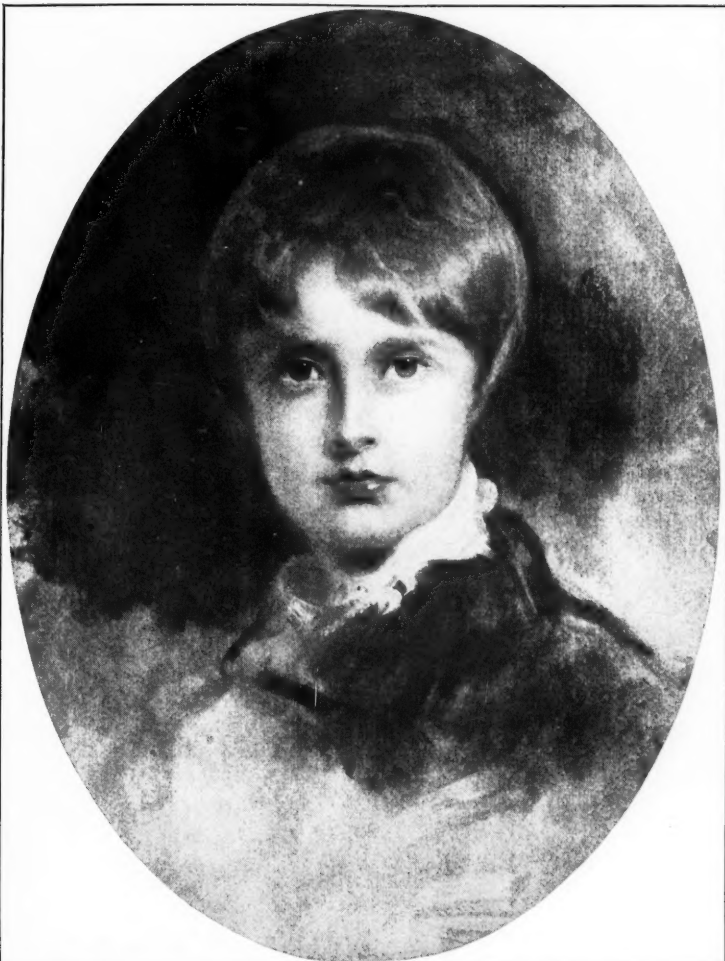
Is one any better for seeing in him only the poor, hesitating creature who



ROBERT, DUC D'ORLÉANS (BORN 1869), THE  
ROYALIST CLAIMANT OF THE FRENCH  
THRONE

left his Scottish followers to die alone—or the snuffy old figure, fuddled with drink and piety, dying weakly in Rome? Romance rings so much truer than reality. Until men sing no more,

the last word. Walter Scott gave their throne back to the exiled Stuarts. It is said that George IV himself wept over their fate—he was in his cups; anyhow, he built the monument in St. Peter's at



NAPOLEON II (1811-1832), BETTER KNOWN AS THE KING OF ROME, OR AS "L'AIGLON,"  
THE ILL-FATED SON OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE

*From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence*

"bonnie Prince Charlie" will go down the way of the world, splendidly royal—a vagrom king, to be sure, doomed to disaster, but loved more loyally than any ruler of them all.

The novelists and poets always have

Rome which records the poor tarnished glory of their ruined line.

And so, too, the little King of Rome was the dimmest figure in history—until Rostand made him live in the limelight of imagined things. Nowadays

people go. to the castle of Schönbrunn as to a shrine. They visit the chamber where he died, half prince, half prisoner. It was a whim of destiny that he should die in the room, and in the bed where his great father slept after the battle of Wagram. The tourists stare at the bed

Empire come to Brussels and are ushered into the room where Napoleon V sits—inert, mute, and bored; and the old soldiers present their allegiance and go away. Napoleon has said never a word.

Now he rises, and you notice that his legs are short. He toddles over to a



DON CARLOS, DUKE OF MADRID (BORN 1848), WHO BY STRICT RIGHT OF HEREDITY SHOULD BE KING OF BOTH FRANCE AND SPAIN

and the screen, they touch reverently his poor little bloodless sword, and then they go out to the battle-field of Wagram—as the *Aiglon* does in the fourth act of the play—and wait for the ghosts to troop in the moonlight.

In the Avenue Louise, in Brussels, a fat man with a doggish face and heavy mustaches holds a little court. Now and then worn old soldiers of the Second

great glass case, which contains the gray redingote, the little cocked hat, the sword of the emperor, and he takes them out and dusts them. Then his children come trooping in, and he goes down on all fours and plays with them. He is a good father. He has never reigned—this Victor Napoleon Bonaparte, Napoleon V, and he never will—not even in romance.

# THE RENAISSANCE OF PETER VAN BRUNT

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE

AUTHOR OF "THE TRUE LOVE OF AARON BURR," "FATHER BY GRACE OF THE COURT," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY THE KINNEYS

WHEN Mrs. Hermanus Browne descended upon New York, she did so characteristically, without method, in a breathless rush. Within five days of leaving Coke City, she faced Carmelita across her own luncheon-table. It is true that the apartment was let furnished, that Carmelita refused to sit in the yellow drawing-room, and that the cook had given notice; but Mrs. Hermanus Browne was a cheerful soul, who smiled at the world and refused to know trouble even when introduced.

"I told her that she might have my red hat," she remarked to Carmelita, "and I said that I never minded followers." Mrs. Browne chuckled. "She's going to stay."

"Of course," said Carmelita, "and she will rule the roost from to-day."

"Why bother?" returned Mrs. Browne. "She's a good cook."

Carmelita shrugged her shoulders. "I simply will not sit in it," she said, with an air of finality.

Mrs. Browne laid down her fork. "Oh, Pussy," she begged, "just for to-day?"

"I will not," said Carmelita, without heat. "Imagine a tow-headed blonde in a yellow drawing-room! Do you know, mother," she broke off suddenly, "I think I'll color my hair. I think I'll redden it up a bit."

"Oh, would you?" commented Mrs. Browne. "I think it's pretty as it is. It's—it's natural."

"That's it," returned Carmelita, "and I'm not going to be Coke City any longer. I'm going to be New York."

Mrs. Browne ate her luncheon placidly. She was used to Carmelita.

"I suppose I can sit in that little round-room for the present," said Miss Browne as she rose from the table. "I think it's green. This is Sunday, but tomorrow we will have the big room done in rose."

"But, my dear," protested her mother, "it's let furnished. The woman especially mentioned those yellow damask chairs. We can't change them. They don't belong to us."

"We can store them somewhere—can't we?—and buy others," inquired Carmelita from the doorway. "We change the color of the room, or I change the color of my hair!" She walked down the hall and stopped at the door of the round-room. "Bobby Leshure is coming—I wrote him the day we left; and Alice telegraphed her brother to call—you know, he's studying law here; and there may be some others. Manage them, like a dear, if they come, mother, and let me see them one at a time. I hate a crowd!"

Mrs. Browne came to the dining-room door. "But, Pussy," she called, "your father's cousin, Van Brunt, is sure to come. I wrote him the day we took this place, and named to-day. He is very sharp on the right thing. He's sure to come."

"I'm weary of the Van Brunts," called back Carmelita. "The tale of their virtues poisoned my youth. They sit on pedestals, and view the surrounding country through lorgnettes. Father never missed an opportunity of dragging in



the Van Brunts. I'll have nothing to do with them!"

The door of the round-room closed.

## II

WHEN Peter Van Brunt stepped into the elevator of Halcyon Hall and stepped out of it at the eighth floor, he did so with the air of bowing to the inevitable. His shoulders were squared; his face grim. He hated apartment-houses; he loathed Riverside Drive; he disliked nearly all his cousins, even though they possessed the saving grace of being New Yorkers. Cousins several times removed, hailing from Coke City, caused him to shudder in anticipation. Because he liked to please his mother, he had come; but inwardly he grumbled.

After ten minutes in the yellow drawing-room, he ceased to do anything but stare. He answered in monosyllables. He appeared stupid. He felt stupid. He had lived half his life in Europe; he had been in Alaska and had tried a bit of Tibet, but he had never met any one from Coke City, and Mrs. Hermanus Browne was Coke City personified.

Large and beaming, she leaned back in a big yellow chair. She wore poppy red. Grouped about her were three young men. Peter Van Brunt made a fourth. Mrs. Browne talked and the young men watched the door.

"Are they all cousins?" thought Van Brunt. "If not, what are they doing here? And why are they looking at the door?"

"Yes, we came very suddenly," Mrs. Browne was saying placidly. "We just shut up shop and lit out. We were getting into hot water." She stopped to laugh. "There were two boys—" She stopped again and listened a moment. Then she nodded to a dark young man. "I heard the door close. Just step across the hall, Bobby. She'll be right glad to see you again."

Peter Van Brunt stared after the dark young man, who stepped across the hall with alacrity. Mrs. Browne went on:

"Two boys who thought they were engaged to Pussy. They weren't," she added, "but they thought so, and Pussy is so kind-hearted she just couldn't bear to tell them; so we cleared out for a winter in New York."

The haze in Peter's mind lifted a bit. "Pussy"—and the young men! He remembered now that there was a daughter. He wondered what Mrs. Browne's daughter could be like. He, too, began to watch the door. In Mrs. Browne's occasional pauses for breath, he heard a distinct murmur from across the hall. Beyond possibility as it seemed to him, the truth was at length borne in upon him. "Pussy" was talking to the dark young man; the others were waiting their turn.

Peter Van Brunt rose abruptly. In the midst of Mrs. Browne's narrative he murmured excuses for his mother, spoke of her neuralgia, and pleaded an engagement. To his surprise, Mrs. Browne shook her head at him gaily.

"Not without seeing Pussy," she said, beaming. "You are cousins, you know, and I simply must have you meet." She stood up and took his arm. She led him to the door and across the hall. "Pussy hates a crowd," explained Mrs. Browne. "She likes to talk to one person at a time. And she can't stand yellow. Do you like red hair?" Mrs. Browne stopped to hear his answer.

"Has—your daughter—red hair?" asked Peter.

"Not yet," said Mrs. Browne, "but she's thinking of it—or else a rose-colored drawing-room."

Peter glanced at her askance. He had arrived at a conclusion: clearly the poor woman was off her head. With this idea uppermost, he decided to humor Mrs. Browne.

Stepping softly, the lady peeped into the round-room. Then she retreated noiselessly and leaned against the wall. She shook with silent laughter. Van Brunt looked at her with eyes of pity. He had heard that sometimes it took this form. Mrs. Browne beckoned him with a forefinger, then pointed to the round-room.

"He's proposing," she whispered. "He's on his knees. He does it every time he sees her. They all do."

"But," began Peter, "we may interrupt—"

"Pussy won't mind," said Mrs. Browne, and started for the door.

"The young man may," suggested Peter; but Mrs. Browne had sailed be-



yond his reach. She was in the round-room, talking at the top of her voice. Peter, hesitating, heard his name, coupled with explanations, descriptions, glowing tributes. Never had he been placed in so bald a situation; never had he been so uncomfortable.

Suddenly he received a shock. In the doorway stood a girl. Her hair was a yellow mop, her eyes were coldly gray. For a moment they looked at each other; then she nodded.

"How do you do?" she said coolly. "Please don't think we have come to New York to hang on. We haven't. We've come for a good time, and our ideas of that probably differ from yours. You have been very kind to call, but I gather from mother that it must have been an effort. We couldn't think of troubling you again!"

She paused. After a moment Van Brunt bowed stiffly. "Good afternoon," he said.

"I'll go to the door with you," said Carmelita composedly. "The lock is a bit difficult."

"Please don't trouble," said Van Brunt.

"It is a pleasure," returned Carmelita gravely.

She watched him as he got into his coat. She opened the door for him. As the elevator appeared, she spoke once more.

"Have you ever been away from New York?" she asked demurely.

"I have never been in Coke City," said Van Brunt politely, and stepped into the elevator.

His cab was swinging down the West Drive before he began to be amused.

### III

AMONG his letters one morning young Van Brunt found a lavender-tinted note, bearing a blazing monogram. It was from Mrs. Browne, who, true to her sociable nature, was contemplating an "at-home," with music. A certain Signor Varani, hitherto unknown to fame, was mentioned as the leading feature of the entertainment, and Mr. Van Brunt's presence was earnestly requested.

Having forced herself, evidently under high pressure, to the third person in the body of her note, Mrs. Browne added a

postscript of easy informality. "Bring your mother if her neuralgia is better," it ran. "The more the merrier."

The Van Brunts were always methodical. Method laid the foundation of the family fortune. It ruled the family life; it was bred in the family bone. The Van Brunts never acted on impulse. They saved their jewels at a fire, and never jumped in a runaway. They kept their heads. Consequently, upon reading Mrs. Browne's note Mr. Van Brunt did the usual thing—consulted his engagement-list. Against the evening named by Mrs. Browne he found three letters—"M. M. C." To the initiated "M. M. C." meant Margaret Conway, the girl the family intended him to marry. After a period of deliberation, he erased the three letters and inserted Mrs. Browne's name. Then he wrote two notes.

"A man has some natural curiosity," acknowledged Mr. Van Brunt.

But after twenty minutes of the evening in question he wondered why he had come. Already he seemed to have exhausted the distinctive features. He had noticed the absence of yellow and the substitution of rose. He had been introduced to his fellow guests, and had found both their clothes and their manners too obviously new. He had been cornered for ten minutes by a woman who wrote. He particularly disliked women who did things; and he had not yet seen Carmelita.

Mrs. Browne still retained enough of Coke City to expect people at a musicale to listen to the music. There was not even a room set aside for bridge. Conversation hushed at the appearance of a woman in a German frock who sang in French with a Michigan accent, and the animated hum that burst forth with the applause dwindled into discouraged silence at the prospect of an encore.

Van Brunt, caring for music, slipped into the hall. He was deciding to go home when he saw Carmelita.

She was coming toward him, her face turned to the man beside her. She wore pink and looked sixteen. They were almost upon him before Van Brunt glanced at the man, who looked up at the same moment. The man's mouth twitched suddenly, then settled into

quiet. Mr. Van Brunt grew red. Neither spoke.

Carmelita turned.

"Oh!" she said, with a little start. Then she smiled. "Good evening," she said to Peter. "You seem to haunt the hall."

Van Brunt bowed.

"I was uncertain of my welcome," he said. "The hall seemed safest."

Carmelita took him in calmly.

"You have a guilty look," she announced. "I believe you were running away."

"Is it your intention," asked Van Brunt, "to assist me—again?"

"No," said Carmelita slowly; "I think you may stop. I think you may stay here with me until Signor Varani has finished. He is just beginning."

Van Brunt glanced again at the man beside her. He was looking at the floor.

"Is this—Signor Varani?" inquired Van Brunt.

"Of course," said Carmelita, and introduced them.

"Does he speak English?" asked Van Brunt.

"Of course," answered Carmelita again, wide-eyed.

"Do you speak Italian, Signor Varani?" inquired Van Brunt politely.

The man glanced up at him quickly, and once more his mouth twitched.

"Mr. Van Brunt amuses himself," he said. "I speak Italian—and I play the violin. That is all. I do nothing else—nothing else," he repeated with a certain vehemence. "I am here to earn money—with my violin. No one may prevent me."

"I am not a walking delegate," returned Van Brunt. "I am one of Mrs. Browne's guests, none of whom have any intention of interfering with her program. I shall await Signor Varani's performance with interest."

The Italian flashed him a curious look and turned to Carmelita.

"You will stay here?" he asked. "You will not talk nor go away? I play for you—alone."

Van Brunt found himself tensely waiting for the girl's reply. It came back on the instant, and his opinion of Coke City bluntness went up with a bound.

"You are very kind," said Carmelita, "but this isn't a special performance at Windsor, and I rather think it is mother's idea that you should play for the crowd. There, she is beckoning now!"

The man hesitated and seemed about to speak; then, thinking better of it, he walked to the drawing-room door. After another instant of hesitation and a quick glance down the hall behind him, he went forward to meet Mrs. Browne. Van Brunt turned to Carmelita.

"If you will give me a hint," he said, "what to say or what not to say—I am horribly afraid of displeasing you. I should like you to like me."

Carmelita shook her head gravely.

"I am afraid that would be impossible," she said.

"Why?" asked Van Brunt. "The thing has been done."

"I dare say," returned Carmelita, "but by some one more your own kind, some one of your own set, who would think your stiffness beautiful pride and your snobbishness merely a defense against the advances of the outsiders. Now, I am an outsider." She shrugged lightly. "So, you see."

"But I don't," exclaimed Van Brunt, with a touch of temper. "You can't be an outsider. Your father's mother was a Van Brunt."

"I am, just the same," said Carmelita, calmly, "and so is mother. We are part of the Western invasion. We have money, but we are just beginning to know how to spend it. We are either outsiders or burdens to the Van Brunts. I will not be a burden—and I am perfectly happy as I am."

Standing there beside him, small and serene, she filled Van Brunt with a desire to shake her, and his surprise at the wish to do so kept him silent a moment. He had never before had the slightest inclination to shake any one. Outwardly, however, he was imperturbable.

"I must see one of the maids a moment," said Carmelita, at length. "I shall be back before Varani has finished his preliminaries."

She walked down the hall forthwith, and disappeared. Peter Van Brunt stationed himself upon an uncomfortable hall-seat, and waited. The music in the drawing-room had just begun when he

glanced up, to see Carmelita running toward him. Her hands were outstretched, her face quite white.

"Don't let any one know," she said as Peter met her, "but the place is on fire."

Van Brunt took one of the outstretched hands and patted it unconsciously.

"Tell me," he said quietly.

"I spoke to Mary in the dining-room," said the girl, with a catch in her voice, "and then went to my own room for a moment. Off that is a bedroom, which we are using to-night for a smoking-room. There was a good deal of smoke. I looked in and saw flames. I—I shut the door—and ran to you."

"Stand here a moment," said Peter, "and don't let any one pass. I'll see what I can do."

When he came back, the girl had not moved. She stood very still, her hands clasped tightly together.

"It is beyond me," said Van Brunt, as he reached her. "The whole room is ablaze. I've shut the doors, but the smoke is beginning to come through. Where is the ladies' dressing-room?"

"Mother's room," said Carmelita; "next to mine."

"Very good," said Van Brunt. He glanced into the drawing-room. "Ring for the elevator," he said to Carmelita. "Tell the man to turn in an alarm and then come back. I'll join you here."

When they met once more beside the hall-seat, Van Brunt was laden with wraps. Evening coats, rich in furs and laces, hung over his shoulders. One of gorgeous Chinese embroidery trailed behind him on the floor. At the sight of him a hum went over the room, and the music stopped abruptly.

The Van Brunts were never dramatic. Some people thought they neglected their opportunities.

"We have discovered," said Peter Van Brunt, "a small fire in the rear of the apartment. The elevator is awaiting you. I have the ladies' cloaks. There is no occasion for alarm, but will you kindly step out at once?"

In spite of his burden, Mr. Van Brunt was master of the situation. He marshaled beves of fluttering women through the hall and into the elevator. He disposed of his evening wraps wherever he

could, regardless of owners. He kept his eye on Carmelita and Mrs. Browne, standing beside the drawing-room door. He kept Varani in view, and pressed that gentleman into service beside him at the elevator. When the musician protested, he murmured a word under his breath, and Varani followed him like Mary's lamb. He formed the men into a line to their coat-room and started them down the stairs. Then he returned to Carmelita.

"I'm going to your room a moment," he said to the girl. "I sent the servants down the rear way. The man in charge of the building is warning the other tenants. Wait for me here. We will go down together." He turned to look back at Varani. "You have no coat," he said politely. "If you wish, you may come with me."

Varani's mouth twitched repeatedly. His look at Van Brunt was a menace, but he said nothing. He turned away with a shrug and hurried down the stairs.

The firemen were coming up as Van Brunt, Carmelita, and her mother went down. The street was crowded with carriages and engine companies, and fringed with shouting small boys. Van Brunt piloted the two women to a quiet corner; then he wrapped Mrs. Browne in a steamer-rug and Carmelita in his overcoat.

"Stay here until I find my man," he ordered them.

Carmelita watched the house quietly. When smoke poured from her window and she heard breaking glass, she regarded the thing impersonally. Mrs. Browne was beginning to cry.

"I've found my man," said Peter when he came back to them. "He is waiting up the street. He cannot get in here. We shall have to walk."

"We will stay here," said Carmelita, after a moment.

Van Brunt whirled upon her sharply. "That is perfectly absurd," he said. "I am going to take you home. To-morrow, if you wish, you may go to a hotel. They are getting the fire out now, but the place will not be habitable for weeks. It will be soaked with water. You can't go back there; you can't stay in the street. You are coming with me."

For a moment more the girl hesitated;

then Mrs. Browne, weeping, began to move away. Van Brunt waited, his eyes on the girl, who turned slowly and followed her mother.

As the carriage door slammed, and the horses started forward, Van Brunt leaned over and looked steadily at Carmelita. She sat, rigid, staring out of the window, and did not turn her head. Presently Mrs. Browne stopped weeping, and sat up straight.

"Isn't it a mercy," she remarked, to unlistening ears—"isn't it a mercy we stored those yellow chairs!"

#### IV

MRS. BROWNE had always considered herself to be the best of mothers, principally because Carmelita had always been the happiest of daughters. Now, after two days at the Van Brunts', Mrs. Browne began to doubt. Carmelita puzzled her. She was wilful, she was whimsical, she was variable as a summer breeze. She insisted upon going to a hotel, and when Mrs. Browne consented, she changed her mind. She took no interest in getting new clothes, or in the extent of the damage to her old ones. She said she hated the apartment and everything in it. Once Mrs. Browne found her crying; and she was particularly unkind to Peter Van Brunt.

Only in her visits to his mother did she seem like the old Carmelita, for, oddly enough, she and Mrs. Van Brunt had taken to each other at once. It was at their meeting, on the morning after the fire, that Mrs. Van Brunt returned to Carmelita her pearls.

"You are very young, my dear," she said gently to the girl, "to have such beautiful jewels, and I think you must have been very careless."

Carmelita stared at them in bewilderment.

"Why, where did you get them?" she asked. "I left them on my dressing-table."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Van Brunt, "so my son told me. He came in last night, after you went up-stairs. He always comes in to bid me good night. He is very thoughtful." Mrs. Van Brunt smiled tenderly, and Carmelita looked away. "I was sorry I could not welcome you then, but invalids have their

limitations. He told me all about you—and gave me these to return to you."

"Why," asked Carmelita slowly—"why did he not return them himself?"

"He forgot them completely until you had gone," said Mrs. Van Brunt. "I hope you did not worry over them."

"I forgot them myself," acknowledged Carmelita.

But it was the third day and Varani's note that brought matters to a climax. Coming down-stairs that afternoon, Peter Van Brunt met Mrs. Browne emerging from the library, and stopped in surprise, for the lady from Coke City was plainly disturbed.

"Oh," she cried, "I wish we were back home! I don't know what has got into Pussy. I can't think why she is bound to see that man!"

"What man?" demanded Van Brunt abruptly.

"That musician we heard at the Davises'—that Varani man. I don't like him. He's snaky. I don't want her to have anything to do with him!"

"Will you tell me," asked Van Brunt quietly, "just what has happened? I may seem officious, but perhaps I can help you."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Browne, "I wish you would! I wish you'd go in there and lay down the law to Pussy. I've never done it, and I'm afraid to begin, but I think you could."

"What has the man done?" asked Van Brunt.

"Written to her," answered Mrs. Browne with ire. "Sent a note to the apartment, and it was forwarded with the others. Says he has a message of great importance, that she will regret it all her life if she fails to hear it—says it concerns you, of all people—says to let him know where to call! I believe he's an anarchist and wants to blow her up!"

Mrs. Browne stopped for breath, and looked questioningly at Van Brunt. At something in his face she seemed to take heart.

"Go right in now," she urged, "and tell her he's an anarchist; tell her he's a liar; tell her anything you like. She's down on you, anyway, so a little more won't matter."

Van Brunt smiled wearily.

"Yes, I know," he answered. "I'll do my best."

Carmelita was standing by the window as he entered and closed the door behind him. He stood for a moment beside the closed door. When she did not speak, he came forward slowly.

"It seems my fate," he began uncertainly, "never to be allowed to be nice to you. I must seem to you a self-appointed mentor and a good deal of a prig. But before I go further, let me tell you that I don't enjoy the job. I'd much rather allow you to manage me, but the situation forces me to act."

Carmelita turned, with raised eyebrows.

"I think that is a little involved," she remarked. "I'm afraid you will have to explain."

"Your mother tells me," said Van Brunt, "that you have heard from Varani, that he wishes to tell you something that concerns me, and that you are going to see him. Let me beg you to do nothing of the sort."

Carmelita flushed. "I shall do as I please," she returned.

"The man is a liar," went on Van Brunt. "I know him to be a thief. Let me ask you once more to have nothing to do with him."

Carmelita grew white.

"The position of host gives you no authority over me," she said, "because, as you say, you are self-appointed. And I do not believe you." Van Brunt did not move. "I shall see the man—this afternoon," went on Carmelita. "I have telephoned him to call at four."

"You have telephoned this man to come to my house, in order that you may hear him tell tales about me—behind my back! Oh, Carmelita!"

Carmelita tilted her chin. Walking to a chair, she sat down and looked at the clock. It was nearly four.

"In doing that," continued Van Brunt bitterly, "you have blocked your own game. The man would never dare come to this house."

Carmelita said nothing. Having announced her ultimatum, she decided upon dignified silence. She watched the clock. Van Brunt, his eyes on hers, turned; then he, too, walked to a chair and sat down.

Carmelita forgot her dignified silence. "I intend to see Varani—alone," she flashed. Van Brunt did not answer. Neither did he move. The girl stared at him impotently. "I hate you!" she said fiercely.

He did not answer. The clock struck four. For a time they sat so, Carmelita raging, Peter immovable. At length, a servant entered with a card. Carmelita jumped up and read it eagerly. Then she glanced in triumph at Van Brunt.

"I will see the gentleman in the drawing-room," she said.

The man bowed and walked to the door.

"Show the man here, Jenkins," said Van Brunt.

"Very good, sir," said Jenkins, and disappeared.

When Signor Varani, suave and smiling, entered the library, he experienced a shock. He was in the act of bowing deeply to Miss Browne when he felt his coat-collar seized from behind. He felt himself whirled around, and he clutched at his throat. He was in a position both ridiculous and painful. He tried to wriggle away, but he was jerked up without mercy. Standing so, he looked into the face of Peter Van Brunt; and at the sight of its anger he stood very still.

"You will tell this lady the truth," said Mr. Van Brunt quietly, "or, considering your present inability, I will tell her." Varani glared, but found that his gaze was unconvincing. Van Brunt did not notice it. "This man," he went on, to Carmelita, "came with a number of musicians to play at a dinner my mother was giving two years ago. Next day she missed a brooch of value—also a ring. They had been left by mistake on her dressing-table. The musicians had been sent up-stairs to leave their coats. I hired a detective, and within two weeks we got our man—the gentleman I am now choking, Signor Varani. He was not Italian then; he was French—a poor French musician, homeless, unable to speak any language but his own. My mother is tender-hearted. We let him go."

Once more, urged by his discomfort, Varani made a sudden movement, but regretted it, for the grasp upon his coat-collar grew firmer.

"I recognized him at once the other



evening, as he did me. When the fire broke out I kept him in view. The firemen say it was caused by a lighted cigarette dropped upon a lace curtain. Just when did you drop that cigarette, Signor Varani?" demanded Peter Van Brunt.

A pause, and then a repetition of the question. Finally, Varani gave up. He pointed to his coat-collar. He was released reluctantly.

"I took nothing," said Varani, feeling his throat.

"You saw this lady's pearls. You dropped the cigarette before you met us in the hall. You regretted my presence, but you hoped for a little luck. You wished to get even, so you wrote to this lady. If there were any proof, I'd send you up for arson, you white-livered sneak; but there is no proof. Now, get out!" ended Van Brunt, inelegantly but with force.

Signor Varani hurried away, fingering his throat, and Mr. Van Brunt saw him to the door himself. At this moment, the last link which bound Mr. Van Brunt to the code of his family gave way. He kicked Signor Varani down the steps.

Then he went back to the library. He went slowly. Now that the thing was over, he wondered at himself. No Van Brunt had ever been known to kick a man down the steps. And he both longed and dreaded to return to Carmelita.

When he went into the library he did not at first see her. She had gone!

Peter sat down in miserable disappointment. Then he heard a stifled sound. It came from a large chair in a dim corner. He found Carmelita, a small, crumpled heap, crying in the large chair. For just one instant, Mr. Van Brunt hesitated. Then he took her into his arms.

"Dear," he said, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh," sobbed Carmelita, "I'm such a little brute! What I do can't matter!"

"But it does," protested Peter earnestly; "it matters a lot to me—more than anything else in the world."

Carmelita, her face hidden, sat very still.

"Do you—do you—actually—like me?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes," said Peter Van Brunt.

"In spite of my horrid ways—and yellow head—and all?" went on Carmelita.

"Yes," said Peter Van Brunt. "I—I love you."

"Oh!" said Carmelita, with a little gasp. She buried her face more deeply in the arm of the chair. "There is something I want to tell you," she said presently in a muffled voice. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," said Peter Van Brunt, who was by nature a patient man.

"I knew the man meant trouble—for you," began Carmelita haltingly. "I was going to ask you to see him—with me. I was screwing up my courage to send for you—when you came in. Then, somehow, I couldn't. You see, I'm not used to being ordered about—and you were rather high-handed."

"Yes," said Peter gloomily, "I know I was. I shall never forgive myself for it. And so you hate me," he ended, for he possessed, among other qualities, a share of wisdom.

Carmelita suddenly sat up very straight. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining. Never had she appeared so adorable.

"But I don't," she said honestly. "I haven't—from the beginning."

"Oh, Carmelita," cried Peter Van Brunt, "and all that about snobs—and burdens to the Van Brunts—you didn't mean it?"

"No," answered Carmelita bravely, though her cheeks were very pink. "I didn't mean a word of it—for I have been longing—just longing—to be a burden to you!"

#### YOUTH AND AGE

How gaily prodigal of life is youth,  
Thoughtless beyond to-day's bright-blazoned page;  
But with the shifting of the years, forsooth,  
How miserly is age!

Clinton Scollard

# THE GREATEST REFORMATIVE PERIOD IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

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TO-DAY, AS NEVER BEFORE, THE WHOLE WORLD OF HUMAN LIFE AND  
THOUGHT AND ACTION IS BEING REMODELED BY THE NEW FORCES  
SET AT WORK BY THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION

I WRITE of the present—of the opening years of this twentieth Christian century; and by “the history of the world” I mean the history of civilized mankind. Perhaps the greatest reformation in the world’s history, in a far-reaching sense of the word, began when a continent that once extended from Australasia to Africa dropped out of sight beneath the Indian Ocean and, after a while, left the uplifted areas of the earth outlined much as we know them now. The queer old beasts and the monkey-faced men that had wandered back and forth in that primeval region pushed into the west and the north, or were left isolated on the islands of the seas. Driven into new and strange environments, they fought out the terrific struggle for existence, until from the *mêlée* emerged those races of mankind that had the power to change, the passion to dominate, the gift of curiosity, the restless energy to strive—and those species that man could make useful to himself. That was a marvelous reformation. Nothing exactly like it will ever occur again.

But in human history, which began after the white race had spread from the highlands and shores of northern Africa down into Arabia, on through the Mesopotamian plains, up through the valleys of the Danube and the Rhine, to meet the migration waves that had crept

along the Atlantic shores of Europe—reformation has followed reformation. Inoculated with discontent, intoxicated with the discovery of his own power to transform, to invent, to create, and to re-create, man has found opportunity for supreme expression in a perpetual reconstruction of both his environment and himself.

## PROGRESS BY DESTRUCTION

From time to time his transforming activity has assumed a fierce intensity. Concentrated upon particular achievements, it has at critical moments swept away the impediments of ages. It has trampled upon customs and traditions. It has restated creeds, and built anew the structure of social institutions. Thus, the people that created Civilization have also been creating Progress. Satisfied with nothing that their hands and minds have made, following after visions of a more ideal excellence, they have over and over again annihilated the work of generations, thrown into the scrap-heap possessions that cost infinite toil, only to reshape them all in more intricate and fairer forms.

Intervals of seeming ineptitude lying between the reformatory periods have age by age been shortened. Reconstructions have followed one another in a hastening course, and always with greater range, always with a more in-

clusive embrace of interests, each taking over something of abiding worth from the creative efforts that went before.

To-day the series has reached a marvelous culmination. The forces of material and of social invention are playing upon our human life with unprecedented energy and with diversity of impact. We are witnessing a radical reshaping of all things on a scale so vast that no individual mind can hope to grasp it fully in its infinite complexity.

All reformations begin in the same way. They follow, in general, the same course. First, there is the breaking down of barriers that have kept groups of men apart, or have shut off the vision of the mind looking out upon the world. Such was the cause of that mighty transformation of Europe when the Germanic barbarians, held no longer in their northern forests by the faltering line of Roman legions, pierced the frontier at a dozen points. Sweeping down upon the plains of Lombardy, into the valleys of Spain, and over all the fair lands of Gaul, they created the nations of modern Europe. Such, too, was the origin of that rebirth of art and letters, the great Renaissance, when, after the crusades had spent their force, the treasure-houses of Greek thought and letters were opened to the scholars of the west. The voyages of discovery and the opening of a new world to colonization precipitated the Protestant reformation, the great eighteenth-century awakening of intellect in France, and those far-reaching recreations of political, economic, and social life, the American and the French revolutions.

#### THE OPENING OF THE FLOOD-GATES

But never since the story of our human race began have the piercings through and the breakings down of barriers, physical and mental, been comparable to the opening of flood-gates in this present time. The pressure of population upon economic resources in Europe, the appeal of boundless opportunities in North and South America, in Australasia, and in Africa, have set in motion the streams of migration on a scale unparalleled—unparalleled even at that turning-point in human fate when the drying up of

Asian watercourses forced the hordes of the east westward and northward until they pushed the Germanic swarm into every province of Rome's wide empire. Since 1820 more than twenty-two millions of European emigrants have found their way into the United States alone. Celts and Teutons, Latins and Slavs, they have brought into our population every known type of mind, every imaginable human habit and point of view.

Yet all this shifting of population by individual or family migration is but a fraction of the gigantic forces that are bringing about new contacts of mind. Until now the millions of dark and yellow men that occupy the "heat belt" more than three thousand miles wide, girdling the earth between the thirtieth degree of north latitude and the corresponding parallel to the south, have been protected by mere geographic isolation from the economic rapacity—and the political lust of the white race. Suddenly, with a swiftness that has paralyzed our power to grasp its meaning, isolation is annihilated. The completion of telegraphic and railway systems, and the extension of swift steamship service to every port, have destroyed all natural protection. Every sheltered hiding-place of timid and ineffectual men has been revealed. For the first time since the clash of races began, the white nations and the dark peoples are arrayed for decisive struggle. Nothing now can prevent the exploitive transformation of weak populations by the strong, of the tropics by the temperate zones. Nothing can check the radical reaction of this conflict upon the dominant white nations.

An immediate consequence of new contacts is a swift interchange of suggestions and examples, whose progeny is a countless brood of imitations, in manners and speech, in amusements and art, in religion and in ideas.

#### THE AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

An Ellis Island official used to show two photographs of a Lithuanian girl. One presented her in her native costume, as she came from her home in the Old World; the other, as she was modishly arrayed in fresh, tailor-made

garb. Facial expression, nationality itself, were unlike in the two pictures. The magic of "assimilation" was proclaimed by the second. Yet both were taken on the same day!

What our American speech will be when it has absorbed the thousand slight changes of pronunciation and of construction that are imperceptibly being made in it in the streets of Chicago and New York, who can say? And these are trifles when compared with the regeneration of a too austere life by imported habits. The Puritan American felt the lurking presence of sin in every relaxation. In a clumsy fashion he could play, but on the whole he lived that he might work and save. The continental European works and saves that he may enjoy. He loves pleasure. He clings to the idea that sheer joy is innocent and altogether good. Thanks to him—to the millions of him, German and French, Italian and Slav, who have come here to share in our toil—we are feeling the contagion of his lightness of heart. Adopting his amusements—and indulgences—we are fitting ourselves for the rational enjoyment of that leisure and luxury which, inevitably, will be the heritage of the future American people.

#### A NEW ERA IN RELIGION

More slowly, but even more profoundly in the long run, does wide and varied contact among men remake religion. It brings that discipline which scholars call "the comparative study of religions" home to the individual. It compels him, in spite of native narrowness of mind, to see the realities in many outwardly differing faiths. Brought up, perhaps, in a strict sect of Protestantism, he is scandalized at first when the Catholic priest gathers a flock and shortly builds on the Puritan village street a church surmounted by the Roman cross. However, after a while, he becomes tolerant; his spirit is mellowed by the daily sight of the devotion of humble folk; his sympathies are expanded, and he finds himself nearing the stage at which he will begin to question what elements in his own creed are destined to abide.

Then, perhaps, other faiths and rituals are thrust upon his attention. In the great cities he sees in neighboring streets

the Greek shrine, the Hebrew synagogue, the Chinese joss-house, the hall where Buddhists meet. He begins to feel, to a degree that his parents, with all their missionary zeal, never could, the universal brotherhood, and even the possibility of forgiving enemies—chief among whom, since the beginning of time, have been those who refused to believe what we have happened to profess. His chastened heart becomes a soil in which may spring the gentler pieties and idealisms that carry him forward long after he has ceased to receive any thrill of terror from dissolving visions of hell-fire. So, throughout the world to-day, religion is undergoing reformation, radical, complete, as in no former age. The more or less new creeds of spiritualism and Christian Science, of eastern mysticism and autocratic Mormonism, claim popular attention, but surely they are less significant than is all this mellowing and idealizing of the older faiths. These are the sympathetic religious bonds that shall one day unite mankind.

#### THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SCIENCE

When Spencer and Darwin and their fellow evolutionists in the nineteenth century remolded our conception of man and of his origin, of the history of life, and of the universe itself, we supposed—some of us—that science had achieved its reconstruction of knowledge. All further work, we said, must consist in readjusting the details. Never again could we look for such a widening of the intellectual range. To-day, without any of the excitement that lashed the combatants for "religion" and "science" thirty years ago, we are witnessing the recreation of science from atomic physics up. Under the dry light of radio-activity the very substance of the universe—eternal, indestructible matter—has become more tenuous than Professor Tyndall's famous "streak of morning cloud."

It is not merely the finite man of Tyndall's day, but the everlasting atom of which in scientific thought he built his cosmos, that has "faded into the infinite azure of the past." By the scientific vision of to-day we see the atom as a system of ions and corpuscles, as big in its way as a sidereal universe. In these

components of the atom, as we now know, are locked the mysteries of electricity, which, long before we shall understand its essential nature—whether or not it is the only material reality—will have been so applied by man as to have created for his use literally a new heaven and a new earth.

The new earth first. Equipped with his marvelous new knowledge, man is to-day turning it upon the pressing problems of his economic life, with results that cannot be otherwise described than as astounding. Here is the realm of reconstruction, of reformation, that arrests the instant attention of every human being.

#### THE NEW AGRICULTURE

The land itself, and those "inherent powers" of which Ricardo made assumption when he formulated the theory of economic rent that became the basis of Henry George's scheme of redemption—what is the land to-day? It is that mere sheet of gravel and sand, of marl and muck, into which the scientific agriculturist can introduce whatsoever species of bacteria he will, whatsoever nitrogenous elements from the atmosphere. In the half darkness of a shallow underworld they surge and spawn, in endless variety of chemical and biological potentiality, sufficient nutriment for whatsoever herb or grain, or fruit, or flower, or flesh of beast man may desire for his subsistence and delight.

For more than a generation scientific men have been calling attention to the absolute dependence of the human race upon the supply of fixed nitrogen. The body of man, like the bodies of the lower animals, is composed almost wholly of the four great elements of protoplasm—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. The supply of these elements is practically inexhaustible, and three of them—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—are found abundantly everywhere, combined in the carbon dioxide which plants can convert into food for beast and man. In the atmosphere is abundant nitrogen, but only in a free form, which is unavailable for plant consumption. Fixed or combined nitrogen, available for plant growth, is found in the soil, but only in a very limited supply, which is being

rapidly exhausted. The average American wheat crop of six hundred and sixty million bushels takes from our soil one and a quarter millions of tons of fixed nitrogen, almost none of which is being restored.

#### THE PROBLEM OF FIXED NITROGEN

It was, therefore, quite as a matter of course that Sir William Crookes, as recently as 1898, predicted that, unless some method of replenishing the fixed nitrogen of the earth should in the meantime be discovered, the absolute limit to a further increase of the human race would be reached by the year 1931. Against such a state of affairs anathemas upon race suicide would be as effective as anathemas upon some other kinds of conduct have been in bygone centuries.

That such a limit should be set to human advancement just when scientific discovery and business enterprise are bringing the material world under human mastery, could not be contemplated. The universal reformation of conditions and activities must, if necessary, include a reformation of nature's habitual combinations of her elements.

The problem had to be solved, and, thanks to tireless experimenting, it has been solved so far as the scientific part of it is concerned. By an electrical process, atmospheric nitrogen is made to unite with lime in the calcium nitrate which is available for plant nutrition, and, although the process is in its earliest commercial stage only, it already assures us an exhaustless supply of fixed nitrogen for wheat growth at a cost that will not exceed twenty-eight cents per bushel of grain. This rate, beyond any doubt, will greatly be reduced in the near future.

Thus is attained one imperative economic assurance—the certainty that the earth as a food producer for man will not be exhausted, whatever demand man makes upon it for his further achievement. When one reflects upon the strange turns that have been given to the course of civilization by famines and by the exhaustion of regions once as fertile as the Mississippi basin is to-day, we are not likely to exaggerate the importance of this one factor in the reconstruction of our economic world.



Meanwhile, and until such time as commercial nitrogen shall be abundant, and therefore cheap, the gigantic irrigation enterprises in western America, in Egypt, and in India, and the new methods of dry farming coming into vogue in the semi-arid tracts of the Rocky Mountain slopes, are adding to the food-producing area sufficient resources to support at least another population equal to that of the United States to-day.

#### THE FARMER OF TO-DAY

It is not more life only, but also better life, that is being made possible. Consider the transformation that has already, within a generation, been achieved in the life of the American farmer.

From the days of Hesiod and Ovid until the twentieth century, the tiller of the soil was only less the sport of the sky and the weather-gods than the deep-sea fisherman. Sow what or where he would, he literally knew not which should prosper, this or that. To-day, the experiment-stations and the training of the agricultural colleges have made him perhaps more nearly a master of his fate than is the man of any other occupation.

Not only in the raising of grain throughout the great central areas, in the planting of cotton on the southern Atlantic seaboard, and in the newer fruit industries of California and Florida is this true; it is not less true of the rejuvenated old tobacco industries of Connecticut and Virginia, and of the rice industry transported to the Texas swamplands along the Mexican Gulf. By purely artificial means the tobacco-grower can both protect his crop against hail, and insure, while it is growing, exactly that shade of color for which any fickle fashion may create a special demand. On the shore-lands of Texas the owner of a moderate-sized rice plantation can be very nearly assured of an income of five thousand dollars a year, by strictly legitimate agricultural operations.

A few years ago a French engineer and economist introduced the word "vivifaction" to designate a branch of enterprise which he predicted would become quite as important as manufacturing industry—namely, the systematic

production of useful forms of life, plant and animal. Already the prediction is nearly realized. Through the discoveries of De Vries and Burbank, and of a hundred less-known experimenters, possibilities, the extent of which we cannot even imagine, have been opened for the production of new varieties of fruits and vegetables for man's immediate consumption, and of grasses and other foods for cattle. Some of these, like the thornless cactus, promise to make even the alkali deserts of the West marketable at agricultural values.

#### THE BETTERMENT OF HUMAN LIFE

Through these developments again the quality of human life is being enhanced not less remarkably than its quantity is being increased. Not the most luxurious Roman patrician could command for his table such a variety of substantial and delicate foods as the American of only moderate income can, if he chooses, enjoy to-day. We are yet, it is true, with the possible exception of our British cousins, the heartiest meat-eaters in the world, but we are beginning to realize that our habits in this respect are probably injurious, and we shall turn with all our American enterprise and ingenuity to the development of a more varied diet of fruits and grains. This, in all probability, will ultimately make the average American table not only the most wholesome, but, even from the strictly epicurean standpoint, the choicest that any people has ever enjoyed.

To make this result possible, other transformations besides those of agriculture have been needful. The fast fruit-train, with its occasional right of way over everything on the road except the United States mail, has been for this purpose a hardly less important factor than cold storage and the refrigerator-car, because there are rather well-defined limits to the time endurance of delicate flavors under refrigeration. This topic opens endless vistas which can only be hinted at here. Great railway operators like Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman tell us that the entire transportation system of the United States must be reconstructed to meet the relentlessly growing demands upon it. Straighter lines, easier grades, heavier rails, a broader gage, and larger

cars—these are the radical requirements for meeting the demands of a people which is learning how rationally to enjoy its material life, and how its desires can be met from the exhaustless gifts that nature is ready to yield.

Yet none of the means that science offers us could be used in our effort to render the span of human life an experience more of pleasure than of wretchedness, but for the tireless effort of the business man—that conspicuous object of American adulation and American criticism. For it is the business man who combines and correlates, who sees the use to which the scientific man's discovery can be put, and who finds the way to bring the products of new methods to the door of the consumer.

#### A NEW ERA IN BUSINESS

And nowhere has the reformation of the twentieth century more radically transformed the older habits of life and the older methods than in the office of the business man.

The business man of to-day may be by instinct and training a good buyer or a good salesman, a good accountant, a good foreman or superintendent, or a good capitalist—that is to say, a skilful borrower and lender. Or, he may be any combination of two or more of these aptitudes. But, whether so or not, in any case, and above all else, he must be a good organizer. He sees what things can be put together; and how they can be put together in profitable combination. He sees where labor-saving devices can be substituted for human effort; he perceives the aptitudes of other men, and how the specialization of aptitude can be pushed to its economic limit.

The American business man, before all others, has effected saving in factory, store, and office system, and has brought the latter to approximate perfection. It is not only by aid of the telephone, the stenographer, and the typewriter that he has conserved his own energies and enormously lengthened his business reach; he has achieved the same end also through the more effective employment of his staff. Equipped as it is now with its card-indexing and card-account systems, its loose-leaf ledger, economizing time and space and enormously increas-

ing convenience, its adding-machines, its time-clocks, and a hundred other ingenious devices, it can accomplish in a day more than the same number of men a generation ago could have accomplished in a month.

#### THE POWER OF ADVERTISING

Yet, it is doubtful if in any of the things thus far mentioned we see the most remarkable and far-reaching economic reformation. It is probable that the most radical twentieth-century transformation of business achieved and to be achieved, is found in the evolution of what are literally national and world markets through the development of scientific advertising and the mail-order system.

From the earliest days of civilization until very recent times a market was a concrete assemblage of actual goods to be sold. It was a specialized and systematized development of the periodically recurring fair. At length merchants devised the partial substitution of samples for the actual display of goods in the piece, and with the use of samples came the "drummer," or traveling man, whose services effected a saving, but only a small fraction of the saving that was possible. To-day the advertising pages of a great popular magazine are, in a legitimate sense of the word, a gigantic market, a market idealized and reduced to symbolic expression—which means economized almost beyond calculation. Here, through picture and description, the would-be purchaser, without leaving his chair, can obtain a fairly accurate idea of what he wants and of where and how to get it.

This market is far from perfect, but it admits of perfection. Its chief defect at present is hinted at in the phrase just used—"a fairly accurate idea." The idealized and symbolic market of the advertising page should be the most adequate possible substitute for the concrete assemblage of goods to be looked at and examined. In other words, it should produce upon the mind of the possible customer the same effect that the sight of the goods themselves would produce. This can be accomplished only by the most careful attention to verbal description and pictorial representation. The

use of color, which is now being resorted to, will go a long way toward the realization of such a possibility. At present, it is still true that enormous sums are wasted in mere bombast and brag which, in the long run, react unfavorably upon the minds of buyers, as do also bizarre statements and all vulgarity. The bizarre and bombastic era will pass. Advertising will become a fine art, and the day is not distant when it will be almost as interesting to stroll mentally through the advertising columns of a great magazine as it is now to stroll afoot through the aisles and booths of a market-fair.

#### THE WORKING MAN OF THE FUTURE

If the business man and his methods are being made over in this era of reformation, so also are the working man and his skill. On every side we hear the lament that the skilled craftsman is passing. The assertion is not altogether true. The demand for artistic products is rapidly increasing, and the skilful touch of the human hand will always command its relatively high price. It will, therefore, always be cultivated. But the vast mass of products of human consumption will be made in increasing proportion by machinery in standardized sizes, patterns, and qualities. Does this mean that the machine-tender, to be efficient, must more and more become, as the pessimist prophesies, a mere automaton, who can take no interest in his work? So to conclude is to overlook another element in the economic situation

which is quite as controlling as machine specialization.

No fact is more patent to-day than the necessity laid upon our modern industrial organization of shifting large bodies of men frequently and quickly from one employment to another. Some great piece of construction is completed, and thousands of men are discharged. The next vast undertaking is different in kind and in scope. It uses different machinery. It employs men in new ways. What does this mean? Simply and plainly this—that the working man of to-day has need above all else for one particular kind of aptitude, that of quickly and skilfully fitting into a new place, learning how to tend another kind of machine, as, for example, the locomotive engineers are doing in the transition from steam to electric operation of railroads. The working man of the future, then, must be not the master of a craft, from which he may at any moment be eliminated through changes of demand, but a *master of machines* who can go quickly and successfully from one occupation to another.

And here, at last, we have touched upon the really fundamental change in this, the greatest reformatory era in the world's history. Man himself is being remade. The static man, as the physicist would call him, is of the past. His days are numbered. The future belongs to the adaptable man, the man who can continue indefinitely to change, to be whatever the conditions of his age and his land shall demand of him.

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#### A HERO OF TO-DAY

MAN's battle-march into the West is done,  
And Eldorado's beacons gleam no more,  
With flare of fame, of fortune, and of war,  
To tempt young-eyed Adventure's sworded son.  
And yet, who says the hero-quest is won,  
While still the unconquered up-world's wonder bars  
Man's very dreams, and still the beckoning stars  
Cry, "Come! The scheme of God is but begun"?  
When, in the last long fall, I reel to death,  
My frail shell wrecked upon the cloud's gray rim,  
Say not, "'Tis horror!"—Say, "We follow him!"  
Or when, above the air, I die for breath,  
Say not, "He failed"; but, soaring after, say,  
"He was but one we lost on God's great way."

Chester Firkins

# NEW YORK, THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE MAGNIFICENT FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS—THE VAST SUMS NOW BEING SPENT TO MAKE HER A HANDSOME AND COMFORTABLE CITY AS WELL AS A STRENUOUS AND WEALTHY ONE

NOW that New York has grown to be so big and so prosperous—now that she is the most strenuous of the world's cities and almost the wealthiest—she has set her heart upon being the most beautiful as well. She has, in fact, suddenly become as coy and self-conscious as a *débutante*. If her guests do not praise her of their own accord, she lures them on with eager questions. "How do I look? Did you ever see anything quite like me? Do you not really think that I am handsomer than London and more stylish than Paris?"

Three years ago her desire for admiration became so positive that she appointed an official beauty commission. This body has recently finished its work, and has given her some highly interesting advice regarding her personal appearance and how to improve it. Its suggestions call for the expenditure of half a billion dollars—perhaps much more. But Miss Manhattan is resolved to be handsome at any cost. There is in progress at the present time a campaign of lavish improvement and beautification such as would take away the breath of those who knew the young lady in her younger and simpler days.

The report which has been prepared by this New York City Improvement Commission, to speak definitely, is the first attempt that New York has made to consider her comfort and her appearance in a comprehensive way. She has always had local schemes and local accomplishments; but her aim is now to carry out a plan of improvement for the

whole city, so that one reform shall not be checkmated by another, and fewer legacies of expensive ugliness shall be left to future generations.

How to prevent New York from being a jungle of individualism—how to shape it more and more into a socialized city of convenience and beauty—has been the main idea underlying the work of the commissioners. A great city, they said, should do things in a great way. It should not follow always the line of least resistance and least expense. Whatever it builds should be worthy of itself. Above all, its people must know that a city is not a mere aggregation of separate communities, but an organic whole, in which all parts must cooperate freely for the general good.

For instance, the most urgent need of New York is for wide doorways to Long Island, New Jersey, and the Bronx. At present, the streams of human beings that flow into the sky-scraper district in the morning, and out again in the evening, become narrowed into torrents at the water-front. Like a living body that has many veins but few arteries, New York is clogged at every point where its lines of traffic converge.

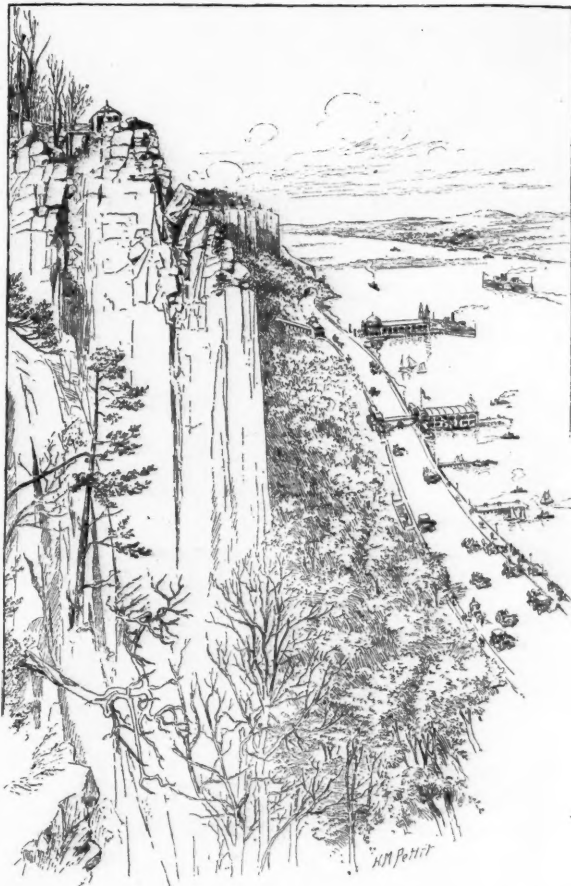
This lack, not only of beauty, but of comfort and health, is now being supplied by a series of stupendous undertakings. The Pennsylvania Railroad is driving a couple of tunnels straight across Manhattan, underneath both the North and East rivers, so that a Jerseyman can dodge beneath New York and find himself in Long Island in less than fifteen minutes. A third subway, costing

a trifle of ten millions, will soon be relieving the overloaded Brooklyn Bridge. A fourth is being bored beneath the broad East River at Forty-Second Street; and a fifth will link Newark to Herald Square. These subways are not dreams of the future. All of them are so near completion that there is no doubt whatever of their success. And unless New York changes her mind very unaccountably, there will, before very long, be nineteen other catacombs of rapid transit underneath the thronged streets of Manhattan.

Then there are the bridges — and such bridges! No other great city has structures that compare with these. Strictly speaking, they are not bridges at all, but elevated streets of steel — double-decked streets, with all manner of separate tracks and roadways and promenades. Two of these aerial streets are already in place between Brooklyn and Manhattan; two others were begun five years ago; and a fifth, the longest and most costly of all, will some day be stretched across the mile of water that separates New York from New Jersey.

These numerous bridges and subways are not in any sense local improvements. They are a direct benefit alike to the people of Madison Square and Sag Harbor—of Wall Street and the Catskills. They are the gates that open into the heart of the great city. From them the traveler receives his first impressions. If they are wide and convenient, the New Yorker can move his home out to the green fields; if not, he must become a flat-dweller amid the crowded wilderness

of roofs. And so, as New York has now determined to be both comfortable and handsome, it is proposed that all the approaches to these bridges and subways



THE HUDSON RIVER AND THE PALISADES, SHOWING THE GREAT PARKWAY THAT IS TO BE BUILT ALONG THE WESTERN BANK OF THE RIVER

shall be made as wide and beautiful as possible.

A large plaza has been reserved at each end of the new Williamsburgh Bridge. Just now these are open spaces—nothing more; but they will eventually be decorated with shrubbery and works of art. Recently a fifty-thousand-dollar statue of George Washington was unveiled at the Brooklyn end of the bridge; and one imaginative architect has already submitted a plan for an

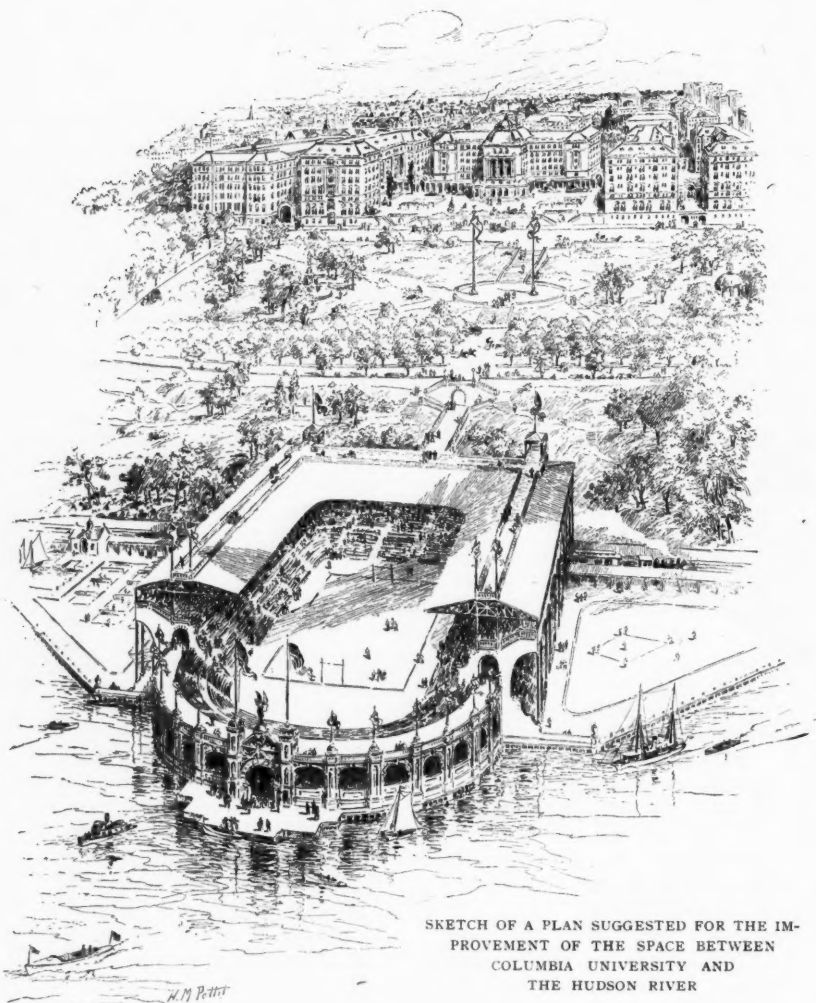


aerial park, somewhat similar, perhaps, to the famous Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which were built to please the queen-wife of Nebuchadnezzar.

Another doorway which has been

her widest and most ornamental gateways.

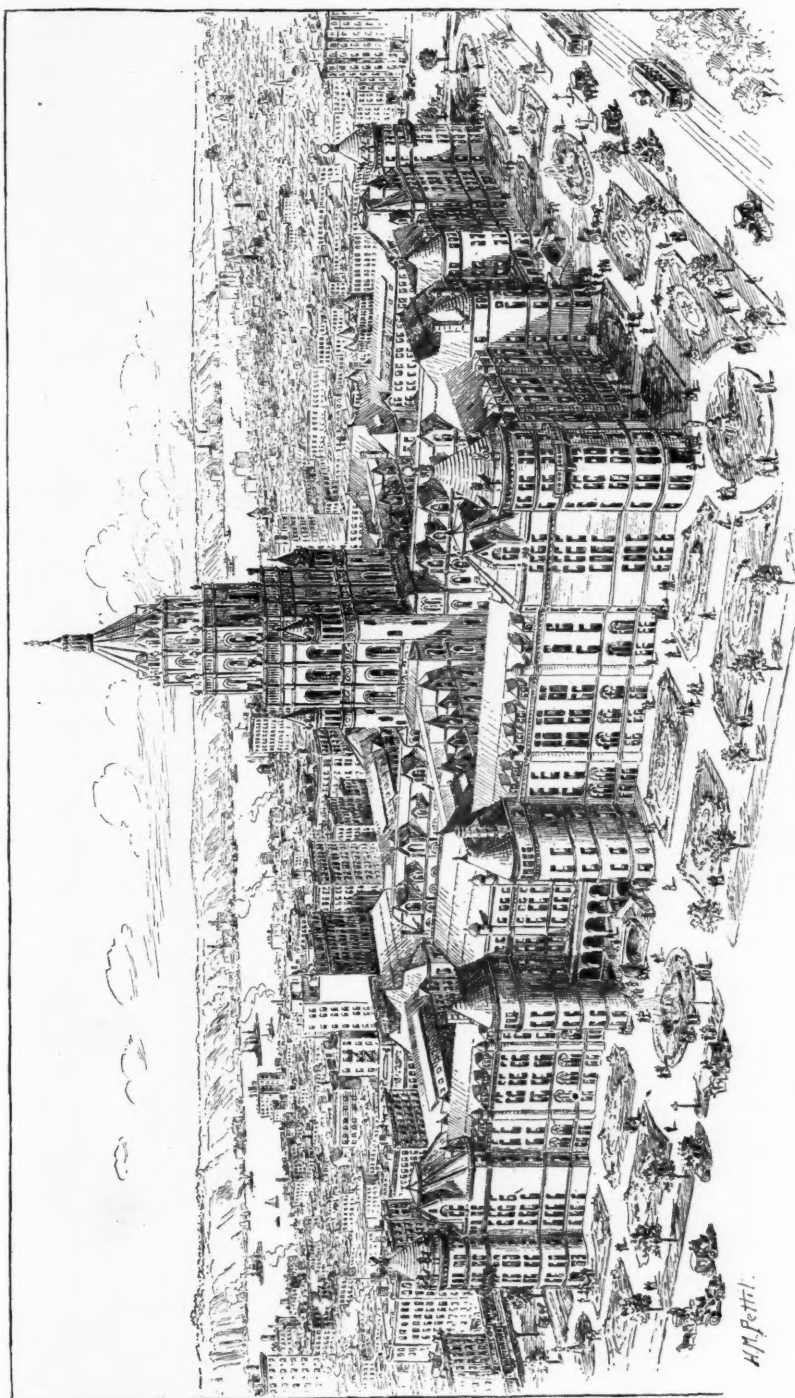
The improvement of these entrances is, of course, becoming absolutely necessary, apart from any plan of beautifica-



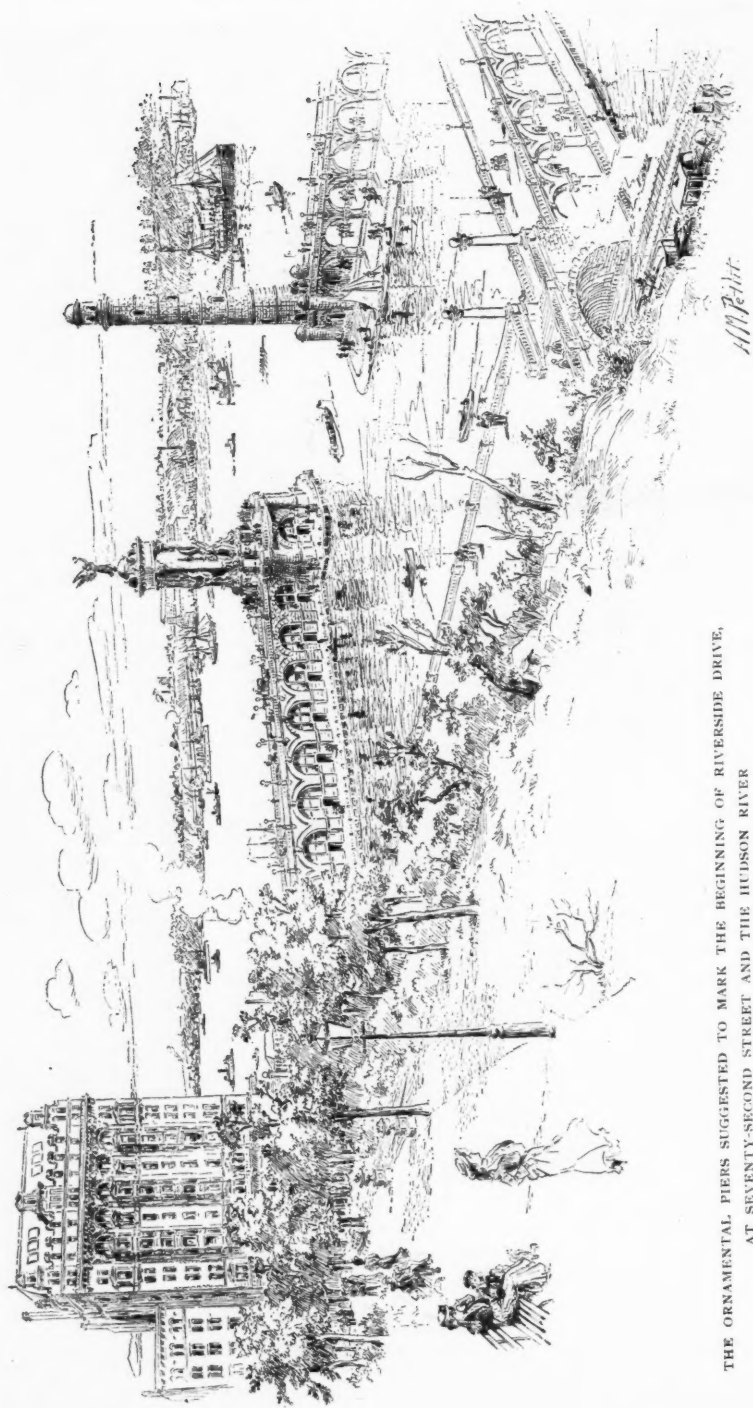
SKETCH OF A PLAN SUGGESTED FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE SPACE BETWEEN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AND THE HUDSON RIVER

marked for thorough reconstruction is the Battery—that historic point at the extreme southern end of Manhattan. It has always been one of the busiest entrances of the metropolis, and one of the least attractive. But now it appears, unless present plans miscarry, that when New York has finished her crusade of renovation, the Battery will be one of

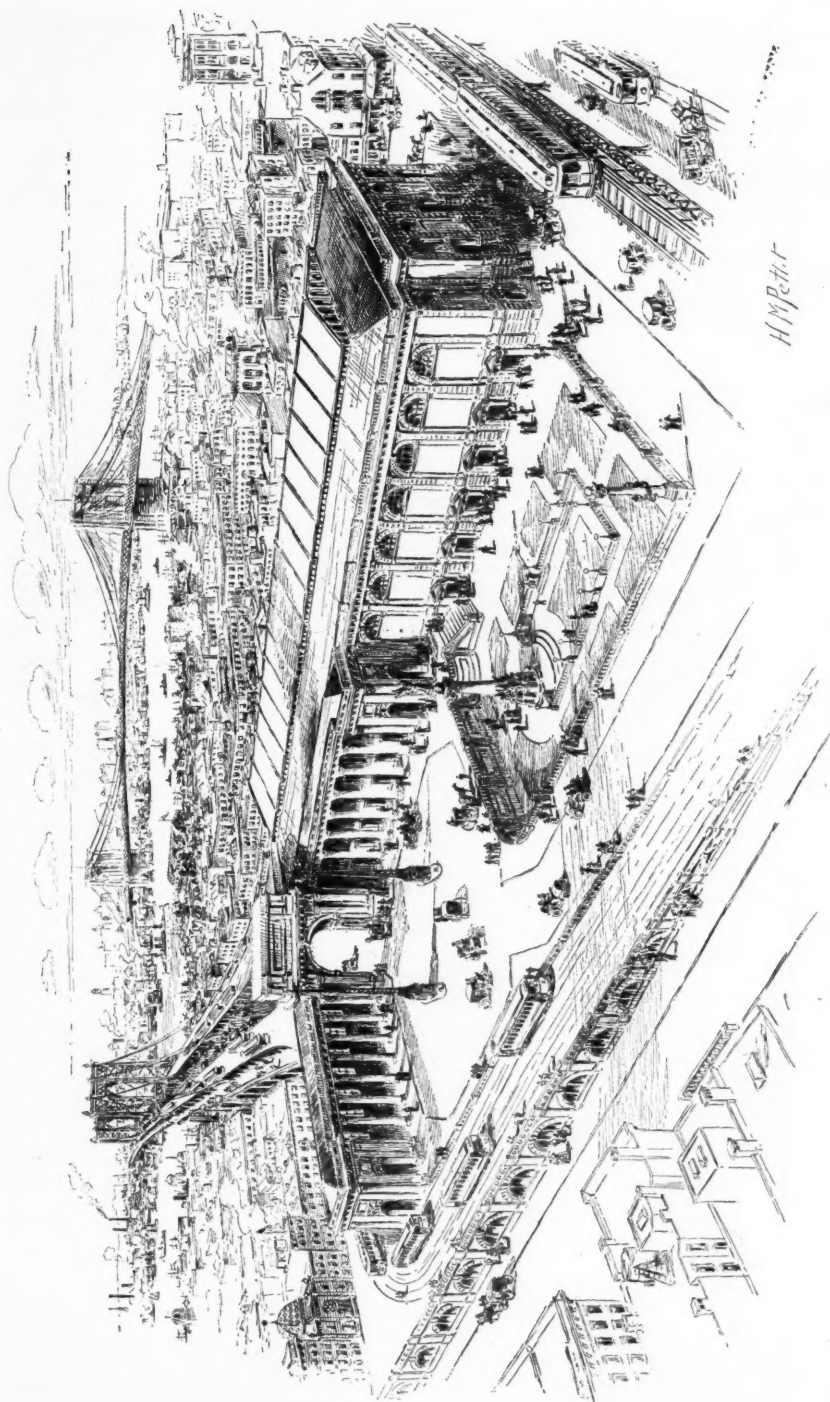
tion. But other great undertakings are suggested or contemplated, for no other reason than that they will make New York a more attractive home for its people. In this class, for example, are the handsome water-gate which has been planned to connect the campus of Columbia University with the Hudson River; the fancy harbor and promenade which



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, AT SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET AND CENTRAL PARK WEST, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN THE VAST STRUCTURE IS COMPLETED



THE ORNAMENTAL PIERS SUGGESTED TO MARK THE BEGINNING OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE,  
AT SEVENTY-SECOND STREET AND THE HUDSON RIVER



THE PROPOSED TERMINAL OF THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE — THIS BRIDGE WAS COMMENCED IN 1901, BUT IS STILL FAR FROM COMPLETION

may some day mark the beginning of Riverside Drive at Seventy-Second Street; and the picturesque boulevard on the western shore of the Hudson, at the foot of the Palisades.

York, New Haven, and Hartford, as well as the Central, is replacing steam with electricity. Along the water-front, the age of steel is succeeding the age of wood. Eighteen millions are being spent on the



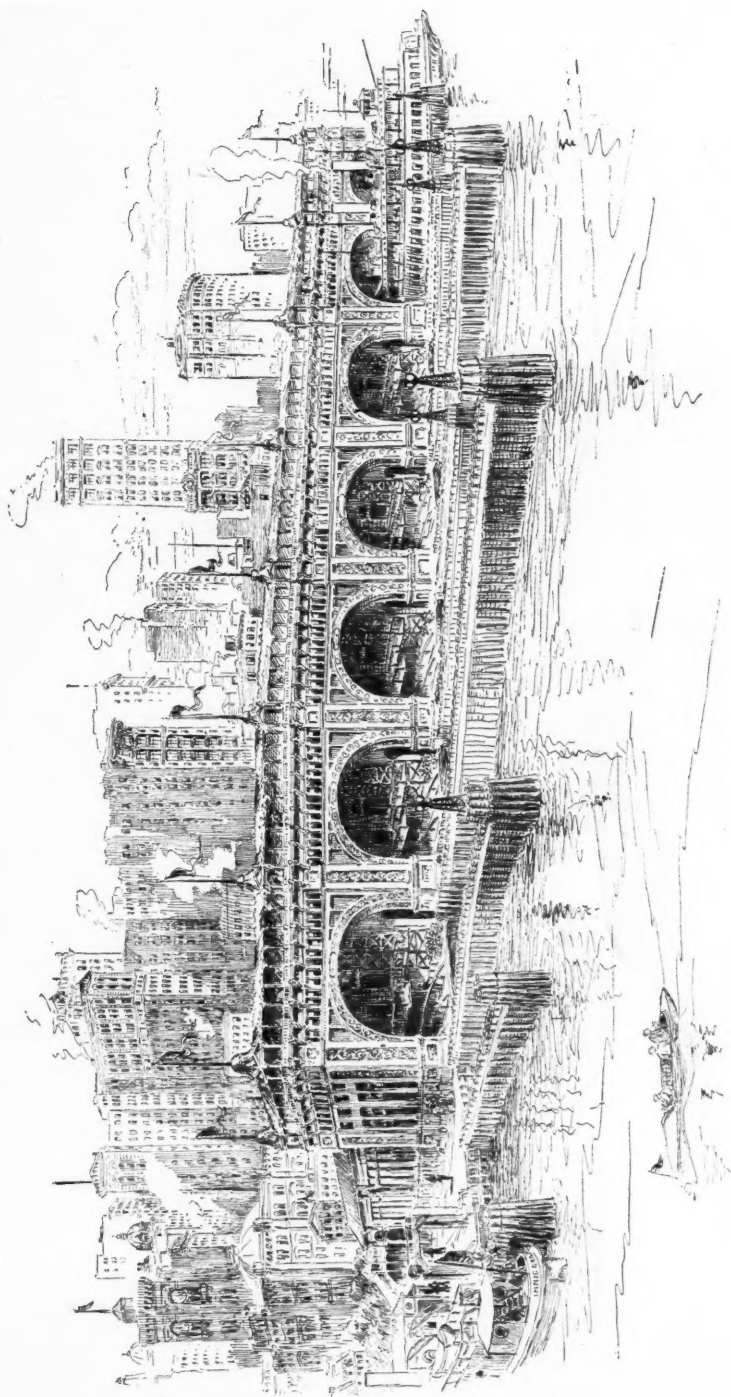
CITY HALL PARK AND THE PROPOSED NEW TERMINAL STRUCTURE OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE  
—THE MANHATTAN AND WILLIAMSBURGH BRIDGES APPEAR IN THE DISTANCE

Go where you will in New York and you will find the builder and the decorator at work. The Pennsylvania Railroad is spending a hundred million dollars on its immense new depot and connecting subways. The New York Central is improving its terminal at a cost of perhaps fifty millions. The New

new west-side docks; and it has been recommended that an elevated roadway be built along the North River front, now so congested with drays.

In the matter of new buildings, there seems to be no limit to elaboration and expense. Each, while you study it, seems more magnificent than the others.



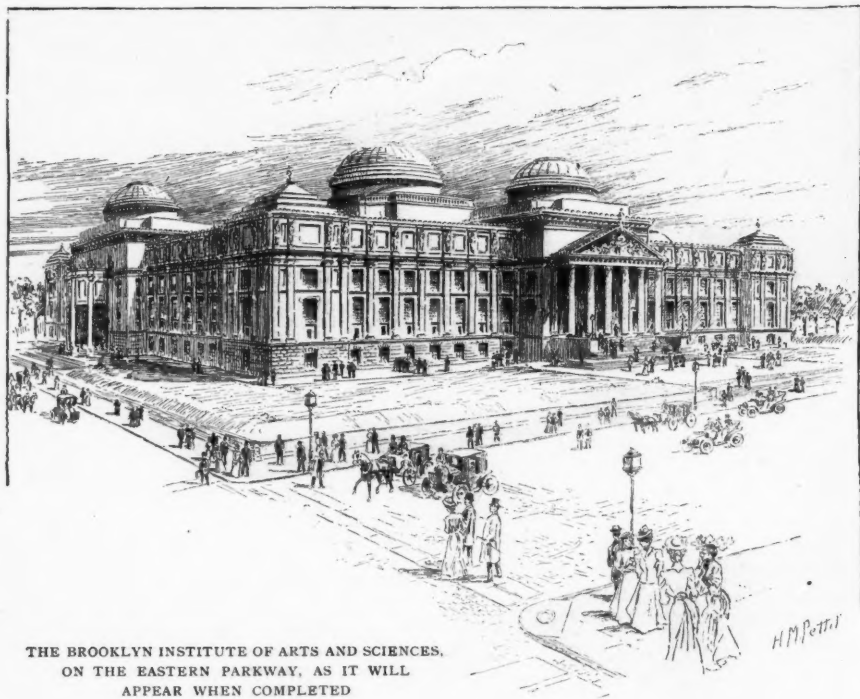


THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT OF NEW YORK'S GREAT SOUTHERN GATEWAY—A DESIGN FOR THE BROOKLYN AND STATEN ISLAND  
FERRY-HOUSES AT THE BATTERY

There are the Public Library, now almost completed—an item of four millions; the new Bellevue Hospital and the Hall of Records, costing not less than eight millions apiece; the College of the City of New York, on Washington Heights;

Avenue must be fifteen feet wider, the city says, no matter who may be offended.

It has been proposed that a full half-mile of buildings shall be razed to the ground, so that Fifty-Ninth Street shall be widened from Central Park to the



THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.  
ON THE EASTERN PARKWAY, AS IT WILL  
APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

the great Episcopal Cathedral, towering above Morningside Park; and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Some public institutions, founded years ago, have suddenly begun to expand. The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History, for instance, are growing to be structures of gigantic size.

All told, there are quite or nearly forty large public improvements of all kinds now under way in New York. By 1910 they will be completed, and, no doubt, others will be commenced. New York, as we have seen, is determined to be beautiful as well as busy. She has actually served notice upon the privileged residents of Fifth Avenue, between Madison Square and Central Park, that their cherished porticos and "stoops" are to be cut away. Fifth

East River. The street is already crowded with traffic, and on the opening of the Blackwell's Island Bridge, to which it will be the chief approach, it is certain to be greatly overtaxed. The city is seriously considering the question of adding to its width, and has already purchased one block of buildings along the suggested line of demolition.

Ever since her sky-scraper era began, New York has been a majestic and impressive metropolis. No other city can show such an array of towering structures—such Jungfraus and Mont Blancs of steel and stone. But now that she has become a community of such vast extent, with an area of three hundred and twenty-seven square miles and a population which is rising rapidly beyond four millions, her ideas of what a great city should be have also grown.

# THE PRIMA DONNA\*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF  
THE KING," "FAIR MARGARET," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE story opens with a dramatic scene at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where Margarita de Cordova, the great prima donna—an English girl, whose real name is Margaret Donne—is singing in "Lucia." An explosion shakes the building and puts out the lights. The audience begins to stampede, and a few people are injured in the crush; but the panic is stayed by the presence of mind of Mme. Cordova, who continues to sing until the lights are relit.

The house has been quietly emptied, and the prima donna is starting homeward, when Paul Griggs, a veteran literary man and an old friend of Mme. Cordova, calls her into the manager's room, to which he has carried a girl who has been found lying insensible in one of the exits. Griggs has recognized her as Miss Ida Bamberger, daughter of Isidore Bamberger, president of the Nickel Trust. Miss Bamberger was to have been married, a couple of days later, to Rufus Van Torp, a millionaire New York financier, and a business associate of her father; but she is at the point of death, apparently from shock or heart failure. Before the end she tells Mme. Cordova that she wishes to entrust her with a secret, which must be divulged to no one but Mr. Van Torp; but all that the dying girl can whisper is, "He did it"—a message which the prima donna does not understand.

A few days later, the season being over, Mme. Cordova sails for England. Among her fellow passengers is Rufus Van Torp, whom she knows and dislikes, and whom she avoids during the voyage, seeking refuge in the company of Paul Griggs, who is also on the steamer, and with two new acquaintances—a little deaf-mute, Ida Moon, daughter of the late Senator Alvah Moon, of California, and Miss More, a lady who is in charge of the child. Van Torp manages to talk with the prima donna, however, and she delivers poor Ida Bamberger's message—which, he tells her, means that he had broken his engagement with the dead girl.

On landing, Van Torp goes alone to London, where he drives to the Temple, and lets himself into some dingy chambers on whose outer door is the name "I. Bamberger." Presently there also arrives a lady, with whom he holds a long and confidential conversation, and to whom he hands a large sum in English bank-notes. Suddenly there is a knocking at the door, and three men force their way in—two detectives and the lady's husband, who is a member of one of the foreign embassies in London. The angry diplomat threatens his wife—who is addressed as Lady Maud—with suit for divorce. When he leaves, Van Torp tells her that he fears her husband will kill her. Lady Maud scornfully replies that she hopes he will do it without mangling her body.

## X (continued)

"DO you know it makes me uncomfortable to hear you talk like that? I wish you wouldn't! You can't deny that your husband's half a lunatic, anyway. He was behaving like one here only a quarter of an hour ago, and it's no use denying it."

"But I'm not denying anything!"

"No, I know you're not," said Mr. Van Torp. "If you don't know how crazy he is, I don't suppose any one else does. But your nerves are better than mine, as I told you. The idea of killing anything makes me uncomfortable, and when it comes to thinking that he really might murder you some day—well, I can't stand it, that's all! If I didn't

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know that you lock your door at night I shouldn't sleep sometimes. You do lock it, always, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Be sure you do to-night. I wonder whether he is in earnest about the divorce this time, or whether the whole scene was just bluff, to get my money."

"I don't know," answered Lady Maud, rising. "He needs money, I believe, but I'm not sure that he would try to get it just in that way."

"Too bad? Even for him?"

"Oh, dear, no! Too simple!—He's a tortuous person."

"He tried to pocket those notes with a good deal of directness!" observed Mr. Van Torp.

"Yes. That was an opportunity that turned up unexpectedly, but he didn't know it would. How could he? He didn't come here expecting to find thousands of pounds lying about on the table! It was easy enough to know that I was here, of course. I couldn't go out of my own house on foot, in a dinner-gown, and pick up a hansom, could I? I had one called and gave the address, and the footman remembered it and told my husband. There's nothing more foolish than making mysteries and giving the cabman first one address and then another. If Boris is really going to bring a suit, the mere fact that there was no concealment as to where I was going this evening would be strong evidence, wouldn't it? Evidence he cannot deny, too, since he must have learned the address from the footman, who heard me give it! And people who make no secret of a meeting are not meeting clandestinely, are they?"

"You argue that pretty well," said Mr. Van Torp, smiling.

"And, besides," rippled Lady Maud's sweet voice, as she shook out the folds of her black velvet, "I don't care."

Her friend held up the fur-lined cloak and put it over her shoulders. She fastened it at the neck and then turned to the fire for a moment before leaving.

"Rufus," she said gravely, after a moment's pause, and looking down at the coals, "you're an angel."

"The others in the game don't think so," answered Mr. Van Torp.

"No one was ever so good to a woman as you've been to me," said Lady Maud.

And all at once the joyful ring had died away from her voice, and there was another tone in it that was sweet and low, too, but sad and tender and grateful, all at once.

"There's nothing to thank me for," answered Mr. Van Torp. "I've often told you so. But I have a good deal of reason to be grateful to you for all you've given me."

"Nonsense!" returned the lady; and the sadness was gone again, but not all the tenderness. "I must be going," she added a moment later, turning away from the fire.

"I'll take you to the embassy in a hansom," said the millionaire, slipping on his overcoat.

"No. You mustn't do that—we should be sure to meet some one at the door. Are you going anywhere in particular? I'll drop you wherever you like, and then go on. It will give us a few minutes more together."

"Goodness knows we don't get too many!"

"No, indeed!"

So the two went together down the dismal stairs of the house in Hare Court.

## XI

THE position of a successful lyric prima donna with regard to other artists and the rest of the world is altogether exceptional, and is not easy to explain. Her value for purposes of advertisement apparently exceeds that of any other popular favorite, not to mention the majority of royal personages. A respectable publisher has been known to bring out a book in which he did not believe, solely because a leading lyric soprano promised him to say in an interview that it was the book of the year. Countless brands of cigars, cigarettes, wines, and liquors, have been the fashion with the flash crowd that frequents public billiard-rooms and consumes unlimited tobacco and drink, merely because some famous *Juliette* or *Marguerite* has "consented" to lend her name to the articles in question; and half the grog-shops on both sides of the Atlantic display to the admiring street the most alarming pink-and-white caricatures, or monstrously enlarged photographs, of the three or four celebrated lyric

sopranos who happen to be before the public at any one time.

In the popular mind those artists represent something which they themselves do not always understand. There is a legend about each; she is either an angel of purity and light, or a beautiful monster of iniquity; she has turned the heads of kings—"kings" in a vaguely royal plural—completely round on their shoulders, or she has built out of her earnings a hospital for crippled children; the watery-sentimental eye of the flash crowd in its cups sees in her a Phryne, a Mrs. Fry, or a St. Cecilia. Goethe said that every man must be either the hammer or the anvil; the billiard-room public is sure that every prima donna is a siren or a martyred wife, or else a public benefactress, unless she is all three by turns, which is even more interesting.

In any case, the reporters are sure that every one wants to know just what she thinks about everything. In the United States, for instance, her opinion on political matters is often asked, and is advertised with "scare heads" that would stop a funeral procession or arrest the attention of a man on his way to the gallows.

Then, too, she has her "following" of "girls," thousands of whom have her photograph, or her autograph, or both, and believe in her, and are ready to scratch out the eyes of any older person who suggests that she is not perfection in every way, or that to be a prima donna like her ought not to be every girl's highest ambition. They not only worship her, but many of them make real sacrifices to hear her sing; for most of them are anything but well off, and to hear an opera means living without little luxuries, and sometimes without necessities, for days together. Their devotion to their idol is touching and true; and she knows it, and is good-natured in the matter of autographs for them, and talks about "my *matinée* girls" to the reporters, as if those eleven thousand virgins and more were all her younger sisters and nieces.

An actress, even the most gifted, has no such "following." The greatest dramatic sopranos that ever sing *Brunnhilde* and *Kundry* enjoy no such popular-

ity. It belongs exclusively to the nightingale prima donnas, whose voices enchant the ear if they do not always stir the blood. It may be explicable, but no explanation is at all necessary, since the fact cannot be disputed.

To this amazing popularity Margaret Donne had now attained; and she was known to the *matinée* girls' respectful admiration as "Mme. Cordova"; to the public generally, and to her comrades, as "Cordova"; to sentimental paragraph-writers as "Fair Margaret"; and to her friends as "Miss Donne," or merely as "Margaret." Indeed, from the name each person gave her in speaking of her, it was easy to know the class to which each belonged.

She had bought a house in London, because in her heart she still thought England the finest country in the world, and had never felt the least desire to live anywhere else. She had few relations left, and none whom she saw; for her father, the Oxford scholar, had not had money, and they all looked with disapproval on the career she had chosen. Besides, she had been very little in England since her parents' death. Her mother's American friend, the excellent Mrs. Rushmore, who had taken her under her wing, was now in Versailles, where she had a house, and Margaret actually had the audacity to live alone, rather than burden herself with a tiresome companion.

Her courage in doing so was perhaps mistaken, considering what the world is, and what it generally thinks of the musical and theatrical professions. Mrs. Rushmore, who was quite powerless to influence Margaret's conduct, did not at all approve of it. The girl's will had always been strong, and her immense success had so little weakened her belief in herself, or softened her character, that she had grown almost too independent.

The spirit of independence is not a fault in women, but it is a defect in the eyes of men. Darwin has proved that the dominant characteristic of male animals is vanity; and what is to become of that if women show that they can do without us? If the emancipation of woman had gone on as it began when we were boys, we should by this time be



importing wives for our sons from Timbaktu or the Friendly Islands.

Happily, women are practical beings who rarely stray far from the narrow path along which usefulness and pleasure may still go hand in hand; for considering how much most women do that is useful, the amount of pleasure they get out of life is perfectly amazing; and when we try to keep up with them in the chase after amusement we are surprised at the number of useful things they accomplish without effort in twenty-four hours.

But, indeed, women are to us very like the moon, which has shown the earth only one side of herself since the beginning, though she has watched and studied our world from all its sides through uncounted ages. We men are alternately delighted, humiliated, and terrified when women anticipate our wishes, perceive our weaknesses, and detect our shortcomings, whether we be frisky young colts in the field or sober stagers plodding along between the matrimonial shafts in harness and blinders. We pride ourselves on having the strength to smash the shafts, shake off the harness, and kick the cart to pieces if we choose—and there are men who can and do. But the man does not live who knows what women are up to when he is going quietly along the road, as a good horse should. Sometimes they are driving us, and then there is no mistake about it; and sometimes they are just sitting in the cart and dozing, and we can tell that they are behind us by their weight; but very often we are neither driven by them nor are we dragging them, and we really have not the faintest idea where they are, so that we are reduced to telling ourselves, with a little nervousness which we do not care to acknowledge, that it is noble and beautiful to trust what we love.

A part of the great feminine secret is the concealment of that independence about which there has been so much talk in our time. As for suffrage, wherever there is such a thing, the woman who does not vote always controls far more men's votes than the woman who goes to the polls, and has only her own vote to give.

Margaret, the prima donna, did not want to vote for or against anything;

but she was a little too ready to assert that she could and would lead her own life as she pleased, without danger to her good name, because she had never done anything to be ashamed of. The natural consequence was that she was gradually losing something which is really much more worth having than commonplace, technical independence. Her friend Lushington realized the change as soon as she landed, and it hurt him to see it, because it seemed to him a great pity that what he had thought an ideal, and therefore a natural manifestation of art, should be losing the fine outlines that had made it perfect to his devoted gaze.

But this was not all. His rather overstrung moral sense was offended, as well as his artistic taste. He felt that Margaret was blunting the sensibilities of her feminine nature and wronging a part of herself, and that the delicate bloom of girlhood was opening to a blossom that was somewhat too evidently strong, a shade too vivid, and more brilliant than beautiful.

There were times when she reminded him of his mother, and those were some of the most painful moments of his present life. It is true that compared with Mme. Bonanni in her prime, as he remembered her, Margaret was as a lily of the valley to a giant dahlia; yet when he recalled the sweet and healthy English girl he had known and loved in Versailles three years ago, the vision was delicate and fairylike beside the strong reality of the successful prima donna. She was so very sure of herself now, and so fully persuaded that she was not accountable to any one for her doings, her tastes, or the choice of her friends!

If not actually like Mme. Bonanni, she was undoubtedly beginning to resemble two or three of her famous rivals in the profession who were nearer to her own age. Her taste did not run in the direction of white fox cloaks, named diamonds, and imperial jade plates; she did not use a solid gold tooth-brush with emeralds set in the handle, like Ismail Pasha; bridge did not amuse her at all, nor could she derive pleasure from playing at Monte Carlo; she did not even keep an eighty-horse-power motor-car worth five thousand pounds. Paul Griggs, who was old-fashioned, called

motor-cars "sudden-death carts," and Margaret was inclined to agree with him. She cared for none of these things.

Nevertheless, there was a quiet, thoroughgoing luxury in her existence, an unseen private extravagance, such as Rufus Van Torp, the millionaire, had never dreamed of. She had first determined to be a singer in order to support herself, because she had been cheated of a fortune by old Alvah Moon; but before she had actually made her debut a handsome sum had been recovered for her, and though she was not exactly what is now called rich, she was at least extremely well off, apart from her professional earnings, which were very large indeed. In the certainty that if her voice failed she would always have a more than sufficient income for the rest of her life, and considering that she was not under the obligation of supporting a number of poor relations, it was not surprising that she should spend a great deal of money on herself.

It is not every one who can be lavish without going a little beyond the finely drawn boundary which divides luxury from extravagance; for useless profusion is by nature as contrary to what is esthetic as fat in the wrong place, and is quite as sure to be seen. To spend well what rich people are justified in expending over and above an ample provision for the necessities and reasonable comforts of a large existence is an art in itself, and the modest muse of good taste loves not the rich man for his riches, nor the successful prima donna for the thousands she has a right to throw away if she likes.

Mr. Van Torp vaguely understood this, without at all guessing how the great artist spent her money. He had understood, at least, enough to hinder him from trying to dazzle her in the beginning of the New York season, when he had brought siege against her.

A week after her arrival in London, Margaret was alone at her piano and Lushington was announced. Unlike the majority of musicians in real fiction, she had not been allowing her fingers to "wander over the keys," a relaxation that not seldom leads to outer darkness, where the consecutive fifth plays hide-and-seek with the falling subtonic to

superinduce gnashing of teeth in them that hear. Margaret was learning her part in the "Elisir d' Amore," and instead of using her voice she was whistling from the score and playing the accompaniment. The old opera was to be revived during the coming season with her and the great Pompeo Stromboli, and she was obliged to work hard to have it ready.

The music-room had a polished wooden floor, and the furniture consisted chiefly of a grand piano and a dozen chairs. The walls were tinted a pale green; there were no curtains at the windows, because they would have deadened sound, and a very small wood fire was burning in an almost miniature fireplace quite at the other end of the room.

The sun had not quite set yet, and as the blinds were still open, a lurid glare came in from the western sky, over the houses on the opposite side of the wide square. There had been a heavy shower, but the streets were already drying. One shaded electric lamp stood on the desk of the piano, and the rest of the room was illuminated by the yellowish daylight.

Margaret was very much absorbed in her work, and did not hear the door open; but the servant came slowly toward her, purposely making his steps heard on the wooden floor in order to attract her attention. When she stopped playing and whistling, and looked round, the man said that Mr. Lushington was down-stairs.

"Ask him to come up," she answered, without hesitation.

She rose from the piano, went to the window, and looked out at the smoky sunset.

Lushington entered the room in a few moments, and saw only the outline of her graceful figure, as if she were cut out in black against the glare from the big window. She turned, and a little of the shaded light from the piano fell upon her face, just enough to show him her expression; and though her glad smile welcomed him, there was anxiety in her brown eyes. He came forward, fair and supernaturally neat, as ever, and much more self-possessed than in former days.

It was not their first meeting since she had landed, for he had been to see her

late in the afternoon on the day of her arrival, and she had expected him; but she had felt a sort of constraint in his manner then, which was new to her, and they had talked for half an hour about indifferent things. Moreover, he had refused a second cup of tea, which was a sure sign that something was wrong. So she had asked him to come again a week later, naming the day, and she had been secretly disappointed because he did not protest against being put off so long. She wondered what had happened, for his letters, his cable to her when she had left America, and the flowers he had managed to send on board the steamer, had made her believe that he had not changed since they had parted before Christmas.

As she was near the piano she sat down on the stool, while he took a small chair and established himself near the corner of the instrument, at the upper end of the keyboard. The shaded lamp cast a little light on both their faces, as the two looked at each other, and Margaret realized that she was not only very fond of him, but that his whole existence represented something she had lost and wished to get back, but feared that she could never have again. For many months she had not felt like her old self till a week ago, when he had come to see her after she had landed.

They had been in love with each other before she had begun her career, and she would have married him then, but a sort of quixotism, which was highly honorable if nothing else, had withheld him. He had felt that his mother's son had no right to marry Margaret Donne, though she had told him as plainly as a modest girl could that she was not of the same opinion. Then had come Logotheti's mad attempt to carry her off out of the theater, after the dress-rehearsal before her debut, and Mme. Bonanni and Lushington, between them, had spirited her away just in time. After that it had been impossible for him to keep up the pretense of avoiding her, and a sort of intimacy had continued, which neither of them quite admitted to be love, while neither would have called it mere friendship.

The most amazing part of the whole situation was that Margaret had con-

tinued to see Logotheti as if he had not actually tried to carry her off in his motor-car, very much against her will. And in spite of former jealousies and a serious quarrel, Logotheti and Lushington spoke to each other when they met.

Possibly Lushington consented to treat his rival civilly because the plot for carrying off Margaret had so completely failed that its author had got himself locked up on suspicion of being a fugitive criminal. Lushington, feeling that he had completely routed Logotheti on that occasion, could afford to be generous. Yet the man of letters, who was a born English gentleman on his father's side, and who was one altogether by his bringing up, was constantly surprised at himself for being willing to shake hands with a Greek financier who had tried to run away with an English girl; and possibly, in the complicated workings of his mind and conflicting sensibilities, half Anglo-Saxon and half southern French, his present conduct was due to the fact that Margaret Donne had somehow ceased to be a "nice English girl" when she joined the cosmopolitan legion that maneuvers on the international stage of grand opera.

How could a "nice English girl" remain herself if she associated daily with such people as Pompeo Stromboli, Schreiermeyer, Herr Tiefenbach, and Signorina Baci-Roventi, the Italian contralto, who could pass for a man so well that she was said to have fought a real duel with sabers and wounded her adversary before he discovered that she was the very lady he had lately left for another—a regular Mlle. de Maupin! Had not Lushington once seen her kiss Margaret on both cheeks in a moment of enthusiastic admiration? He was not the average young man who falls in love with a singer, either; he knew the stage and its depths only too well, for he had his own mother's life always before him, a perpetual reproach.

Though Margaret had at first revolted inwardly against the details of her professional surroundings, she had grown used to them by sure and fatal degrees, and things that would once have disgusted her were indifferent to her now. Men who have been educated in conditions of ordinary refinement, and who

have volunteered in the ranks, or gone to sea before the mast, have experienced something very like what befell Margaret; but men are not delicately nurtured beings whose bloom is damaged by the rough air of reality, and the camp and the forecabin are not the stage.

Perhaps nothing that is necessary shocks really sensible people; it is when disagreeable things are perfectly useless and quite avoidable—in theory—that they are most repugnant to men like Edmund Lushington. He had warned Margaret of what was in store for her, before she had taken the final step; but he had not warned himself that in spite of her bringing-up she might get used to it all and end by not resenting it any more than the rest of the professionals with whom she associated. It was this that chilled him.

## XII

"I HOPE I'm not interrupting your work," Lushington said as he sat down.

"My work?"

"I heard you studying when they let me in."

"Oh!"

His voice sounded very indifferent, and a pause followed Margaret's mild ejaculation.

"It's rather a thankless opera for the soprano, I always think," he observed. "The tenor has it all his own way."

"The 'Elisir d' Amore'?"

"Yes."

"I've not rehearsed it yet," said Margaret rather drearily. "I don't know."

He evidently meant to talk of indifferent things again, as at their last meeting, and she felt that she was groping in the dark for something she had lost. There was no sympathy in his voice, no interest, and she was inclined to ask him plainly what was the matter; but her pride hindered her still, and she only looked at him with an expression of inquiry. He laid his hand on the corner of the piano, and his eyes rested on the shaded lamp, as if it attracted him. Perhaps he wondered why he had nothing to say to her, and why she was unwilling to help the conversation a little, since her new part might be supposed to furnish matter for a few commonplace phrases.

The smoky sunset was fading outside, and the room was growing dark.

"When do the rehearsals begin?" he asked after a long interval, and as if he cared but very little what the answer might be.

"When Stromboli comes, I suppose."

Margaret turned on the piano-stool, so as to face the desk, and she quietly closed the open score and laid it on the little table on her other side, as if not caring to talk of it any more, but she did not turn to him again.

"You had a great success in New York," he said, after some time.

To this she answered nothing, but she shrugged her shoulders a little, and though he was not looking directly at her he saw the movement, and was offended by it. Such a little shrug was scarcely a breach of manners, but it was on the verge of vulgarity in his eyes, because he was persuaded that she had begun to change for the worse. He had already told himself that her way of speaking was not what it had been last year, and he felt that if the change went on she would set his teeth on edge some day; and that he was growing more and more sensitive, while she was continually becoming less so.

Margaret could not have understood that, and would have been hurt if he had tried to explain it. She was disappointed, because his letters had made her think that she was going to find him just as she had left him, as indeed he had been till the moment when he saw her after her arrival; but then he had changed at once. He had been disappointed then, as she was now, and chilled, as she was now; he had felt that he was shrinking from her then, as she now shrank from him.

He suffered a good deal in his quiet way, for he had never known any woman who had moved him as she once had; but she suffered, too, and in a much more resentful way. Two years of maddening success had made her very sure that she had a prime right to anything she wanted—within reason! If she let him alone he would sit out his half-hour's visit, making an idle remark now and then, and he would go away; but she would not let him do that. It was too absurd that after a long and affec-



tionate intimacy they should sit there in the soft light and exchange platitudes.

"Tom," she said, suddenly resolving to break the ice, "we have been much too good friends to behave in this way to each other. If something has come between us, I think you ought to tell me—don't you?"

"I wish I could," Lushington answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"If you know, you can," said Margaret, taking the upper hand and meaning to keep it.

"That does not quite follow."

"Oh, yes, it does," retorted Margaret energetically. "I'll tell you why. If it's anything on your side, it's not fair and honest to keep it from me after writing to me as you have written all winter. But if it's the other way, there's nothing you can possibly know about me which you cannot tell me, and if you think there is, then some one has been telling you what is not true."

"It's nothing against you; I assure you it's not."

"Then there is a woman in the case. Why should you not say so frankly? We are not bound to each other in any way, I'm sure. I believe I once asked you to marry me, and you refused!" She laughed rather sharply. "That does not constitute an engagement!"

"You put the point rather brutally, I think," said Lushington.

"Perhaps, but isn't it quite true? It was not said in so many words, but you knew I meant it, and but for a quixotic scruple of yours we should have been married. I remember asking you what we were making ourselves miserable about, since we both cared so much. It was at Versailles, the last time we walked together, and we had stopped, and I was digging little round holes in the road with my parasol. I'm not going to ask you again to marry me, so there is no reason in the world why you should behave differently to me if you have fallen in love with some one else."

"I'm not in love with any one," said Lushington sharply.

"Then something you have heard about me has changed you in spite of what you say. I have a right to know what it is, because I've done nothing I'm ashamed of."

"I've not heard a word against you," he answered, almost angrily. "Why do you imagine such things?"

"Because I'm honest enough to own that your friendship has meant a great deal to me, even at a distance; and as I see that it has broken its neck at some fence or other, I'm natural enough to ask what the jump was like."

He would not answer. He only looked at her suddenly for an instant, with a slight pinching of the lids, and his blue eyes glittered a little; then he turned away with a displeased air.

"Am I just or not?" Margaret asked, almost sternly.

"Yes, you are just," he said, for it was impossible not to reply.

"And do you think it is just to me to change your manner altogether, without giving me a reason? I don't!"

"You will force me to say something I would rather not say."

"That is what I am trying to do," Margaret retorted.

"Since you insist on knowing the truth," answered Lushington, yielding to what was very like necessity, "I think you are very much changed since I saw you last. You do not seem to me the same person."

For a moment Margaret looked at him with something like wonder, and her lips parted, though she said nothing. Then they met again and shut very tight, while her brown eyes darkened till they looked almost black; she turned a shade paler, too, and there was something almost tragic in her face.

"I'm sorry," Lushington said, watching her, "but you made me tell you."

"Yes," she answered slowly. "I made you tell me, and I'm glad I did. So I have changed as much as that, have I? In two years!"

She folded her hands on the little shelf of the empty music-desk, bent far forward, and looked down between the polished wooden bars at the strings below, as if she were suddenly interested in the mechanism of the piano.

Lushington turned his eyes to the darkening windows, and both sat thus in silence for some time.

"Yes," she repeated at last, "I'm glad I made you tell me. It explains everything very well."



Still Lushington said nothing, and she was still examining the strings. Her right hand stole to the keys, and she pressed down one note so gently that it did not strike; she watched the little hammer that rose till it touched the string and then fell back into its place.

"You said I should change—I remember your words." Her voice was quiet and thoughtful, whatever she felt. "I suppose there is something about me now that grates on your nerves."

There was no resentment in her tone, nor the least intonation of sarcasm. But Lushington said nothing; he was thinking of the time when he had thought her an ideal of refined girlhood, and had believed in his heart that she could never stand the life of the stage, and would surely give it up in sheer disgust, no matter how successful she might be. Yet now, she did not even seem offended by what he had told her. So much the better, he thought; for he was far too truthful to take back one word in order to make peace, even if she burst into tears. Possibly, of the two, his reflections were sadder than hers just then, but she interrupted them with a question.

"Can you tell me of any one thing I do that jars on you?" she asked. "Or is it what I say, or my way of speaking? I should like to know."

"It's nothing, and it's everything," answered Lushington, taking refuge in a commonplace phrase, "and I suppose no one else would ever notice it. But I'm so awfully sensitive about certain things. You know why."

She knew why; yet it was with a sort of wonder that she asked herself what there was in her tone or manner that could remind him of his mother; but though she had spoken quietly, and almost humbly, a cold and secret anger was slowly rising in her.

The great artist who held thousands spellbound and breathless could not submit easily to losing in such a way the only friendship that had ever meant much to her. The man who had just told her that she had lost her charm for him meant that she was sinking to the level of her surroundings, and he was the only man she had ever believed that she loved.

Two years ago, and even less, she would have been generously angry with him, and would have spoken out, and perhaps all would have been over; but those two years of life on the stage had given her the self-control of an actress when she chose to exercise it, and she had acquired an artificial command of her face and voice which had not belonged to her original frank and simple self. Perhaps Lushington knew that, too, as a part of the change that offended his taste. At twenty-two, Margaret Donne would have colored, and would have given him a piece of her young mind very plainly; Margarita de Cordova, aged twenty-four, turned a trifle paler, shut her lips, and was frigidly angry, as if some ignorant music-hall reporter had attacked her singing in print. She was convinced that Lushington was mistaken, and that he was merely yielding to that love of finding fault with what he liked which a familiar passage in Scripture attributes to the Divinity, but with which many of us are better acquainted in our friends; in her opinion, such fault-finding was personal criticism, and it irritated her vanity, overfed with public adulation and the sincere praise of musical critics.

"If you don't like me as I am, there are so many people who do that you don't count!" That was the subconscious form of her mental retort, and it was in the manner of Cordova, and not of Margaret.

Once upon a time, when his exaggerated sense of honor was driving him away, she had said rather foolishly that if he left her she would not answer for herself. She had felt a little desperate, but he had told her quietly that he, who knew her, would answer for her, and her mood had changed, and she had been herself again. But it was different this time. He meant much more than he said; he meant that she had lowered herself, and she was sure that he would not "answer" for her now. On the contrary, it was his intention to let her know that he no longer believed in her, and perhaps no longer respected or trusted her. Yet, little by little, during their last separation, his belief in her, and his respect for her, had grown in her estimation, because they alone still con-

nected her with the maidenliness and feminine refinement in which she had grown up. Lushington had broken a link that had been strong.

She was at one of the crossroads of her life; she was at a turning-point in the labyrinth, after passing which it would be hard to come back and find the right way. Perhaps old Griggs could help her if it occurred to him; but that was unlikely, for he had reached the age when men, who have seen much, take people as they find them. Logotheti would certainly not help her, though she knew instinctively that she was still to him what she had always been, and that if he ever had the opportunity he sought, her chances of escape would be small indeed.

Therefore she felt more lonely after Lushington had spoken than she had ever felt since her parents had died, and much more desperate. But nothing in the world would have induced her to let him know it, and her anger against him rose slowly, and it was cold and enduring, as that sort of resentment is. She was so proud that it gave her the power to smile carelessly after a minute's silence, and she asked him some perfectly idle question about the news of the day. He should not know that he had hurt her very much; he should not suspect for a moment that she wished him to go away.

She rose presently, turned up the lights, and rang the bell. When the window-curtains were drawn, and tea was brought, she did everything she could to make Lushington feel at his ease; she did it out of sheer pride, for she did not meditate any vengeance, but was only angry, and wished to get rid of him without a scene.

At last he rose to go away, and when he held out his hand there was a dramatic moment.

"I hope you're not angry with me," he said with a cheerful smile, for he was quite sure that she bore him no lasting grudge.

"I?"

She laughed so frankly and musically after pronouncing the syllable that he took it for a disclaimer.

So he went away, shutting the door after him in a contented way, not

sharply as if he were annoyed with her, nor very softly and considerately as if he were sorry for her, but with a moderate, businesslike snap of the latch, as if everything were all right.

She went back to the piano when she was alone, and sat down on the music-stool, but her hands did not go to the keys till she was sure that Lushington was already far from the house.

A few chords, and then she suddenly began to sing with the full power of her voice, as if she were on the stage. She sang *Rosina's* song in the "*Barbiere di Siviglia*" as she had never sung it in her life, and for the first time the words pleased her.

"... una vipera sarò!"

What "nice English girl" ever told herself or any one else that she would be a "viper"?

### XIII

Two days later Margaret was somewhat surprised by an informal invitation to dine at the Turkish Embassy. The ambassador had lately been transferred to London from Paris, where she had known him through Logotheti, and had met him two or three times. The latter, as a fanariot Greek, was a Turkish subject, and although he had once told Margaret that the Turks had murdered his father in some insurrection, and though he himself might have hesitated to spend much time in Constantinople, he nevertheless maintained friendly relations with the representatives of what was his country; and for obvious reasons, connected with Turkish finance, they treated him with marked consideration.

On general principles, and in theory, Turks and Greeks hate each other; in practise they can live very amicably side by side. In the many cases in which Armenians have been attacked and killed by the Turks no Greek has ever been hurt except by accident; on the other hand, none has lifted a hand to defend an Armenian in distress, which sufficiently proves that the question of religion has not been concerned at all.

Margaret accepted the ambassador's invitation, feeling tolerably sure of meeting Logotheti at the dinner. If there were any other women they would be of the meteoric sort, the fragments of former

social planets that go on revolving in the old orbit, more or less divorced, bankrupt, or otherwise unsound, though still smart; the kind of women who are asked to fill a table on such occasions "because they won't mind"—that is to say, they will not object to dining with a prima donna or an actress whose husband has become nebulous and whose reputation is mottled.

The men, of whom there might be several, would be either very clever or overpoweringly noble, because all geniuses and all peers are supposed to like their birds of paradise a little high. I wonder why! I have met and talked with a good many men of genius, from Wagner and Liszt to Zola and some still living contemporaries, and, really, their general preference for highly correct social gatherings has struck me as phenomenal. There are even noblemen who seem to be quite respectable, and pretend that they would rather talk to an honest woman at a dinner-party than drink bumpers of brut champagne out of Astarte's satin slipper.

Mustapha Pasha, the Turkish ambassador, was a fair, pale man of fifty, who had spiritual features, quiet blue eyes, and a pleasant smile. His hands were delicately made and very white, but not effeminate. He had been educated partly in England, and spoke English without difficulty and almost without accent, as Logotheti did. He came forward to meet Margaret as she entered the room, and he greeted her warmly, thanking her for being so good as to come at short notice.

Logotheti was the next to take her hand, and she looked at him attentively when her eyes met his, wondering whether he, too, would think her changed. He himself was not, at all events. Mustapha Pasha, a born Mussulman and a genuine Turk, never arrested attention in an English drawing-room by his appearance; but Constantine Logotheti, the Greek, was oriental in looks as well as in character. His beautiful eyes were almond-shaped, his lips were broad and rather flat, and the small black mustache grew upward and away from them so as not to hide his mouth at all. He had an even, olive complexion, and any judge of men

would have seen at a glance that he was thoroughly sound and as strong as a professional athlete. His coat had a velvet collar; a single emerald stud, worth several thousand pounds, diffused a green refulgence round itself in the middle of his very shiny shirt-front; his waistcoat was embroidered and adorned with diamond buttons; his trousers were tight; and his name, with those of three or four other European financiers, made it alternately possible or impossible for impecunious empires and kingdoms to raise money in England, France, and Germany.

In matters of business, in the East, the Jew fears the Greek, the Greek fears the Armenian, the Armenian fears the Persian, and the Persian fears only Allah. One reason why the Jews do not care to return to Palestine and Asia Minor is that they cannot get a living among oriental Christians and Mohammedans, a plain fact which those eminent and charitable European Jews who are trying to draw their fellow believers eastward would do well to consider. Even in Europe there are far more poor Jews than Christians realize; in Asia there are hardly any rich ones. The Venetians were too much for *Shylock*, and he lost his ducats and his daughter; among Christian Greeks, Christian Armenians, and Mussulman Persians, from Constantinople to Tiflis, Teheran, Bagdad and Cairo, the poor man could not have saved sixpence a year.

This is not a mere digression, since it may serve to define Logotheti's position in the scale of the financial forces.

Margaret took his hand and looked at him just a little longer than she had looked at Mustapha Pasha. He never wrote to her, and never took the trouble to let her know where he was; but when they met his time was hers, and when he could be with her he seemed to have no other preoccupation in life.

"I came over from Paris to-day," he said. "When may I come and see you?"

That was always the first question, for he never wasted time.

"To-morrow, if you like. Come late—about seven."

The ambassador was on her other

side. A little knot of men and one lady were standing near the fire in an expectant sort of way, ready to be introduced to Margaret. She saw the bony head of Paul Griggs, and she smiled at him from a distance. He was talking to a very handsome and thoroughbred-looking woman in plain black velvet, who had the most perfectly beautiful shoulders Margaret had ever seen.

Mustapha Pasha led the prima donna to the group.

"Lady Maud," he said to the beauty, "this is my old friend Mme. de Cordova. Countess Leven," he added, for Margaret's benefit.

She had not met him more than three times, but she did not resent being called his old friend. It was well meant, she thought.

Lady Maud held out her hand cordially.

"I've wanted to know you ever so long," she said, in her sweet, low voice.

"That's very kind of you," Margaret answered.

It is not easy to find a proper reply to people who say they have long hoped to meet you, but Griggs came to the rescue, as he shook hands in his turn.

"That was not a mere phrase," he said with a smile. "It's quite true. Lady Maud wanted me to give her a letter to you a year ago."

"Indeed I did," asseverated the beauty, nodding, "but Mr. Griggs said he didn't know you well enough!"

"You might have asked me," observed Logotheti. "I'm less cautious than Griggs."

"You're too exotic," retorted Lady Maud, with a ripple in her voice.

The adjective described the Greek so well that the others laughed.

"Exotic!" Margaret repeated the word thoughtfully.

"For that matter," put in Mustapha Pasha with a smile, "I can hardly be called a native!"

The Countess Leven looked at him critically.

"You could pass for one," she said, "but M. Logotheti couldn't."

The other men, whom Margaret did not know, had been listening in silence, and maintained their expectant attitude. In the pause which followed Lady

Maud's remark the ambassador introduced them in foreign fashion. One was a middle-aged peer, who wore gold-rimmed spectacles and looked like a student or a man of letters. Another was the most successful playwright of the younger generation, who wore a very good coat and was altogether well turned out, for in his heart he prided himself on being the best-groomed man in London. A third was a famous barrister, who had a crisp and breezy way with him that made flat calms in conversation impossible. Lastly, a very disagreeable young man, who seemed a mere boy, was introduced to the prima donna.

"Mr. Feist," said the ambassador, who never forgot names.

Margaret was aware of a person with an unhealthy complexion, thick hair of a dead-leaf-brown color, and staring blue eyes that made her think of glass marbles. The face had an unnaturally youthful look, and yet, at the same time, there was something profoundly vicious about it. Margaret wondered who in the world the young man might be and why he was at the Turkish Embassy, apparently invited there to meet her. She at once supposed that in spite of his appearance he must have some claim to celebrity.

"I'm a great admirer of yours, *madame*," said Mr. Feist in a womanish voice and with a drawl. "I was in the Metropolitan in New York when you sang in the dark and prevented a panic. I suppose that was about the finest thing any singer ever did."

Margaret smiled pleasantly, though she felt the strongest repulsion for the man.

"I happened to be on the stage," she said modestly. "Any of the others would have done the same."

"Well," drawled Mr. Feist, "maybe. I doubt it."

Dinner was announced.

"Will you keep house for me?" asked the ambassador of Lady Maud.

"There's something rather appropriate about your playing ambassadress here," observed Logotheti.

Margaret heard, but did not understand that her new acquaintance was a Russian subject. Mustapha Pasha held out his arm to take her in to dinner.

The spectacled peer took in Lady Maud, and the men straggled in. At table Lady Maud sat opposite the pasha, with the peer on her right and the barrister on her left. Margaret was on the right of the ambassador, on whose other side Griggs was placed, and Logotheti was Margaret's other neighbor. Feist and the young playwright were together, between Griggs and the nobleman.

Margaret glanced round the table at the people, and wondered about them. She had heard of the barrister and the novelist, and the peer's name had a familiar sound that suggested something unusual, though she could not quite remember what it was. It might be pictures, or the north pole, or the divorce court, or a new idiot asylum; it would never matter much. The new acquaintances on whom her attention fixed itself were Lady Maud, who attracted her strongly, and Mr. Feist, who repelled her.

She wished she could speak Greek in order to ask Logotheti who Feist was, and why he was present. To judge by appearances, he was probably a rich young American who traveled and frequented theaters a good deal, and who wished to be able to say that he knew Cordova. He had perhaps arrived lately with a letter of introduction to the ambassador, who had asked him to the first nondescript informal dinner he gave, because the man would not have fitted in anywhere else.

Logotheti began to talk at once, while Mustapha Pasha plunged into a political conversation with Griggs.

"I'm much more glad to see you than you can imagine," the Greek said, not in an undertone, but just so softly that no one else could hear him.

"I'm not good at imagining," answered Margaret. "But I'm glad you are here, nevertheless. There are so many new faces."

"Happily you are not shy. One of your most enviable qualities is your self-possession."

"You're not lacking in that way, either," laughed Margaret, "unless you have changed very much."

"Neither of us has changed much since last year. I only wish you would!"

Margaret turned her head to look at him.

"So you think I am not changed!" she said, with a little pleased surprise in her tone.

"Not a bit. If anything, you have grown younger in the last two years."

"Does that mean more youthful? More frisky? I hope not!"

"No, not at all. What I see is the natural effect of vast success on a very nice woman. Formerly, even after you had begun your career, you had some doubts as to the ultimate result. The future made you restless, and sometimes disturbed the peace of your face a little, when you thought about it too much. That's all gone now, and you are nothing but your real self, as nature meant you to be."

"My real self? You mean, the professional singer?"

"No. A great artist, in the person of a thoroughly nice woman."

Margaret had thought that blushing was a thing of the past with her, but a soft color rose in her cheeks now, from sheer pleasure at what he had said.

"I hope you don't think it impertinent of me to tell you so," said Logotheti with a slight intonation of anxiety.

"Impertinent!" cried Margaret. "It's the nicest thing any one has said to me for months, and thank goodness I'm not above being pleased."

Nor was Logotheti above using any art that could please her. His instinct about women, finding no scruples in the way, had led him into present favor by the shortest road. It is one thing to say brutally that all women like flattery; it is quite another to foresee just what form of flattery they will like. People who do not know professional artistic life from the inner side are much too ready to cry out that first-class professionals will swallow any amount of indiscriminating praise. The ability to judge their own work is one of the gifts that place them above the second class.

"I said what I thought," observed Logotheti with a sudden air of conscientious reserve. "For once in our acquaintance, I was not thinking of pleasing you. And then I was afraid that I had displeased you, as I so often have."



The last words were spoken with a regret that was real.

"I have forgiven you," said Margaret quietly; "with conditions!" she added, as an afterthought, and smiling.

"Oh, I know—I'll never do it again."

"That's what a runaway horse seems to say when he walks quietly home, with his head down and his ears limp, after nearly breaking one's neck!"

"I was a born runaway," said Logotheti meekly, "but you have cured me."

In the pause that followed this speech, Mr. Feist leaned forward and spoke to Margaret across the table.

"I think we have a mutual friend, *madame*," he said.

"Indeed?" Margaret spoke coolly; she did not like to be called *madame* by people who spoke English.

"Mr. Van Torp," explained the young man.

"Yes," Margaret said, after a moment's hesitation, "I know Mr. Van Torp; he came over on the same steamer."

The others at the table were suddenly silent, and seemed to be listening. Lady Maud's clear eyes rested on Mr. Feist's face.

"He's quite a wonderful man, I think," observed the latter.

"Yes," assented the *prima donna* indifferently.

"Don't you think he is a wonderful man?" insisted Mr. Feist, with his disagreeable drawl.

"I dare say he is," Margaret answered, "but I don't know him very well."

"Really? That's funny!"

"Why?"

"Because I happen to know that he thinks everything of you, *Mme. Cordova*. That's why I supposed you were intimate friends."

The others had listened hitherto in a sort of mournful silence, distinctly bored. Lady Maud's eyes now turned to Margaret, but the latter still seemed perfectly indifferent, though she was wishing that some one else would speak. Griggs turned to Mr. Feist, who was next to him.

"You mean that he is a wonderful man of business, perhaps," he said.

"Well, we all know he's that, anyway," returned his neighbor. "He's

not exactly a friend of mine—not exactly!" A meaning smile wrinkled the unhealthy face and suddenly made it look older. "All the same, I think he's quite wonderful. He's not merely an able man—he's a man of powerful intellect."

"A nickel Napoleon," suggested the barrister, who was bored to death by this time, and could not imagine why Lady Maud followed the conversation with so much interest.

"Your speaking of nickel," said the peer, at her elbow, "reminds me of that extraordinary new discovery—let me see—what is it?"

"America?" suggested the barrister viciously.

"No," said his lordship, with perfect gravity, "it's not that. Ah, yes, I remember! It's a process for making nitric acid out of air."

Lady Maud nodded and smiled, as if she knew all about it, but her eyes were again scrutinizing Mr. Feist's face. Her neighbor, whose hobby was applied science, at once launched upon a long account of the invention. From time to time the beauty nodded and said that she quite understood, which was totally untrue, but well-meant.

"That young man has the head of a criminal," said the barrister on her other side, speaking very low.

She bent her head very slightly, to show that she had heard, and she continued to listen to the description of the new process. By this time every one was talking again. Mr. Feist was in conversation with Griggs, and showed his profile to the barrister, who quietly studied the retreating forehead and the ill-formed jaw, the latter plainly discernible to a practised eye, in spite of the round cheeks.

The barrister was a little mad on the subject of degeneracy, and knew that an unnaturally boyish look in a grown man is one of the signs of it. In the course of a long experience at the bar he had appeared in defense of several "high-class criminals." By way of comparing Mr. Feist with a perfectly healthy specimen of humanity, he turned to look at Logotheti beside him. Margaret was talking with the ambassador, and the Greek was just turning to address his

neighbor, so that their eyes met, and each waited for the other to speak first.

"Are you a judge of faces?" asked the barrister after a moment.

"Men of business have to be, to some extent," answered Logotheti.

"So do lawyers. What should you say was the matter with that one?"

It was impossible to doubt that he was speaking of the only abnormal head at the table, and Logotheti looked across the wide table at Mr. Feist for several seconds before he answered.

"Drink," he said in an undertone, when he had finished his examination.

"Yes. Anything else?"

"May go mad any day, I should think," observed Logotheti.

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Never saw him before."

"And we shall probably never see him again," said the Englishman. "That's the worst of it. One sees such heads occasionally, but one very rarely hears what becomes of them."

The Greek did not care a straw what became of Mr. Feist's head, for he was waiting to renew his conversation with Margaret.

Mustapha Pasha told her that she should go to Constantinople some day and sing to the Sultan, who would give her a pretty decoration in diamonds; and she laughed carelessly and answered that it might be very amusing.

"I shall be very happy to show you the way," said the pasha. "Whenever you have a fancy for the trip, promise to let me know."

Margaret had no doubt that he was quite in earnest, and would enjoy the holiday vastly. She was used to such kind offers, and knew how to laugh at them, though she was very well aware that they were not made in jest.

"I have a pretty little villa on the Bosphorus," said the ambassador. "If you should ever come to Constantinople it is at your disposal, with everything in it, as long as you care to use it."

"It's too good of you!" she answered. "But I have a small house of my own here which is very comfortable, and I like London."

"I know," answered the pasha blandly; "I only meant to suggest a little change."

He smiled pleasantly, as if he had meant nothing, and there was a pause, of which Logotheti took advantage.

"You are admirable," he said.

"I have had much more magnificent invitations," she answered. "You once wished to give me your yacht as a present if I would only make a trip to Crete—with a party of archeologists! An archduke once proposed to take me for a drive in a cab!"

"If I remember," said Logotheti, "I offered you the owner with the yacht. But I fancy you thought me too 'exotic,' as Countess Leven calls me."

"Oh, much!" Margaret laughed again, and then she lowered her voice. "By the bye, who is she?"

"Lady Maud? Didn't you know her? She is Lord Creedmore's daughter, one of seven or eight, I believe. She married a Russian in the diplomatic service, four years ago—Count Leven—but everybody here calls her Lady Maud. She hadn't a penny, for the Creedmores are poor. Leven was supposed to be rich, but there are all sorts of stories about him, and he's often hard up. As for her, she always wears that black velvet gown, and I've been told that she has no other. I fancy she gets a new one every year. But people say—"

Logotheti broke off suddenly.

"What do they say?" Margaret was interested.

"No, I shall not tell you, because I don't believe it."

"If you say you don't believe the story, what harm can there be in telling it?"

"No harm at all, perhaps. But what is the use of repeating a bit of wicked gossip?"

Margaret's curiosity was roused about the beautiful Englishwoman.

"If you won't tell me, I may think it is something far worse!"

"I'm sure you could not imagine anything more unlikely!"

"Please tell me! Please! I know it's mere idle curiosity, but you've roused it, and I shall not sleep unless I know."

"And that would be bad for your voice."

"Of course! Please—"

Logotheti had not meant to yield, but he could not resist her winning tone.

"I'll tell you, but I don't believe a

word of it, and I hope you will not, either. The story is that her husband found her with Van Torp the other evening in rooms he keeps in the Temple, and there was an envelope on the table addressed to her in his handwriting, in which there were four thousand one hundred pounds in notes."

Margaret looked thoughtfully at Lady Maud before she answered.

"She? With Mr. Van Torp, and taking money from him? Oh, no! Not with that face!"

"Besides," said Logotheti, "why the odd hundred? The story gives too many details. People never know as much of the truth as that."

"And if it is true," returned Margaret, "he will divorce her, and then we shall know."

"For that matter," said the Greek contemptuously, "Leven would not be particular, provided he had his share of the profits."

"Is it as bad as that? How disgusting! Poor woman!"

"Yes. I fancy she is to be pitied. In connection with Van Torp, may I ask an indiscreet question?"

"No question you can ask me about him can be indiscreet. What is it?"

"Is it true that he once asked you to marry him and you refused him?"

Margaret turned her pale face to

Logotheti with a look of genuine surprise.

"Yes. It's true. But I never told any one. How in the world did you hear it?"

"And he quite lost his head, I heard, and behaved like a madman—"

"Who told you that?" asked Margaret, more and more astonished, and not at all pleased.

"He behaved so strangely that you ran into the next room and bolted the door, and waited till he went away—"

"Have you been paying a detective to watch me?"

There was anger in her eyes for a moment, but she saw at once that she was mistaken.

"No," Logotheti answered with a smile, "why should I? If a detective told me anything against you I should not believe it, and no one could tell me half the good I believe about you!"

"You're really awfully nice," laughed Margaret, for she could not help being flattered. "Forgive me, please!"

At this point Margaret became aware that she and Logotheti were talking in undertones, while the conversation at the table had become general, and she reluctantly gave up the idea of again asking where he had got his information about her interview with Mr. Van Torp in New York.

*(To be continued)*

#### A PUDDLE IN THE ROAD

OVER the road at princely pace

A lordly coach rolled on,  
The liveried driver in his place,  
With rich caparison.

Within, the haughty owner feels  
His stately temper fleeced,  
Because one spatter from the wheels  
His coat of arms besmeared.

The puddle settled in the road,  
And in its face of sheen  
A rustic, passing with his load,  
Of unobtrusive mien,

Saw, mirrored, a new firmament,  
And through that earthly mask  
A vision caught of heaven that leat  
New purpose to his task.

*John Troland*

## NEVADA'S MONUMENT TO JOHN W. MACKAY

THE FINE STATUE MODELED BY GUTZON BORGLUM, THE WESTERN SCULPTOR, FOR THE RENO SCHOOL OF MINES



GUTZON BORGLUM'S STATUE OF JOHN W. MACKAY

*Copyright, 1907, by Clarence H. Mackay, New York*

SOME two years ago, the Legislature of the State of Nevada appropriated the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars for a statue to be erected at the School of Mines in Reno, in order to commemorate symbolically the characteristics of the State, and the nature of its greatest industry. The committee to which the matter was intrusted decided that the statue should represent a miner standing with uplifted pick, so as to recall the wonderful era when the great Comstock Lode poured out its mighty flood of shining silver and gave the word "bonanza" to the English language.

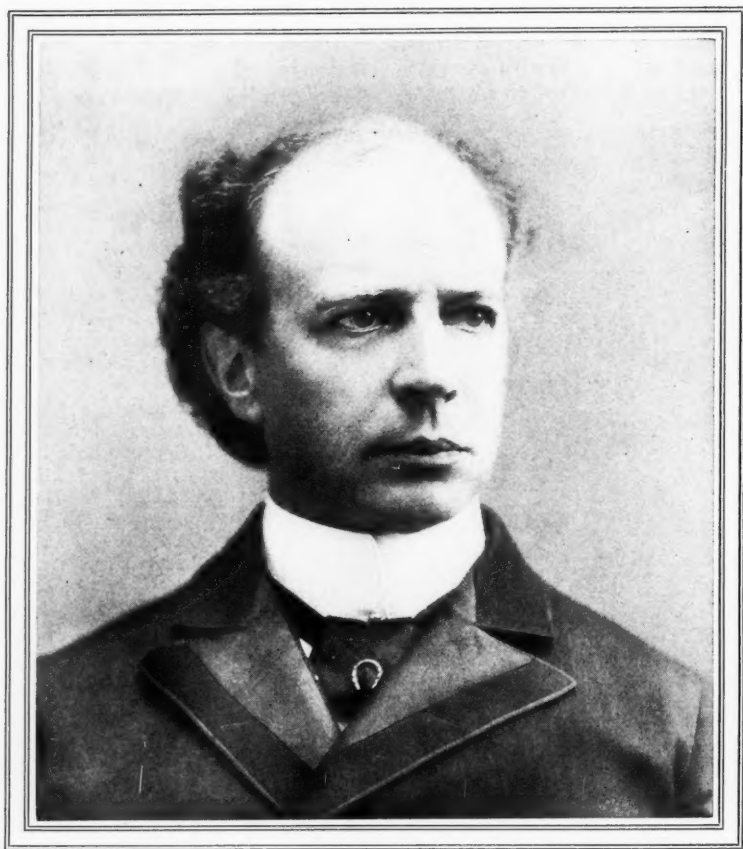
While the subject was under discussion, a member of the Legislature said to the committee:

"Why not make the monument a portrait-statue of the late John W. Mackay? It was he, who, more than any other man, developed the mineral wealth of Nevada."

The suggestion was at once adopted; and after being approved by the Legislature, was laid before Mr. Mackay's son, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay. He gave a very cordial assent, but added:

"Gentlemen, let us make the statue one that shall be worthy of its subject, and worthy of the State as a work of art. Leave the details to me. I will select the sculptor and bear the necessary expense."

The result is now seen in a beautiful and striking work in bronze from the hands of the well-known sculptor, Gutzon H. Borglum, himself a native of the adjacent State of Utah, but trained in the studios of Rebisso and Frémiet in Paris. Mr. Borglum's knowledge of the Far West has been often shown in his creations, but never more so than in this. He has caught the spirit of the adventurous miner and has fixed it in the face and attitude of the sculptured figure.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, G.C.M.G., K.C., PREMIER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA  
*From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa*

## THE CEMENTING OF THE BRITISH COLONIES INTO AN EMPIRE

BY MUNROE SMITH,

PROFESSOR OF COMPARATIVE JURISPRUDENCE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE MOVEMENT FOR CLOSER UNITY AMONG THE GREAT  
SELF-GOVERNING BRITISH COUNTRIES—THE CONFERENCES  
OF THE PREMIERS, AND WHAT THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED

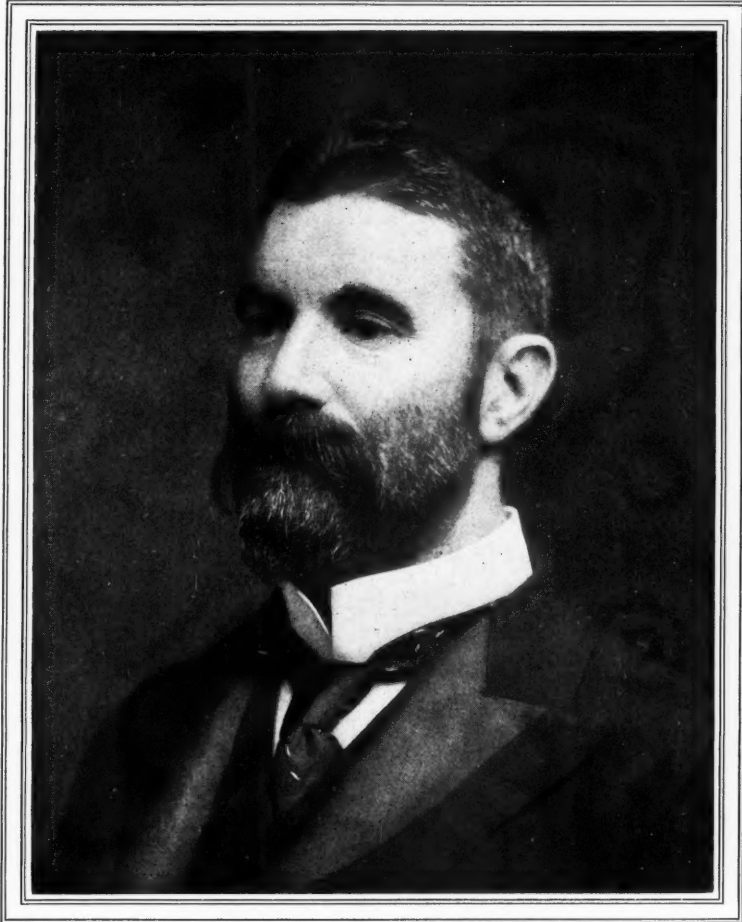
THE British Empire, according to the latest estimates, contains more than eleven million square miles, with a population of a little less than four hundred millions. In other words, it covers approximately one-sixth of the solid surface of the globe, and includes about a quarter of the world's inhabitants.

In the main, this vast mass of humanity



is colored—black, brown, or yellow. Outside of the United Kingdom, with its population of nearly forty-four millions, the empire apparently includes only about twelve million whites. Nearly three hundred and forty million colored people, therefore, are ruled, di-

benevolent; and, what is perhaps of chief importance, it is decentralized. Something like ninety millions of the colored population are living under some sort of native home-rule and British protection. Nearly two hundred and fifty millions are living under direct British rule of the



ALFRED DEAKIN, PREMIER OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

rectly or indirectly, by fifty-six million whites, the ultimate control resting with the governmental representatives of the inhabitants of the British Isles. In theory, and to a large extent in fact, British imperial government is a government of colored people by white people for the benefit of both. It is autocratic, but it is in the main

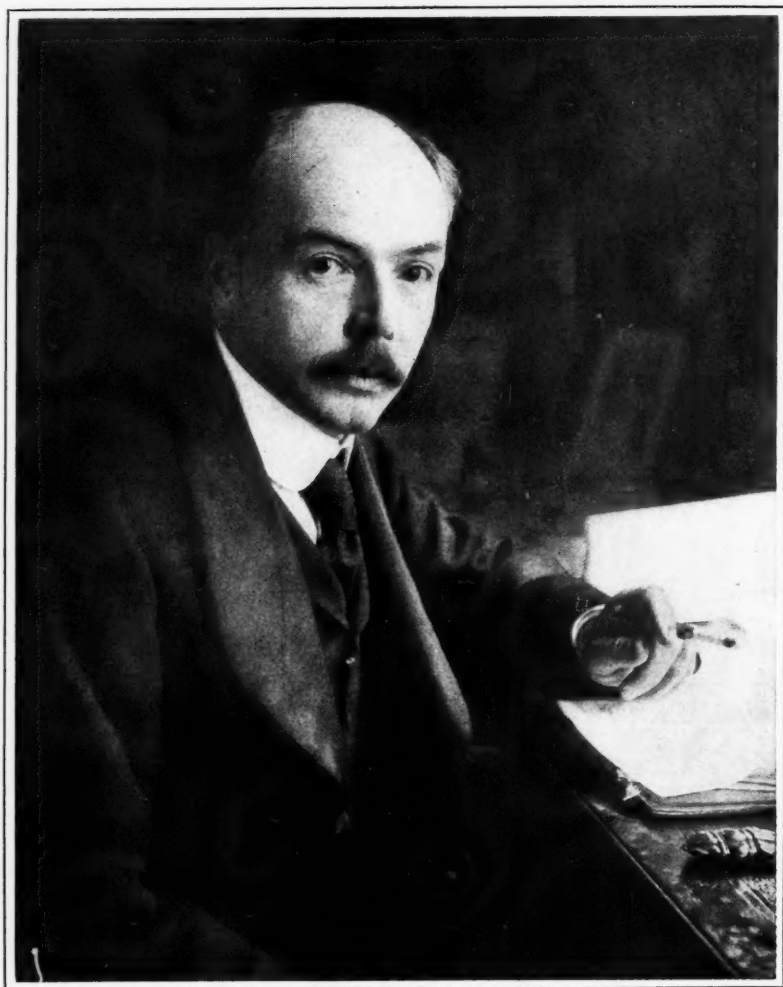
crown-colony type, under officials who live among them, know much of their conditions and needs, and conduct the government without any undue amount of interference on the part of the India or Colonial Office, or the British Parliament.

In colonies settled by people of European origin, the form of British imperial rule has usually been different. To

colonists of British stock "representative institutions" have commonly been conceded; and where whites of different race have been brought under British authority, government of the crown-colony type, without representation, has almost always been replaced, sooner or later, by a more liberal *régime*. In colonies with representative institutions, the administration is conducted by British officials; but elected representatives—of the whites, at least—have a concurrent voice in legislation, and their assent is necessary for levying taxes, and, to some

extent, for expenditures of local revenue. This was the system under which the North American colonies were governed before the Revolution. From the imperial point of view it was unsatisfactory, because it bred perpetual conflict between the governors and the legislative assemblies.

After the Revolution, which stripped Great Britain of the greater part of her original empire, British statesmen were loath to grant representative institutions even to colonists of British stock. To the Canadians, who had remained faith-

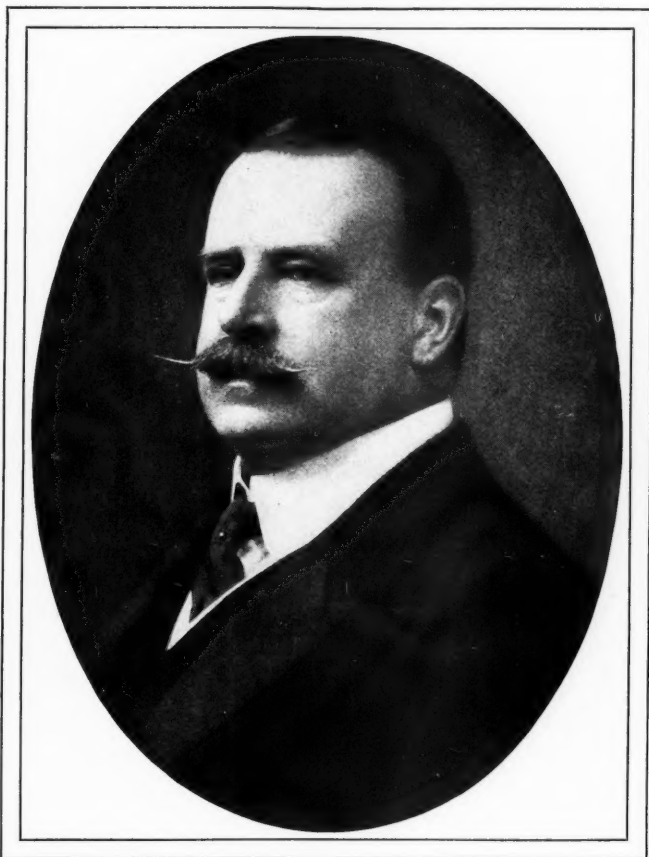


DR. LEANDER STARR JAMESON, C.B., PREMIER OF CAPE COLONY

*From a photograph by Mills, London*

ful to their allegiance during the Revolution, and to the loyalists who had emigrated from the revolted colonies and had settled in Canada and in the Maritime

portant colonies of settlement. The *régime* of representative institutions exists to-day only in certain islands of the West Indies, in British Guiana, and in



SIR J. G. WARD, K.C.M.G., PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

Provinces, such institutions could not well be denied; but for half a century no extension was given to this form of colonial government.

Nor did it work well in Canada. After the rebellion of 1837 Great Britain reluctantly determined to give the Canadians what they, like their southern neighbors, had always striven for—control of the local administration. In 1841 the system of “responsible government”—that is, parliamentary government—was introduced into Canada, and it has since been extended to all the more im-

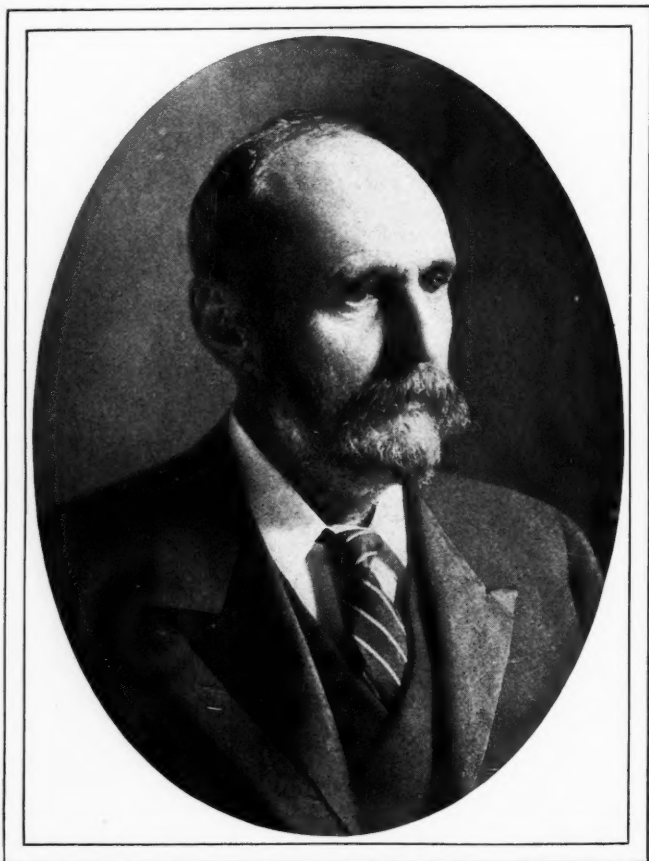
Cyprus, and the people who live under this system number in all somewhat less than a million.

#### THE MODERN COLONIAL MODEL

The colony with representative institutions was framed on the older British model, in which the ministers were responsible to the crown. The colony with “responsible government” is framed on the newer British model, and the ministers are responsible to the legislature. The colonial administration is organized and conducted, nominally by

a royal governor, actually by the leaders of the party which has the majority of votes in the legislature, or in the more popular branch of the legislature. The

and in such case the act of the colony may be disallowed. In general, conflicts of this sort are becoming less frequent because of an increasing tendency on the



F. R. MOOR, PREMIER OF NATAL

*From a photograph by Russell, London*

governor acts in accordance with the advice of the colonial ministry.

This is true, however, only as regards matters colonial. In so far as the general interests of the empire are concerned, the governor acts in accordance with the will of the British ministry, expressed through the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Under this system conflicts are possible. A measure which is regarded by the colonial ministry and legislature as purely colonial may be regarded by the home government as one which is incompatible with the interests of the empire;

part of the home government to interpose its veto only in cases of extreme gravity.

Orders in council are not employed to regulate the affairs of the self-governing colonies. The power of the imperial Parliament to legislate for such colonies is in theory intact; but in practise this power is exercised only to pass measures which the colony desires and which are beyond the scope of its legislative authority.

Since 1841 this system of government has been gradually extended to all important colonies inhabited by people of

English stock; and in 1906 Great Britain extended it, with unquestionable courage and apparently with wisdom, to the Transvaal. The population of the self-governing colonies amounts to almost sixteen millions, and of these nearly three-quarters are whites. The colored element is large only in South Africa, where it constitutes four-fifths of the

population. The non-English white elements are the French in Canada, who are thoroughly loyal to the empire, and the Dutch in South Africa, who promise to become loyal.

#### COLONIAL FEDERATIONS

The latest phase in the development of British colonial government is the group-



LOUIS BOTHA, PREMIER OF THE TRANSVAAL

*From a photograph by Lafayette, London*



ing of the self-governing colonies into federations. The Dominion of Canada, established in 1867, has come to include all British North America except New-

In these federations the relations between the federal legislatures and ministries and the home government are in the main the same as those which pre-



SIR ROBERT BOND, G.C.M.G., PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND

*From a photograph by Mills, London*

foundland and Labrador. In 1901 the Australian colonies united to form the Commonwealth of Australia. The South African colonies have formed a customs union, and a South African federation is already contemplated.

viously existed in the single colonies. Nevertheless, the disallowance of an act of a federal parliament, representing five millions of people, is a more serious matter than the disallowance of the legislative act of a single colony; and the posi-

tion of Canada and Australia is one of increasing independence. Imperial supremacy asserts itself chiefly in the field of international relations, and in the administration of justice, in that appeals still run from the federal courts to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

A continental writer, M. Speyer, in a recent and excellent book on the British Empire, maintains that the self-governing colonies and federations are no longer colonies, but semi-sovereign-protected states. There is one serious flaw in this analogy: in the protectorates established over territories ruled by native princes, British control has always tended to increase; and the protectorate has frequently proved a half-way stage in the development of direct rule. In the case of the British self-governing colonies the movement has been thus far in the reverse direction—toward independence.

In defense of British policy it may be justly urged that if the bonds of empire had been drawn tighter, they would probably have snapped. Canada and Australia have each had for decades a population larger than that of the United States when it obtained its independence. The strength—or, at least, the durability—of the British Empire lies in its decentralization; and in the government of its English-speaking dominions beyond the seas decentralization has necessarily been carried further than in other cases.

#### AN EMPIRE THAT GREW FROM TRADE

British territorial expansion began with trading ventures. Until the close of the eighteenth century the commercial relations between Great Britain and her colonies were regarded as more important than the political relations; and commercial and political policies have so reacted, one upon the other, that the history of the British Empire cannot be understood unless both are studied.

Before the American Revolution the position of the American colonies—which were then practically the only British colonies—was one of considerable political freedom, but of economic dependence. The colonists could trade only in British ships; the manufactures and other supplies which they needed must be imported from Great Britain; and the most important colonial products could be sold

only in the British market. The development of industries which would compete with those of Great Britain was discouraged or prohibited. To make up in part for these disadvantages, colonial products enjoyed preferential treatment in the matter of duties, and were in some cases encouraged by bounties.

After the American Revolution, British policy changed. For half a century the political dependence of the colonies was emphasized, while their economic dependence was diminished. The restraints of the older mercantile regulations were gradually relaxed, until all that remained of them was a system of preferential customs duties within the empire and of bounties on colonial products.

Later, when Great Britain adopted the policy of free trade, preferential duties and bounties necessarily disappeared. To make up for this, greater political independence was granted to the colonies. It was not foreseen that the colonies would reject free trade and seek to develop their own industries by protective tariffs. When such tendencies first manifested themselves there was some disposition to check the movement by disallowing the protective tariff acts. In the end, however, the colonies were left free to shape their own commercial policy; and not only have they protected their infant industries against English and Scottish manufacturers, but they have encouraged them by bounties. Of late years bounty-fed Canadian steel has actually been "dumped" on the open British market.

#### THE GROWTH OF IMPERIAL SENTIMENT

During the greater part of the nineteenth century there was in the more important English-speaking colonies, and particularly in Canada, a considerable party which expected and desired an ultimate separation from the mother country. In Great Britain itself there were many who believed that such a separation would eventually take place. In the Liberal party this was apparently the prevailing opinion, and not a few considered such an outcome desirable. Men of this school regarded the whole colonial system as a hindrance to Great Britain's development. They thought and said

that the empire cost more than it was worth.

During the last twenty years there has been a remarkable change of sentiment, both in Great Britain and in the self-governing colonies. In the latter the separatist party has apparently disappeared, and a new note of demonstrative loyalty to the empire is being sounded. In Great Britain the Liberals are protesting with energy that they never were "Little Englanders," and that in their devotion to the British Empire and their desire to maintain and strengthen it they are in no respect behind the most imperialist of the Conservatives.

The fundamental cause of this alteration of sentiment is apparently to be found in the great changes which have taken place in the political and commercial organization of the world. With the modern development of means of communication, the globe has become smaller; and simultaneously the agencies which are directing its destinies and exploiting its resources have become bigger. More than four-fifths of the earth's solid surface has been brought under the direct or indirect rule of Europeans or of their descendants. Three powers—Russia, the United States, and Germany—have larger white populations than the entire British Empire. France has rebuilt a colonial empire; Germany and the United States have entered the same field. Nor is white supremacy to go undisputed; Japan is building an Eastern empire, and China may possibly become a military power of the first rank. The naval superiority on which Great Britain's position in the world depends is still maintained, but it is maintained with increasing difficulty.

At the same time, commercial competition has become keen beyond all precedent. England is no longer undisputed mistress of the world's market. Her trade, indeed, is still increasing, but not so rapidly as that of Germany or the United States.

To the people of Great Britain it is becoming increasingly clear that the control of their dependencies and the cooperation of their self-governing colonies are essential to the maintenance of their position in the world; and it is becoming increasingly difficult for them to

foresee what the position of the British Islands would be if the empire were dissolved and the United Kingdom were left to stand by itself.

The change of sentiment in the colonies is equally explicable. In the earlier part of the nineteenth century, when the world was less crowded, British colonists in North America, in Africa, and in Australasia were in a position analogous to that of frontier settlers in an undeveloped country. Their neighbors were distant, and were engrossed in similar work. Under such conditions they felt that they could well stand by themselves. To-day they are keenly conscious that they must all stand together, that there is no peace or safety save in union. At the same time the grant of self-government has robbed the union with the mother country of annoyance, and made it appear an almost unqualified benefit.

#### WHEN BRITONS STOOD TOGETHER

The first marked indication of the new attitude of the self-governing colonies was given in 1885, when New South Wales and Canada despatched contingents to the Sudan. The numbers sent were insignificant, but the moral effect, particularly upon the people of Great Britain, was great. Two years later, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's first jubilee, the prime ministers of the self-governing colonies met for the first time in conference. In 1894 they held a similar meeting at Ottawa. In 1897, on the occasion of the queen's "diamond jubilee," a third conference was held. More potent than this or any preceding conference in arousing imperialist sentiment in England were the skilfully arranged and imposing pageants that constituted the chief features of the jubilee. The throng of "captains and kings" brought together from the ends of the earth to pay homage to the aged empress-queen; the long defile of picked corps of fighting men of every color, race, and religion; the far-stretching lines of battle-ships summoned from the seven seas—these made visible, as never before at one time, the reach and the power of British empire.

In 1899, on the outbreak of the South African War, the North American and Australasian colonies tendered aid, which

was accepted, and at the close of the war the colonial troops in the field had reached the number of thirty thousand. In 1901 the legal title of the king was changed by act of Parliament and by proclamation, so that it reads: "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas." In 1902, on the occasion of the coronation of Edward VII, a fourth meeting of colonial premiers was held in London, and in the spring of the present year there was a fifth conference.

#### SCHEMES OF FEDERATION

In connection with the revival of imperialist sentiment, various plans have been suggested for the complete reorganization of the empire on federal lines. The most far-reaching schemes may be summarized as follows:

First, a really imperial parliament, in which the people of the self-governing dominions beyond the seas shall be proportionately represented, and a cabinet representing the majority in such a parliament, which shall direct imperial policy and control the government of the dependencies.

Second, the devolution of the government of the British Isles upon a purely British parliament and cabinet, or upon distinct English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish legislatures and cabinets, so that each of these parts of the United Kingdom shall be autonomous.

Third, the introduction in all parts of the empire of compulsory military service, and the organization, in each part, of an enlisted expeditionary force, which may be sent by the imperial government to any part of the world.

Fourth, an imperial navy supported by proportional contributions from the British Isles and the self-governing dominions, or by proportional contributions from all parts of the empire.

Fifth, a customs union of the whole empire, with moderate protective duties and higher retaliatory duties against foreign countries, and with preferential rates or free trade as among all parts of the empire.

However alluring such plans may be, it is evident that they lie outside of the domain of practical politics at the present time. Even if it be assumed that the

people of the United Kingdom are ready to share their control of the empire with their brothers beyond the seas, it is clear that the self-governing colonies do not desire to subject themselves to a really supreme federal government. They chafe already under the easy yoke of the Colonial Office. They desire to have a voice in the direction of imperial policy, but they desire to maintain, if not to increase, their independence of imperial control. Their idea of imperial union is not a federation of autonomous commonwealths, but a league of sovereign states.

The project of an imperial customs union is equally removed from the field of existing politics by the facts that the workingmen of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand demand protection not only against foreign, but also against British, manufacturers; while, as the last British election showed, the workingmen of the United Kingdom are still supporters of the policy of free trade.

#### RESULTS OF THE CONFERENCES

Far more modest are the proposals that have been made at the successive colonial conferences, and of these proposals only a few have found general acceptance. At the same time, the results thus far attained are not without importance.

In the first place, the conference itself has become an established institution. In deference to the sentiment of the self-governing peoples beyond the seas, it is henceforth to be known, not as a "colonial," but as an "imperial" conference; it is to be attended by the premiers of the self-governing "dominions," not "colonies"; and it is to meet under the presidency, not of the Colonial Secretary, but of the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. There is to be organized, moreover, a permanent secretariat, to collect information for the use of the conference and to conduct all correspondence relating to its affairs. This secretariat is to be, for the present, a part of the Colonial Office; but the Colonial Secretary has promised that all business relating to the self-governing dominions shall be separated, as soon as practicable, from the business relating to the crown colonies.

The functions of the conference are purely deliberative and advisory.

As a result of discussions held at the conference of 1902, all the self-governing colonies, except the Dominion of Canada, are making annual contributions to the support of the British navy. These contributions are in nowise proportionate to the population, or even to the resources, of the colonies, and they have brought as yet no material relief to the British taxpayers; but the precedent is of value.

In 1905 a Committee of Imperial Defense was formed, consisting of the Prime Minister, the Secretary for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and certain permanent officials in these departments. To the meetings of this committee other ministers may be invited, or any person whose opinions the committee may desire to ascertain. At the recent colonial conference it was resolved that the several colonies should have the right of applying to this committee for advice upon any military question, and that a representative of the colony making such an application should be invited to attend the meetings of the committee at which the question should be considered.

The conference also affirmed the need of a General Staff selected from the empire as a whole, to collect information, to propose schemes of defense, and to advise the several governments as to the training and organization of the military forces in every part of the empire.

#### THE PREFERENTIAL TARIFF SYSTEM

The matter of commercial relations has occupied much of the attention of the successive conferences. In 1894, the ministers assembled at Ottawa declared that trade between all parts of the empire should be encouraged by preferential rates in the various tariffs. In 1897, the conference called the attention of the British government to the fact that the treaties of commerce negotiated some thirty years earlier with Belgium and with Prussia made it impossible for any British colony to give preferential rates to British imports, and recommended that these treaties be denounced. This advice the British government accepted.

As soon as the diplomatic obstacle had been removed, Canada gave to British imports a reduction of duties amounting

to twenty-five per cent. In 1900 the reduction was increased to thirty-three per cent. Similar concessions have been made by New Zealand and by the South African customs union, and corresponding action will probably be taken in Australia.

In some instances, however, particularly in the New Zealand tariff, the preferential rate given to Great Britain is obtained, not by lowering the duties levied on British goods, but by increasing the rates imposed upon foreign goods; and it appears probable that the matter will be settled in the same way in the next Australian tariff.

While it is obviously true that the absence of any British duties upon colonial imports constitutes more than a *quid pro quo* for any reduced rates granted by the colonies, it is equally obvious that in the absence of such duties the colonies enjoy no preference. In resolutions adopted in 1902, the colonial premiers suggested that the United Kingdom should create new duties in order to give such preference. Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary for the Colonies and president of the conference, gave no encouragement to this suggestion at the moment; but a year later, in his famous speech of May 16, 1903, at Birmingham, he advocated the establishment of differential duties for the protection of British trade.

Resigning shortly afterward from the ministry, Mr. Chamberlain began his campaign of education in favor of a partial return to the protective system. The Unionist government, headed by Mr. Balfour, declined to commit itself to the principle of preference, but did commit itself to the principle of retaliatory duties as a basis for commercial arrangements with protectionist countries. In the election of 1906, however, a majority of the British voters reaffirmed their adherence to free trade.

Undismayed by this result, and undeterred by the necessarily unsympathetic attitude of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his associates, the colonial premiers have renewed their recommendations for preferential trade. Their attitude has not failed to exercise some influence upon British public opinion. The Conservative party now appears to be definitely committed to the encourage-



ment of trade within the empire by preferential duties; and in spite of the result of the last general election, the question may be regarded as one not yet definitely settled.

Other resolutions of the conference of 1907 look to the establishment of more uniform legal rules and more harmonious administrative action in numerous matters of common concern—matters singly of minor importance, but collectively of no slight consequence.

While the results reached by the successive conferences are thus far disappointing to the advocates of imperial reorganization, it must be remembered

that changes in a fabric as complex as the British Empire must necessarily be gradual. The traditional English habit of slow and tentative reform is really the only scientific method of political development. It must be remembered, too, that the sentiments which have called these conferences into existence, and which the conferences, by their mere occurrence, have helped to strengthen—pride in a great heritage, consciousness of racial unity, sense of common interests—are themselves political forces. They belong to Bismarck's "imponderables," which, as he affirmed, "weigh heavier than all material weights."

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#### MARY BURKE

##### I

OCH, shure 'tis well I mind the day,  
Whin out we set for Galway Bay;  
The sun was shinin' on your brow—  
I sees it all as if 'twas now!  
To Ballyvaughan off we wint,  
The gladdest day I iver spint—  
Mary Burke, Mary Burke!

##### II

An' so we talked o' times to come,  
An' how we'd have our little home;  
The smile o' God was in your eyes,  
An' thin the moon begin to rise.  
Your hand was lyin' close in mine,  
As down I dhroppt the fishin'-line—  
Mary Burke, Mary Burke!

##### III

An' whin we come to Galway town,  
Childer was sleepin' safe and soun'.  
Your cheeks was like two roses bright  
As home I wint an' bid good-night.  
An' all my dreams was thoughts o' you,  
Till flow'rs shone bright wid mornin' dew—  
Mary Burke, Mary Burke!

##### IV

But since you've reached the goolden shore—  
'Twas angels called you shure, asthore—  
The lights looks quinch'd in Galway town,  
But eyes from heav'n is beamin' down  
To speed me on, on Galway Bay,  
Until 'tis you an' God I'll see—  
Mary Burke, Mary Burke!

*Agnes I. Hanrahan*

# NANCE OF THE KINGS

BY W. C. MORROW

AUTHOR OF "THE HEN'S DUCKLING," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

NANCE—she would accept no other name, although christened Gladys—was at last compelled to realize that something more than maidenly perturbation over the approach to a crisis in her life must account for her almost riotous state. It had been observed by Katy, the cook, who adored her for her large and splendid beauty, and who always declared that she might have come straight down from the Irish kings.

"Me angel!" Katy cried, as Nance tore into the kitchen and demanded something more to do—something *hard!* She had already driven the maids from the upper floor, and had given it such a cleaning as threw the pets into a panic and sent her mother and sister below. "Ah, ye glorious girrl!" raved Katy. "It's th' excitement over makin' plans fer the weddin', it is, to be sure. Lord, but Mr. Haviland'll git a prize! Much he deserves ye wid his foine, soft ways an' his golf an' his tinnis! It shud be some giant that's afther marryin' ye—a man that wud step out into the middle of the worrld an' do *rare* things. I wush sich a man cud see ye now, wid yer beautiful hair tousled so pretty, yer cheeks loike the roses of Kildare, an' yer eyes shinin' loike the sunrise on the Irish Say!"

"None of that!" exclaimed Nance, flinging herself on Katy like a ravening bear. "You're a foolish old dear. Tell me something to *do*—something big—something to do with my *hands!*"

Standing away and recovering her breath, Katy responded: "Yis, since the *moind* of ye is gone. What do ye say to paintin' the house?"

"Too easy!" declared Nance. "Give

me something *hard!*" She was vibrant with eagerness.

"Thin, since the ould garrdener's gone an' the new one hasn't come yit, spade the flower-beds, bless ye!"

To Katy's dismayed astonishment, Nance accepted the playful suggestion. Soon the earth was flying, and destruction walked among the tenderer plants, for only trees and shrubs interested Nance now. In spite of her effort to keep from thinking, to avoid self-analysis, the fine face of Howard Haviland swam between hers and the mellow ground. Instead of the pride that she tried to feel in his gentle elegance and silken finish, there was irritation. The unconquerable and tantalizing remoteness at which she felt him forever standing made her restless and resentful.

Was some instinct making this fierce fight within her? Why not a calm, reverent look upon the future as his wife? His coming that day would be to make definite arrangements for the wedding; and here she was, entirely beside herself, incapable of cogent thinking, fighting a pain that had no reason for existence, and trying to strangle a rebellion that threatened every prospect.

After a while her furious energy became submerged in her mental turmoil. She flung away the spade as a useless experiment and returned to the house. There she met her sister Ethel—a year older than herself—a small, dainty girl who perfectly represented the old and aristocratic family from which they had descended. It occurred to Nance to see decadence in her sister's physical inadequacy—the failing of a line that had kept its blood too pure.

Ethel habitually wore a bored, weary

air. To a less degree their parents had the same look. Being an insatiable seeker of knowledge, Nance knew something about heredity and reversions, and wondered with a sense of guilt, as if she were to blame, why the ancestral vigor of the Tisdales should have abruptly reappeared in her, perhaps at the cost of this gentle, puny sister and many others in the line of descent.

Her tender affection for Ethel led her to take the girl in her arms. Ethel yielded mincingly. Her delicate ear, pressed to Nance's breast, heard the tumult within, and she gently drew back to ask:

"What's the matter?"

Nance observed her in a new and startling light. Why had not Howard found his mate in Ethel? It had been a deep hope with Nance that her own marriage with Howard would tame the savage within her, hold her to her class, and make her contented with the life to which she had been born; but now it came upon her, with the suddenness of a lightning flash, that her robust nature, volcanic, boiling with energy, inclined to rashness, and eager for the most abounding fulness of life, could not be smoothed to the planed and polished evenness of his standards. If he married Ethel, no readjustment would be required; their life together would be moonlight on still water.

Katy's picture of the man fitted to marry Nance sprang painfully into the confusion, and no effort of loyalty could make Howard look— She closed that door.

"What is the matter, Nance?" repeated Ethel as her sister glowed down at her with eyes so gentle, sad, and mysterious.

"Nothing, dear," absently answered Nance.

"You've been overdoing," chided Ethel in her thin, velvety voice, which was quite different from the frank resonance of Nance's. "You were digging in the garden like a man. I'm afraid it made mother unhappy."

Nance smiled. She had hurt her mother in similar ways many a time, and herself more, by distressing her mother; but she had never found it possible to refrain entirely from vigorous outlets for her strength and spirits.

"I couldn't help it," she said, taking Ethel's arm and turning down the wide corridor toward the music-room. "Ethel, you'll all be glad when I'm married and gone. The house will be peaceful then." She was regarding her sister with quizzical gravity. "Nance!" came the protest, pitched in the guarded tone peculiar to Ethel and their mother.

When they entered the music-room, Nance became a cyclone again. She caught Ethel in her arms with so much violence that the small, upturned face showed a mild alarm. Nance gave a ringing laugh, released her, swung down the room like a young lioness, and dashed into a spirited air at the piano. Then her competent hands groped through modulations to tender lyrics and drifted into minors.

Ethel stood by, as if expected to wait. Such had been the habit of all the house whenever Nance chose to command. At last the player looked up with a smile.

"Did you catch the meaning of that rambling music, dear?" she asked. It was her way to treat Ethel as a little sister.

Ethel politely smiled as she shook her head; and, with a soft laugh, Nance left the instrument.

"Katy told me just now that I had lost my mind," she cheerfully remarked.

The faint cloud that passed over Ethel's face was familiar. Nance's democratic ways, and particularly her freedom with Katy, had brought many a pang to the fine-grained members of the family. Nance's curse was her sense of isolation. From her childhood she had felt herself an alien in her own family, and her loneliness had driven her to Katy's generous shelter. Ethel had never complained of that; she had held aloof from it with a cold unseeing that was more galling. Mrs. Tisdale had spoken a cautious warning at times, but Nance's resenting outbursts had stilled the gentle tongue. Her father's bearing had hurt the most—a quick look of surprised pain and a hasty changing of the subject, as if hoping for the best and keeping the skeleton as closely closeted as possible; but in spite of it he had a frank pride in Nance's beauty, brilliancy, and dash.

"Ethel," she said, standing at the window, her arm round her sister, and confusion halting her speech, "I—I wish Howard had fallen in love with you instead of me!"

Ethel looked up in surprise, and Nance saw a sudden flush fade to pallor.

"Nance!" she said resentfully; but her secret had escaped.

"You are better suited to each other," Nance went on without a sign that she had seen. "I'm afraid I can't make him happy."

A dream slowly lighted in Ethel's eyes, but she knew control.

"Why not?" she returned. "You are beautiful, kind, unselfish—"

"Don't, dear," begged Nance. Then she threw down all barriers, and the longing of a lonely life quavered in her voice. "It is simply a question of mutual fitness. A man may be blinded by the surface of a woman. The greater responsibility is on the woman; she must be cool, she must know. When I look forward into the years, I'm afraid, Ethel—I'm afraid!" The strong arm tightened about the slim waist. "Don't you think it would be better for me to go away?"

With a child's incredulity, Ethel was gazing up into the suffering face, but her dream-light burned.

"I don't think you realize what you are saying," she answered calmly, as Nance observed the betraying flutter in her throat.

The younger sister caught Ethel up, kissed her vehemently, and said, with reckless disregard: "Come, it's time for the awful family council with Howard. Has he arrived?"

"That must have been his ring I heard just now," abstractedly answered Ethel, her startled gaze on her sister.

## II

THE family council, at which the details of the wedding were to be arranged, had little assistance from Nance, who knew that Ethel was observing her under cover of a pretended absorption in the plans. Underneath Nance's impatience with the pettiness of it all, and the look that she gave Mr. Haviland as he labored over the invitation-list with the constructiveness of a Wellington planning a Waterloo, was a force gro-

ping for a kindly opportunity. She paced the floor, her habitual enthusiasm negligent, her scorn rising against conventions that held a tighter grip than the essentials of life. Her discovery concerning Ethel had plunged her into labyrinths.

She went to a window, and while looking abroad at the free world outside, she observed a tall old man hobbling with a cane along the walk that led back to the kitchen. Katy's generosity had given her an excellent reputation among tramps; but there was no vagabondage in this man's appearance. He carried a proud lift of the head, and there was aggressiveness in the shoulders straining against their acquired imperfection. His clothes betokened decent poverty, not thriftlessness. That he was unable to compete with younger, sounder men for a livelihood was Nance's first thought.

Moved by this new interest, she quietly left the room, confident that the immersion of the others in the wedding details would cover her absence.

"But I'm no beggar," the man was saying with patient dignity.

He had uncovered his white head, evidently through politeness, and not in the assumed humility of the tramp—a difference which Katy had overlooked. She was staring at the gaunt figure holding the screen-door open. Standing in the gloom of the butler's pantry, Nance saw that long suffering had sunk his eyes, had cut deeper lines than the years, and had written the story of a strong man who had been overcome, but not conquered.

"Who said ye was a beggar?" blustered Katy to hide her mistake. "Can't ye see that I mint to be kind by offerin' ye a bit to ate? An' see thim flies pilin' in! Come inside an' shut the dure."

A twinkle lit the somber eyes of the man. "There be a sign o' Cork in the tartness of ye," he said, entering and slowly letting himself down into a chair that Katy placed. "I'm fro' Belfast way."

"Little need to tell me that!" snapped Katy. "An' now, what about this servant girrl ye do be lookin' fer? What's her name?" and she turned busily to the kneading of her dough, giving the man her back.

"By all rights, Nancy—if they give



"SPADE THE FLOWER-BEDS, BLESS YE!"





her the wan they was axed to," he answered.

Katy went rigid, and the deep eyes behind her sharpened. Nance recalled the time when, in her fourteenth year, Katy had used to her almost those identical words—"By all roights yer name shud be Nancy." Gladys—as she was then—seized upon it in delight, and shortened it to Nance.

For breathless seconds Katy stood inflexible, her hands idle in the forgotten dough, her gaze fixed straight through the window before her.

"A servant girrl—by all roights—named Nancy," she faintly, slowly echoed. Then, gathering herself, she turned menacingly upon him. "Ye're at the wrong house," she snapped. "There was nivver sich a girrl here!"

The man's steady gaze forced her eyes. "Ye ought to know, Katy Mahoney," he quietly said. "Ye've worked in this house for Mr. Tisdale ivver since he was married."

Katy started, and then paled as she sharply studied the man. "I tell ye," she desperately cried, "there ain't no sich—"

"Did she die?" demanded the man, leaning forward, his eyes aflame, his nostrils trembling. "For the love of God, tell me, woman!"

His tragic pathos broke her. In a passion she burst out: "Who *be* ye, to come here makin' this fool's talk? Lookin' fer trooble, be ye? The gentleman of this house will be clappin' the crooked bones of ye in jail before—"

"Bah!" said the man, with a gesture of impatience. "Don't be a fool. A dyin' mon says to me: 'Find Nancy. She's me daughter. If she's alive an' well, hold yer tongue an' lave her be; but—'"

Nance, very pale, but her head high and her look firm, stepped into the room. Katy turned a frightened, helpless look upon her, and the old man, staring up at Nance as she gazed down at him, dragged to his feet and in silence straightened himself before her, hungrily studying her. There was a slow wonder in his eyes, the rising of a great light.

Nance gave him no time. "Come with me," she said, and gently took his arm.

His hat in one hand and his cane in the other, he obediently hobbled beside

her. She led him to the council and stood upright as they faced the astonished group.

"Mr. and Mrs. Tisdale, Miss Tisdale, and Mr. Haviland," she quietly said, "let me present my father."

She had not considered the effect. Only her imperious demand for truth had guided her.

No self-restraint planted by long inheritance could mask the shock. Mr. Tisdale, who was standing, drew taut, stood a moment like stone as he realized his supreme impotence in the crisis, and sank into the nearest chair. He looked alternately at Nance, calm and patient, and at the towering man beside her, who manifested in the poise of his head, notwithstanding his tremendous surprise at her announcement, a spirit that knew no fear. Mrs. Tisdale, after a frightened catch of the breath and a glance at her husband, bowed her head under the blow. Ethel showed only bewilderment; clearly she had never been a party to the secret shared by her parents and Katy. Mr. Haviland started up with a sickly smile, as though partly pleased and yet wholly shocked at this new prank by unaccountable Nance; but he went grave before her steady look, and paled as he made a swift comparison of her glowing face with that of the impossible stranger.

Most dramatic of all was the effect on the old man himself. Though not comprehending the reach of Nance's proclamation, but aware that her words had overwhelmed the group, he shrank before unknown dangers which the very air he was breathing informed him were assailing her.

"I hope," he said, with a dignified bow, "that ye'll all forgive me daughter for introjucin' me. It's in the blood of her to be proud of her own. I'm sure she's been an honest girl, an' not one to be ashamed of. Is it not so, sir?" he concluded, singling out Mr. Tisdale a trifle anxiously.

A profound sorrow sat in that gentleman's face, but the look which he gave the broken visitant was that of a man to a man. He tried to answer, but failed; and the old man, missing the true significance of it, let his face cloud. He turned to Mrs. Tisdale, his voice waver-

ing with a stronger appeal, his proud color receding.

"Is it not so, lady?" he asked.

It was as hard for her as for her husband. The end of a long deception, heedlessly begun in the abundance of a young mother's love for all that needed a mother's care, had come at last. The back-rushing years held none but tender memories; this child had lain on her breast as her very own, and through her love had thrived and blossomed into dazzling womanhood. In her uplifted glance to the man there was a humble surrender to his right, and in her long look at Nance were crowded a lifetime of devotion, grief over such an outcome, and a mother's yearning hope for the future. And she did not fail to glance at Mr. Haviland. What she saw there held her silent.

### III

MEANWHILE the old man's moments were crowding with pain. Mrs. Tisdale observed him.

"It is so," she answered. "Nance has been good and kind." It was as if she talked in sleep.

The man turned triumphantly to Nance and found her smiling, although she had just seen Mr. Haviland rest his hand on her sister's chair with an air of offering sympathy; and she was not blind to the repressed, dreamy elation that lent a color of vivid life to Ethel's expression.

"They have overlooked all my faults, father, and shown me nothing but kindness," said Nance.

"I knew they would!" he exclaimed. "Whin yer poor mother died, I thought of Mr. Tisdale an' his sweet yoong wife. They had a baby of their own. I knew they'd be kind. So I took me little flower-bud to his door-step, after pinnin' on a slip of paper sayin': 'Call her Nancy, for her mother.' You done it, sir," he said to Mr. Tisdale, his voice trembling.

Mr. Tisdale's glance fell to the floor, and the stranger went on:

"The years an' strength left me can't begin to repay ye for all the kindness to me daughter, but me prayers will be with ye as long as I am spared. It wasn't me intintion to abandon her for good. I jist wanted her cared for durin' in-

fancy by kind people. I wint to the mines in Africa to make a fortune for her. All was goin' well till the blast come that crippled me an' destroyed me mimory. Whin I left the poorhouse, right-minded at last, I was an old, old mon, an' broken as ye see. I wint to work and saved. It took a long time; but here I am. So"—his voice falling to a tender cadence as he gazed longingly into Nance's bright face—"they have done what I hoped—brought ye up a good, hard-workin' servant-girl."

"They never made a servant of me," she said, with a happy smile.

It was more than he could grasp at once. His lips trembled, his eyes roved. Then, led by a blind impulse to pour out something of that which filled him to suffocation, he went up to Mr. Tisdale.

"Would ye min' lettin' me shake yer han', sir?" he chokingly asked.

Mr. Tisdale rose and took the warm grasp, and the white head bowed in reverence.

He turned and hobbled over to Mrs. Tisdale. She, too, rose and gave him a brave smile with her clasp.

A courtier's bow went to Ethel and Mr. Haviland, and he faced his daughter. "I'll go now and lave ye with these good frinds," he said, with difficulty. "Good-by, daughter;" and he looked at her with a deep affection as he held out his hand, his eyes filling.

She smilingly shook her head and put her hands behind her. "Oh, no!" she cheerfully said. "I'm—"

She abruptly stopped and looked round upon the others. Only one course was left to her commanding sense of right. The disclosure of her parentage had destroyed all artificial foundations; yet in planting anguish it had left love. In Mr. Tisdale's face alone did she find any foreseeing of her momentous decision. Her own father, ignorant of the deception that had made her a child of the family, was unaware of the inconceivable mischief that he had wrought. Nance could consider nothing but her duty, and the sorrow it would bring to those who had been kind. Her unfitness for the life into which she had been projected in infancy was explained; but that life had brought its habits and intimacies, its deep-rooted attachments, its

boundless gratitude for the love and kindness that had flowed out of it to her.

She did not falter, and she knew that Mr. Tisdale would understand.

"I think you all will see," she firmly said, her eyes shining in her pallor, "that only one thing is possible now, and that you won't think me ungrateful. You see that he needs me." To check the failure slipping into her voice, she cheerfully said to her father, "I am going with you."

He started. His lips opened dumbly.

"My place is with you," she added, "and I want to go." Standing off and opening out her arms to divert the violent protest forming within him, she exclaimed: "See how strong I am! And I know how to work."

Though not realizing all the harm that he had done, he strangled with a sob and looked about for a way to flee; but Nance, linking her arm in his, steadied him and said:

"I would have gone with you at any time in all these years if you had come."

Her cheerful confidence helped his great joy to sustain him. Nance seized that moment and went to Mr. Tisdale. He took her in his arms, bowed his head on hers, kissed her, and without a word released her. Mrs. Tisdale broke down when Nance clasped her, and she clung to the girl; but Nance gently seated her and turned to Ethel, finding her very white and hardly breathing. That parting was over with a whirlwind embrace from Nance. Then she turned to Mr. Haviland, and with a frank smile extended her hand.

"Good-by," she said.

He took her hand, flushing deeply. "I—you surely—"

He failed. It was her look that had checked him, but she saw the terrible dread with which Ethel was watching him.

There was no weakness, but only a bright smile thrown back, as she took her father's arm, led him to the door, passed out with him, and closed it behind them.

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#### A SONG OF STARS

WHERE the sky and mountain meet,  
Twilight walks with timid feet,  
Stepping as if half afraid  
That if any sound were made  
Early stars might fade away  
From the purple edge of day,  
Telling other stars; and so  
Sheep might wander to and fro,  
Travelers unlighted roam,  
Ships sail wide of shore and home,  
And the earth, in sore distress,  
Pine in gloom and loneliness.

Where the mountain meets the sky,  
One star hangs its lamp on high;  
Down the lane a country lad  
Whistles—some sweet maid is glad!  
Two stars, three stars, four, and lo,  
All the heavens are aglow!  
Sheep-bells tinkle near the fold,  
Pilgrim feet again are bold;  
Foam-wet, shore-set, silver sails  
Dip and dance to home-bound gales;  
Earth exults, for nothing mars  
Twilight's miracle of stars!

Clarence Urmy

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST GOLD-FIELD

BY EDGAR ALLEN FORBES

THE ROMANCE OF THE WITWATERSRAND—A RANGE OF SOUTH AFRICAN HILLS IN WHICH GOLD WAS FIRST FOUND ONLY TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO, AND WHICH NOW YIELDS MORE OF THE PRECIOUS METAL THAN ALL OF AUSTRALIA OR AMERICA

THE fulness of time when South Africa should come into her own as a field of activity for men who achieve was long delayed. Indeed, it may be said that the careers of the men who blazed the way for her modern awakening are a part of living memory. Livingstone and Stanley, Rhodes and Jameson, Kruger and Botha—all these belong to our own generation.

It may also be said that that wonderful awakening was due not so much to the personality of any of these great men as to the discovery of the diamond mines of Kimberley and, above all, of the gold mines of the Rand.

Through centuries unknown to history, that brilliant cluster of stars called the Southern Cross had glittered above the South African *veldt*. Through geological ages known only to the scientists, beds of precious metal and of priceless gems lay beneath the soil. Since humanity appeared on the earth, generations of men, low in the vital scale, lived and loved, hunted and fought over the vast plains, oblivious alike to brilliance above and riches below. It was left to the luck and to the genius of the alien from across the sea to discover, develop, and carry away the hidden stores of wealth.

## THE GOLD OF OPHIR

As far back as the sixteenth century, it was common report, among the few daring traders and explorers who went that way, that South Africa contained gold. There was a tradition that King Solomon had brought from its distant shores his "gold of Ophir." The first

actual discovery of the precious metal, however, was made as recently as 1864, by a German traveler, Karl Mauch, who located gold in the Transvaal and in Mashonaland. The clues he gave were followed up by venturesome prospectors who had graduated in the gold-fields of California and Australia; but for several years very little progress was made, largely owing to the hostility of the natives and the unfriendly attitude of the Transvaal government.

In 1870 new interest was awakened in the mineral resources of South Africa by the rich diamond discoveries at Kimberley. Prospectors journeyed far and wide; but it was not until 1884 that the world heard of what is to-day its greatest gold-field. There is no special romance connected with the discovery. History merely records the fact that one Arnold, otherwise to fame unknown, ascertained that there was gold in a certain ledge of rock on the Geldenhuis farm, which lay among the bare and lonely hills of the Witwatersrand, not far from the southern border of the Transvaal—which by this time had become the South African Republic, with Paul Kruger as president. It soon became known that the gold-bearing rock was of great extent; but the discovery made no sensation, even in the mining world. There was no invitation to a gold rush, as in California and Australia. There was no placer mining here, and fortunes were not being made in a day. There was no chance whatever for the adventurer without capital.

The Witwatersrand—the Rand, for



short—is an insignificant range of rolling hills, rising to about five hundred feet above the surrounding *veldt*, which is itself a great table-land some five thousand feet above sea-level. It is bare of trees and shrubs, and has a very scanty and uncertain water-supply. Owing to the elevation, the climate is far healthier and more invigorating than that of the South African lowlands. Even during the summer, which lasts from November to April, the thermometer seldom reaches ninety-five degrees, and the nights are cool. There is little rainfall except in summer, the winter—June to September—being a season of almost unbroken sunshine.

#### THE RAND AND ITS "REEFS"

The Rand's preeminence among the world's gold-fields is not due to the exceeding richness of its deposits, for in their percentage of the yellow metal they do not compare with the mines of California, Colorado, Australia, or Siberia. But while its ores are of low grade, they are found in much more extensive bodies than those of any other field. Under proper management, their exploitation is immensely profitable; but it can be successfully conducted only with ample capital and on a large scale. The problem is that of extracting, usually from deep levels and always under unfavorable conditions as to machinery, labor, and supplies, a low-grade ore which must be treated in costly metallurgical plants. The necessary expenditure before a mine can be expected to return a profit averages about three million dollars.

Each mining district has its peculiar terminology. The buried rivers known in California as "drifts," become "deep leads" in Australia. In the Transvaal we continually hear of "banket" and "reefs." "Banket" is the conglomerate in which the gold is found, and the "reefs" are the beds of this formation, made up of water-worn quartz pebbles of different sizes, cemented together with quartz sand and other material. The gold is not contained in the pebbles, but in the cementing substance. It is seldom visible to the eye, though occasionally it forms a plating on fissured sides of the pebbles.

How the precious metal found its way to its present resting-place is a question over which societies of mining engineers are still disputing. The formation of the conglomerate beds is easily explained by geologists on the theory of successive upheavals and the intrusion of eruptive rocks. But how did the gold get into the cementing substance of the banket? Some think that it may have come from preexistent quartz veins, as the alluvial deposits of California were formed by the washings of the mother lode; others, that it was precipitated from sea-water. Neither of these suggestions, however, has found general acceptance. The prevailing opinion of local experts is that the reefs were mineralized by a gold-bearing solution which filtered upward from the depths of the earth after the upheaval of the conglomerate beds. This theory is supported by the enormous depth to which the reefs extend. The deepest bores have found ore varying but little from that near the surface.

#### HOW THE REEFS ARE MINED

In most respects, mining methods on the Rand are similar to those of deep mines in other fields. When the drills have revealed the presence of the gold-bearing reefs, the next step is to sink a shaft and timber it after the usual plan. Machinery, however, is rendered costly by the fact that most of it comes from factories many thousands of miles distant; dynamite, also, has hitherto been very expensive, while the necessary outlay for coal is usually about eight per cent of the total cost. Fortunately, the rock is very dry, and there are no such pumping problems to be worked out as were encountered on the great Comstock lode in Nevada, though it is possible that drainage difficulties may arise as the mines are worked to greater depths.

When the shaft has reached the reefs, there follows the work of drilling and blasting the gold-bearing conglomerate and transporting it to the breakers. At this point, the Rand miners have to face their greatest difficulty. The reefs are so thin—often no more than a few inches in thickness—that it is seldom possible to install rock-cutting machinery to work them to advantage. As a rule, the ore

must be "stoped" out by hand in order to avoid the waste of cutting great quantities of barren rock. Passageways barely wide enough to admit a crawling miner are channeled upward along the course of the reef, and the precious ore is laboriously shoveled down these tortuous passages. Under such conditions, the use of machine-drills, of elaborate systems of electrical haulage, or even of mine locomotives, is out of the question. There is not even a place for the mine mule.

Hence, of course, the supreme importance of the labor problem in Rand mining. In other regions a scarcity of good workmen might be met by the introduction of additional machinery; in the Transvaal, where so large a proportion of the ore must be taken out by hand, a shortage of labor has for its inevitable consequence the closing down of the mine.

Prior to the outbreak of the South African War in 1899, nearly a hundred thousand blacks and about ten thousand whites were employed in the mines of the Rand. When hostilities began, the whites—the hated Uitlanders—left the Transvaal, and the blacks, as soon as they heard the guns go off, started for their homes in the far interior. When the war-cloud passed away, and the mines were reopened under the British flag, laborers were eagerly sought, but less than half the requisite number could be induced to return. In consequence, the mining industry, the backbone of the Transvaal prosperity, was crippled in every department.

#### CHINESE COOLIES ON THE RAND

In this emergency, it was suggested that Chinese coolies should be imported. The proposal aroused a violent controversy both in England and in South Africa, but it was approved by the government, and during the last three years a small army of indentured Chinamen have been quartered in the mine compounds and have wielded their picks in the depths of the reefs. A recent estimate gives the total number of men at work on the Rand as about fifteen thousand whites, eighty thousand blacks, and forty-eight thousand Chinese. There has been so much opposition, however, to coolie labor that

the system is not to be continued, and it is understood that the Celestials will be sent back to their native land as fast as their contracts expire. The mine-owners have been promised an ample supply of native workmen through a new arrangement with the authorities of Portuguese East Africa; but the prospect would seem to be more or less doubtful, and the shares of the mining companies are seriously depressed.

The work of getting up the ore is usually left to small contractors, each of whom employs a couple of dozen Chinese or Kafir "boys." With ordinary luck, the contractor's profit will run from one to three hundred dollars a month. Chutes carry the ore to the bottom of the hoist, by which it is raised to the surface for chemical treatment. From this point it is handled in the most scientific and economical manner that modern skill can devise. The problem before the metallurgist is simply to extract as nearly as possible the whole of the small percentage of gold contained in the broken conglomerate. So efficiently is this task performed that the mining engineers of the Rand—many of whom are Americans—rank with the leaders of their profession the world around.

The ore is first dumped upon a screen of iron bars, which retains the coarser particles, while the finer ones pass through into bins. What remains on the screen goes to revolving tables, or moving belts, where Kafirs or coolies discard the valueless rock. The coarse ore is then crushed by machinery and pulverized in stamp-mills, after which about two-thirds of the gold can be recovered by amalgamation on copper plates. Nearly all the remainder is secured by one or other of several different processes—concentration and chlorination, cyanidation, the slimes treatment, and the like—all of which involve too much technical chemistry for the ordinary reader. Each process has its special advocates, who believe their favorite practise superior to all others.

#### THE RAND'S MARVELOUS PROGRESS

I have already said that no gold rush followed the discovery of the Witwatersrand reefs in 1884. The first small stamp-battery was started in the following year by the brothers Struben, to whom

the historians of the Rand assign a foremost place as pioneers in the development of the field. At that time the workable value of the reefs was seriously questioned, and it is said that an engineer whom Cecil Rhodes sent to investigate reported that there was not enough gold in them to pay for extraction.

It was not until 1887 that the production of a twelvemonth reached twenty thousand ounces. With this tangible demonstration of the profits to be won from the Rand's extensive ore-beds the interest of capital was readily enlisted. Only two years later, nineteen companies were at work, and most of them were paying dividends which awakened the stock-exchanges of Europe to a golden opportunity. It was computed two years ago that the total production up to that time had been a little more than six hundred million dollars, one-fifth of which had been clear profit to the miners.

The increase in the Rand's production, however, has not been entirely uninterrupted. It advanced steadily from year to year until 1899, when it had surpassed the output of the United States and of Australia, and placed the Johannesburg district at the head of the world's gold-fields. Then came Mr. Kruger's ultimatum to the British government, the flight of the miners, and the closing of the mines; and from more than eight million dollars a month, the production fell to absolutely nothing.

#### ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS A MONTH

After Lord Roberts captured Johannesburg, and while the guerrilla war was still being waged on the *veldt*, work was gradually resumed. The difficulties were many, for laborers were scarce and the mine equipments had suffered serious damage. It took some five years to reach the record established before the war, but the ante-bellum figures have since been far surpassed. Last year's production for

the whole Transvaal was given in carefully compiled government reports as £24,579,879 — about \$122,000,000 — of which £23,615,400 — about \$117,500,000 — belong to the Rand alone. The best monthly record hitherto reported was that of March of the present year, when the figures for the Rand were £2,287,391 — about \$11,000,000. During the last few months, chiefly owing to labor difficulties, there has been a slight falling off, which, however, will in all probability prove to be only temporary.

An interesting chapter of the golden story of the Rand is furnished by the wonderful growth of its capital city. Twenty-one years ago the township of Johannesburg was laid out on the empty *veldt*. At the first sale of "stands," or lots, the highest price recorded was twenty pounds; and outlying parcels, in those early days, changed hands for as little as a shilling. To-day, this same ground is covered by a fine modern city, with tall business buildings, handsome theaters, and comfortable clubs, and with a total property valuation of some two hundred and fifty million dollars.

Many experts confidently believe that the Transvaal will soon produce at least a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of gold annually. On the other hand, a less pleasant factor in the situation is the question of the life of the mines. Pessimists declare that in twenty years all the reefs that can be worked at a profit will be exhausted, and that Johannesburg will be a deserted city. Others give a much longer life to the wonderful African gold-field, even if the explorations which are constantly in progress fail to reveal deposits now unknown.

On the whole, it may safely be conjectured that the mines of the Witwatersrand will last as long as the Northwestern iron-ore beds, which have been almost as valuable a treasure-trove to American industry as her gold-bearing reefs have been to South Africa.

#### THE MODERN CITY

THE turrets leap higher and higher,  
And the little old homes go down;  
The workers beat on the iron and steel—  
The woodpeckers of the town.

Charles Hanson Towne

# PATRICK HENRY AND THE OLD CHURCH IN RICHMOND IN WHICH HE MADE HIS MOST FAMOUS ORATION

BY LYNDON ORR

THE FOREMOST ORATOR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,  
AND THE HISTORIC SPEECH IN WHICH HE SOUNDED ITS  
KEY-NOTE — "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

IN December, 1763, a very celebrated legal contest reached its final phase at Williamsburg, in his Britannic majesty's colony of Virginia. The old court-house was crowded by a throng of planters, professional men, and idlers, who were gathered there, not because they were looking for anything out of the common, but because the case in question had been so much talked about. Indeed, so far as any one could see, the actual issues had already been decided, and there remained only a purely formal settlement to be made.

A law of the colonial legislature had granted to each established clergyman an income of ten thousand pounds of tobacco—tobacco being used in bulk as money. This law had been sanctioned by the royal governor of Virginia and had received the king's approval. A later law of the legislature had sought to make the clergy's salaries payable in depreciated paper money, worth much less than the value of the tobacco. This second act had been disapproved by the king, and therefore was null and void. Nevertheless, some parishes had paid in paper money, and these were sued by their rectors for the difference between the value of the tobacco which the law allowed them and that of the paper money which had been paid them.

A test case was that of the Rev. James Maury. He had secured a decision from the court that his claim against his parish was a just one, and a jury had been sum-

moned to meet at Williamsburg to assess the sum that should be paid him. Law and equity were both on Mr. Maury's side. The lawyer who had so far acted for the defendants now threw up the case.

"There is nothing more for me to do," said he. "It is merely a question of arithmetic."

And so when the court was opened no one expected more than a brief and uneventful session. The clergyman had won his case. The defendants had been beaten. They must pay.

## THE YOUNG BACKWOODS LAWYER

But it suddenly appeared that a new advocate had taken up their cause. When the proper moment came, a tall and rustic-looking youth arose and faced the special jury. He was oddly dressed, in country fashion. He stooped at first, and seemed to be abashed. His voice faltered as he began to speak, and his pronunciation of many words was strange and uncouth. The wealthy squires who sat around the room looked at him as at some presumptuous bumpkin. The few who knew him were mortified that he should make so sad a failure. The judges fidgeted and were displeased that this young man should waste their time in arguing a case that had been, to all intents and purposes, decided.

Not very long, however, did the squires sneer and the judges fidget. Instead, they began to look at one another with

surprise. As the speaker proceeded he seemed to fascinate his hearers. "In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every

the jury, bewildered by his persuasive powers, returned a verdict for Mr. Maury of just one penny!

The court was no less under the strange



PATRICK HENRY SPEAKING IN THE VIRGINIA HOUSE OF BURGESSES

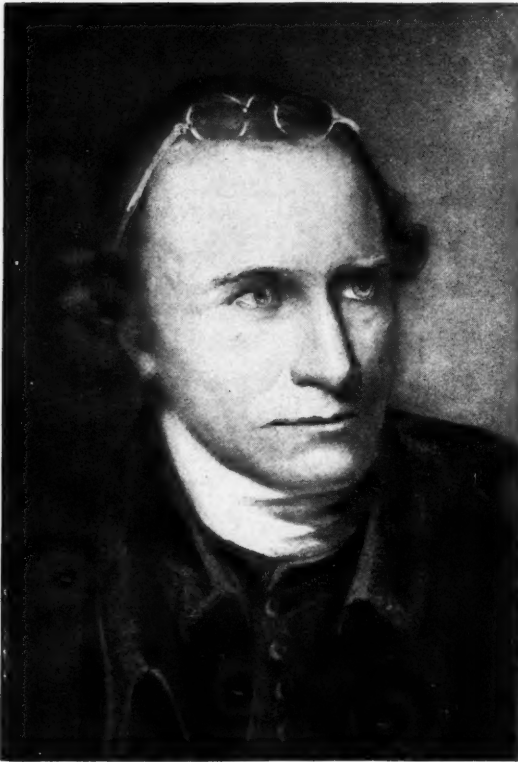
*From a drawing by Rothermahl, which is imaginative in its details*

bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands in death-like silence, their features fixed in amazement and awe, all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker." When he finished,

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magnetism of this youth, for it overruled a motion for another trial. One man's plea had overturned both law and equity and had snatched a victory for his clients out of the very jaws of absolute





PATRICK HENRY (1732-1799), THE ORATOR OF THE  
AMERICAN REVOLUTION

*From the portrait by Thomas Sully in the State Capitol  
at Richmond*

defeat. It was the first great triumph in the new career of Patrick Henry.

No one took any notes of this remarkable harangue. The words that wrought such magic have not been preserved. Whence came the rustic lawyer who won fame that day, and how had he prepared himself for his success? A great deal of romantic myth has been diffused regarding Patrick Henry. Some of his own contemporaries and friends, like Thomas Jefferson, have put on record many errors which only in quite recent years have been corrected through the discovery of documents of Henry's own inditing. There are several legendary Patrick Henrys. Let us try to get some notion of this man as he really was in life.

In the first place, he had an ancestry, and from it he derived unusual intel-

lectual power. He was himself third cousin to the fiery English orator, Lord Brougham, and first cousin to the historian, William Robertson. His father was a man of solid education. His mother was of the family of Winston, which had already produced one eminent colonial orator. Young Patrick Henry may have been idle with the seeming idleness of genius, which is assimilating when it appears to be at play; but it is certain that he had read carefully, that he knew at least his Latin classics, and that his mind was quick to grasp the essential principle of every question. If he spoke with a sort of brogue, if he said "gould" for gold, "naiteral" for natural, and "yairth" for earth, this was not ignorance, but archaism. He pronounced the words as his ancestors had pronounced them a few generations back on British soil.

When he was eighteen, he had married, on nothing a year, a pretty girl who suited him. He farmed a little, and played country trader; and he failed in both pursuits. Then, on a sort of impulse, he got

hold of two or three law-books, and after a month's reading he calmly offered himself to be examined for admission to the bar. Of the forms and technicalities of law, of course, he knew next to nothing. His examiners were about to reject him, when one of them named Randolph, an accomplished lawyer and man of the world, being struck by the substance of some of Henry's answers, took him aside and questioned him for several hours. To his surprise, he found that Henry, though ignorant of the authorities, did, nevertheless, by a sort of instinct, work out the actual principles which lie at the foundation of all jurisprudence. The candidate was, therefore, allowed to practise, on promising to read law with diligence.

He was not, then, illiterate, nor was he merely a declaimer when he appeared

in "the parsons' cause"; nor was he unpractised in his profession. Within less than four years he had taken fees in nearly twelve hundred cases—a remarkable record for a beginner. Yet, beyond his studies and his practical experience, there was a wonderful and indescribable power which made it possible for him to play upon the emotions and convince the understandings of those who heard him speak.

"CAESAR HAD HIS BRUTUS"

Schoolboys imagine, when they declaim the famous bit of rhetoric beginning "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell—" that they are repeating words which Henry is known to have employed in the House of Burgesses in 1765. As a matter of fact, that great speech was not reported. This so-called fragment of it has been quoted in different ways. Edmund Randolph gave it as follows:

"Tarquin and Cæsar had each his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—"

"Treason, sir," exclaimed the Speaker; to which Mr. Henry instantly replied:

"And George the Third—may he never have either!"

This is, of course, lame and flat when compared with the current version—"and George the Third may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most of it!"

Thomas Jefferson, who was a young law student at the time, and heard this speech, confirmed the popular version, which was first given out by Mr. (afterward Judge) Tyler, who stood by the side of Jefferson on that eventful day.

However one may settle the question of his phraseology, there is no doubt as to the tremendous effect which Henry's eloquence exerted on his auditors. The British Parliament had passed the Stamp Act, thus taxing the colonies without giving them a voice in legislation. As yet, Virginia was loyal to the king; but the right of Parliament to tax her was denied. The members of the House of Burgesses, when they met in the building of which only the cemented cellar now remains, were on the whole against resistance. The majority was distinctly Toryish. The heads of fine old families—Peytons and Randolphs and Pendletons and Wythes—were on the side of the established order. They were not anxious for a "scene." The true con-



THE INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND—THE PEW IN WHICH PATRICK HENRY DELIVERED HIS FAMOUS SPEECH OF MARCH 23, 1775, IS ON THE LEFT, MARKED WITH A SMALL SIGN

*From a photograph by Cook, Richmond*

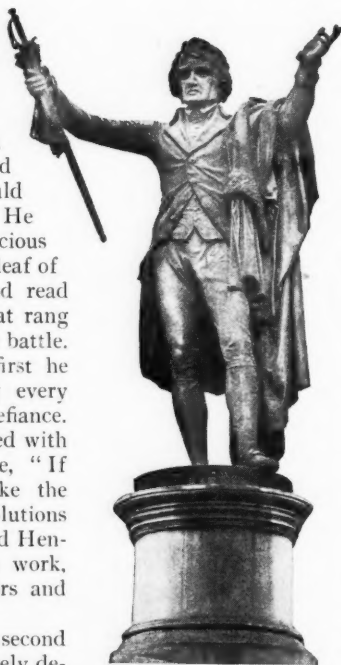
servative dislike of trouble or discomfort swayed their minds. But this terribly earnest young delegate, with the rustic slouch and the voice of gold, would not let them rest. He drew up seven pugnacious resolutions on the fly-leaf of an old law-book, and read them out in tones that rang a challenge to instant battle.

Almost alone at first he stood there, meeting every attack with superb defiance. When the debate ended with his splendid sentence, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" the resolutions passed the House; and Henry, satisfied with his work, strode down the stairs and rode away.

The scene of this second triumph is imaginatively depicted by the artist Rothermahl in an engraving which is here reproduced. It shows some of the conventional attributes of historic drawings of the older school—of West, for instance; but it is spirited, and suggests the tense passion of the moment.

"LIBERTY OR DEATH"

The third and most overwhelming of Henry's great orations is that which he pronounced before the convention which met in St. John's Church at Richmond, March 23, 1775. Already the mutterings



STATUE OF PATRICK HENRY,  
ONE OF THE SUBSIDIARY  
FIGURES OF THE WASH-  
INGTON MONUMENT  
IN RICHMOND,  
VIRGINIA

of war were so distinct that Henry, instead of concealing the facts, declared that war was even then on foot.

"We must fight!" he said. "An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!"

Curiously enough, even of this oration there is no authentic record. Certain sentences, certain stirring phrases, were remembered by many who were there; but the speech as we have it is almost surely a restoration by William Wirt, himself an eloquent and brilliant orator. He supplied the gaps in what his informants repeated to him, piecing out their recollections with his own vivid fancy. But the spirit of Henry flames all through it, and to Henry may be safely ascribed such burning sentences as these:

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past.

Three millions of people armed, in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace!

Is life so dear or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I



RED HILL, PATRICK HENRY'S HOME IN CHARLOTTE COUNTY, VIRGINIA, WHERE HE DIED IN 1799

know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

As in the case of all orators of the very first rank, the physical impression made by Henry was as strong as the intellectual. There exists a description of his appearance while delivering this last great speech—a description that came from one who was present at the time. It tells how, when Henry rose and claimed the floor, there was an “unearthly fire burning in his eyes. He commenced somewhat calmly, but his smothered excitement began more and more to play upon his features and thrill in the tones of his voice. The tendons of his neck stood out white and rigid like whiplords. . . . Finally, his pale face and glaring eyes became terrible to look upon.” The witness of the scene who gave this vivid picture said that he himself “felt sick with excitement.” When the orator had finished his speech, “it seemed as if a word from him would have led to any wild explosion of violence. Men looked beside themselves.”

St. John's Church, in which the Virginia patriots held their convention, is still standing, at the corner of Broad and Twenty-Fourth Streets, Richmond; and the pew in which Henry stood to deliver his most famous oration is still pointed out to visitors. The building dates from 1740, but it has been restored and considerably enlarged in more modern times.

#### PATRICK HENRY AS A STATESMAN

The fame of Patrick Henry's eloquence has in part obscured his reputation

as a man of intellectual power in the constructive work of statesmanship. Too many Americans think of him as only a marvelous declaimer; yet his career had in reality but just begun when he pronounced the words with which his name



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, IN WHICH PATRICK HENRY DELIVERED HIS "LIBERTY OR DEATH" SPEECH

*From a photograph by Cook, Richmond*

is most associated. It was not his eloquence that gave him the later honors of his public life, for in those days a brilliant speech or two did not suffice to win high office.

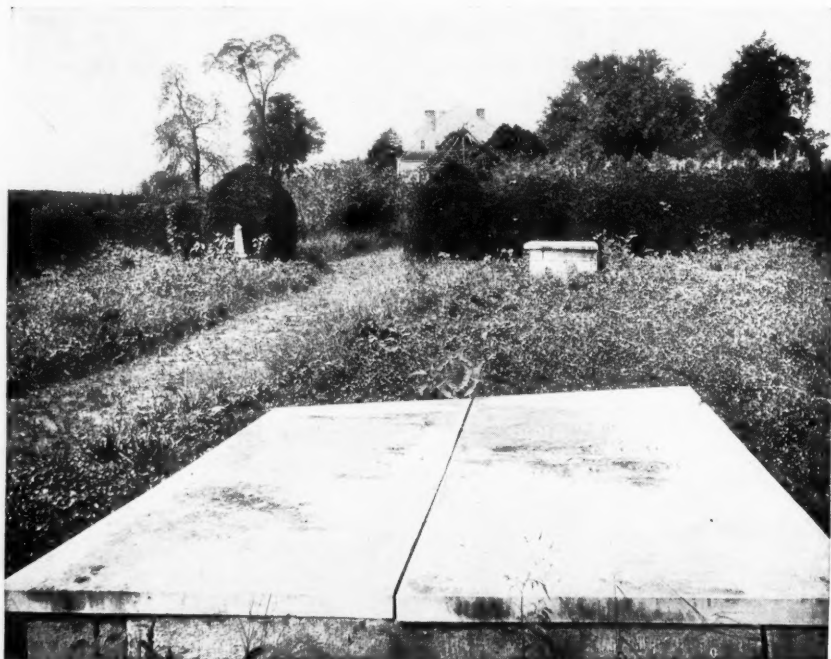
Henry's later years have slipped from popular recollection because his work in them was less showy and more solid and substantial. The man who did much to have the first ten amendments to the Constitution ratified, who served in legislatures and conventions, who was six times elected Governor of Virginia, who declined a seat in the United States Senate, and who was eagerly consulted by

the chiefs of both great parties, was much more than a thrilling orator. If any proof of this be needed, it can be had from no less a witness than George Washington.

Washington, who knew Henry well, was the last man in the world to be swayed by personal liking or by emotion. He weighed everything in his

luctant honesty, do him justice. Of his eloquence he said: "He seems to speak as Homer wrote." And long after Henry's death, the aged statesman, in talking of him to Daniel Webster and giving many reminiscences, declared with a sigh, half of regret and half of admiration:

"After all, he left us all behind!"



THE GRAVES OF PATRICK HENRY AND OF HIS SECOND WIFE, DOROTHEA DANDRIDGE, AT RED HILL, CHARLOTTE COUNTY, VIRGINIA

*From a photograph by Cook, Richmond*

singularly dispassionate mind, and he decided in accordance with what has been called his "inspired common sense." Therefore it is significant that Washington offered Henry the great office of Secretary of State, and later—in succession to John Jay—the still higher office of Chief Justice of the United States. This, too, in spite of the fact that Henry was not in political accord with Washington, though he upheld the President as against his opponents.

The truth is that Patrick Henry was in every respect a most extraordinary man. Jefferson, who afterward became hostile to him, did, nevertheless, with re-

Patrick Henry's public life ended in 1794, when, at the age of fifty-eight, he retired to the estate at Red Hill, which he had purchased. Red Hill was on the crest of a gradual slope overlooking the valley of the Staunton, and within sight of the misty peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Here he spent his few remaining years in the exercise of genial hospitality. He had won eminence and a fortune in the practise of his profession, while in statesmanship and oratory he was assured of a perpetual remembrance as one of the greatest of men in the heroic age of American history.



# THE CRUISE OF THE RED CAR

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

AUTHOR OF "CAP'N ERI"

WITH A DRAWING BY J. C. VONDROUS

"OF course," said Captain Bailey Stitt musingly, "I didn't know the critter was weak in his top riggin' or I wouldn't have gone with him in the fust place. And he wan't real loony, nuther. 'Twas only when he got aboard that—that ungodly kerosene-smellin', tootin', buzzin', Old Harry's go-cart of his that the craziness begun to show. There's so many of them weak-minded city folks from the Ocean House comes perusin' 'round here summers, nowadays, that I cal'lated he was just an average specimen, and never examined him close."

"Are all the Ocean House boarders weak-minded?" I inquired, seeking information.

Captain Bailey bounced on his overturned mackerel-keg like a fat, tan-colored rubber ball.

"My land!" he snapped. "Would they board at the Ocean House if they wan't weak-minded? This feller wan't an Ocean Houser, though. He was young Stumpton's automobile skipper-shover, or shofer, or somethin' they called him. He answered to the hail of Billings, and his home port was the Stumpton ranch, 'way out in Montana. He'd been here in Orham only a couple of weeks, havin' come plumb across the United States to fetch his boss the new automobile. You see, 'twas early October. The Stumptions had left their summer place on the Cliff Road, and was on their way south for the winter. Young Stumpton was up to Boston, but he was comin' back in a couple of days, and then him and the shover was goin' automobilin' to Florida. To Florida, mind you! In that thing! If

it was me I'd buy my ticket to Tophet direct and save time and money.

"Well, anyhow, this critter Billings he ain't never smelt salt water afore, and he don't like the smell. He makes proclamations that Orham is nothin' but sand, slush, and soft drinks. He won't sail, he can't swim, he won't fish; but he's hankerin' to shoot somethin', havin' been brought up in a place where if you don't shoot some of the neighbors every day or so folks think you're stuck up and dissociable. Then somebody tells him it's the duckin' season down to Setuckit P'int, and he says he'll spend his day off, while the boss is away, massycreein' the coots there. This same somebody whispers that I know so much about ducks that I quack when I talk, and he comes cruisin' over in the buzz-cart to hire me for guide. And—would you b'lieve it?—it turns out that he's cal'latin' to make his duckin' v'yage in that very cart. I was for makin' the trip in a boat, like a sensible man, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"Land of love!" says I. "Go to Setuckit in a automobile?"

"Why not?" he says. "The biscuit-shooter up at the hotel tells me there's a smart chance of folks goes there a-horse-back. And where a hoss can travel I reckon the old gal here'—slappin' the thwart of the auto alongside of him—'can go too!'

"But there's the Cut-through," says I.

"Tain't nothin' but a creek when the freshet's over, they tell me," says he. "And me and the boss have forded four foot of river in this very machine."

"By the 'freshet' bein' over I judged he meant the tide bein' out. And the Cut-



"THE SHOVER HAD GOT A GANG OF MEN AND THEY'D GOT THE GAS-CART ASHORE"

through ain't but a little trickle then, though it's a quarter-mile wide and deep enough to float a schooner at high-water.

It's the strip of channel that makes Setucket Beach an island, you know. The gov'ment has had engineers down dredg-

in' of it out, and pretty soon fish-boats 'll be able to save the twenty-mile sail around the P'int and into Orham Harbor at all hours.

"Well, to make a long story short, I agreed to let him cart me to Setuckit P'int in that everlastin' gas-carryall. We was to start at four o'clock in the afternoon, 'cause the tide at the Cut-through would be dead low at half past four. We'd stay overnight at my shanty at the P'int, get up airy, shoot all day, and come back the next afternoon.

"At four prompt he was on hand, ready for me. I loaded in the guns and grub and one thing or 'nother, and then 'twas time for me to get aboard myself.

"'You'll set in the tonneau,' says he, indicatin' the upholstered after-cockpit of the concern. I opened up the shiny hatch, under orders from him, and climbed in amongst the upholstery. 'Twas soft as a feather bed.

"'Jerushy!' says I, lollin' back luxurious. 'This is fine, ain't it?'

"'Cost seventy-five hundred to build,' he says, casual. 'Made to order for the boss. Lightest car of her speed ever turned out.'

"'Go 'way! How you talk! Seventy-five hundred what? Not dollars?'

"'Sure,' he says. Then he turns round—he was in the bow, hangin' on to the steerin'-wheel—and looks me over, kind of interested, but superior. 'Say,' he says, 'I've been hearin' things about you. You're a hero, ain't you?'

"Durn them Orham gabblers! Ever sence I hauled that crew of seasick summer boarders out of the drink a couple of years ago and the gov'ment gave me a medal, the minister and some more of his gang have painted out the name I was launched under and had me entered on the shippin'-list as 'The Hero.' I've licked two or three for callin' me that, but I can't lick a parson, and he was the one that told Billings.

"'Oh, I don't know!' I answers, pretty sharp. 'Get her under way, why don't you?'

"All he done was look me over some more and grin.

"'A hero! A real, live gov'ment-branded hero!' he says. 'Ain't scared of nothin', I reckon—hey?'

"I never made no answer. There's

some things that's too fresh to eat without salt, and I didn't have a pickle-tub handy.

"'Hum!' he says again, reverend-like. 'A sure hero; scared of nothin'! Never rode in an auto afore, did you?'

"'No,' says I, peppery; 'and I don't see no present symptoms of ridin' in one now. Cast off, won't you?'

"He cast off. That is to say, he hauled a nickel-plated marlinespike thing towards him, shoved another one away from him, took a twist on the steerin'-wheel, the go-cart coughed like a horse with the heaves, started up some sort of buzz-planer underneath, and then we begun to move.

"From the time we left my shanty at South Orham till we passed the pines at Herrin' Neck I laid back in that stuffed cockpit, feelin' as grand and tainted as old John D. himself. The automobile rolled along smooth but swift, and it seemed to me I had never known what easy trav'lin' was afore. As we rounded the bend by the pines and opened up the twelve-mile narrow white stretch of Setuckit Beach ahead of us, with the ocean on one side and the bay on t'other, I looked at my watch. We'd come that fur in thirteen minutes.

"'Land sakes!' I says. 'This is what I call movin' right along!'

"He turned round and sized me up again, like he was surprised.

"'Movin'?' says he. 'Movin'? Why, pard, we've been settin' down to rest! Out our way, if a lynchin' party didn't move faster than we've done so fur, the center of attraction would die on the road of old age. Now, my heroic college chum,' he goes on, callin' me out of my name as usual, 'will you be so condescendin' as to indicate how we hit the trail?'

"'Hit—hit which? Don't hit nothin', for goodness' sake! Goin' the way we be, it would—'

"'Which way do we go?'

"'Right straight ahead. Keep on the ocean side, 'cause there's more hard sand there, and—hold on! Don't do that! Stop it, I tell you!'

"Them was the last rememberable words said by me durin' the next quarter of an hour. That shover man let out a hair-raisin' yell, hauled the nickel mar-

linespike over in its rack, and squeezed a rubber bag that was spliced to the steerin'-wheel. There was a half dozen toots or howls or honks from under our bows somewheres, and then that automobile hopped off the ground and commenced to fly. The fust hop landed me on my knees in the cockpit, and there I stayed. 'Twas the most fittin' position fur my frame of mind and chimed in fust-rate with the general religious drift of my thoughts.

"The Cut-through is two mile or more from Herrin' Neck. 'Cordin' to my count we hit terra cotta just three times in them two miles. The fust hit knocked my hat off. The second one chucked me up so high I looked back for the hat, and though we was a half mile away from it, it hadn't had time to git to the ground. And all the while the horn was a honkin', and Billings was a screechin', and the sand was a flyin'. Sand! Why, say! Do you see that extra bald place on the back of my head? Yes? Well, there was a two-inch thatch of hair there afore that sand-blast ground it off.

"When I went up on the third jounce I noticed the Cut-through just ahead. Billings see it, too, and—would you b'lieve it?—the lunatic stood up, let go of the wheel with one hand, takes off his hat and waves it, and we charge down across them wet tide flats like death on the woolly horse, in Scriptur'.

"Hi, yah! Yip!" whoops Billings. 'Come on in, fellers! The water's fine! Yow! Y-e-e-e! Yip!'

"For a second it left off rainin' sand, and there was a typhoon of mud and spray. I see a million of the prettiest rainbows—that is, I cal'lated there was a million; it's awful hard to count when you're bouncin' and prayin' and drownin' all to once. Then we sizzed out of the channel, over the flats on t'other side, and on towards Setuckit.

"Never mind the rest of the ride. 'Twas all a sort of constant changin' sameness. I remember passin' a blurred life-savin' station, with three—or maybe thirty—blurred men jumpin' and laughin' and hollerin'. I found out afterwards that they'd been on the lookout for the bombshell for half an hour. Billings had told around town what he was goin' to do to me, and some kind friend had tele-

phoned it to the station. So the life-savers was full of anticipations. I hope they were satisfied. I hadn't rehearsed my part of the show none, but I feel what the parson calls a consciousness of havin' done my best.

"Woa, gal!" says Billings, calm and easy, puttin' the helm hard down. The auto was standin' still at last. Part of me was hangin' over the lee rail. I could see out of the part, so I knew 'twas my head. And there alongside was my fish-shanty at the P'int, goin' round and round in circles.

"I undid the hatch of the cockpit and fell out on the sand. Then I scrambled up and caught hold of the shanty as it went past me. That fool shover watched me, seemin'ly interested.

"Why, pard," says he, 'what's the matter? Do you feel pale? Are you nervous? It ain't possible that you're scared? Honest, now, pard, if it weren't that I knew you were a genuine gold-mounted hero I'd sure think you was a scared man.'

"I never said nothin'. The scenery and me was just turnin' the mark buoy on our fourth lap.

"Dear me, pard!" continues Billings. 'I sure hope I ain't scared you none. We come down a little slow this evenin', but to-morrow night, when I take you back home, I'll let the old girl out a little.'

"I sensed some of that. And as the shanty had about come to anchor, I answered and spoke my mind.

"When you take me back home!" I says. 'When you do! Why, you crack-brained, murderin' lunatic, I wouldn't cruise in that hell-wagon of yours again for the skipper's wages on a Cunarder! No, nor the mate's hove in!'

"And that shover he put his head back and laughed and laughed and laughed.

## II

"I TELL you I had to take it that evenin'. All the time I was cookin' and while he was eatin' supper, Billings was rubbin' it into me about my bein' scared. Called me all the salt-water-hero names he could think of—'Hobson' and 'Dewey' and the like of that, usin' 'em sourcastic, of course. Finally, he said he remembered readin' in school, when he was little, about a girl hero, name of

Grace Darlin'. Said he cal'lated, if I didn't mind, he'd call me Grace, 'cause it was heroic and yet kind of fitted in with my partic'lar brand of bravery. I didn't answer much; he had me down, and I knew it. Likewise I judged he was more or less out of his head; no sane man would yell the way he done aboard that automobile.

"Then he commenced to spin yarns about himself and his doin's, and pretty soon it come out that he'd been a cowboy afore young Stumpton give up ranchin' and took to automobilin'. That cleared the sky-line some of course; I'd read consider'ble about cowboys in the ten-cent books my nephew fetched home when he was away to school. I see right off that Billings was the livin' image of *Deadwood Dick* and *Wild Bill* and the rest in them books; they yelled and howled and hadn't no regard for life and property any more'n he had. No, sir! He wan't no crazier'n they was; it was in the breed, I judged.

"I sure wish I had you on the ranch, Grace,' says he. 'Why don't you come West some day? That's where a hero like you would show up strong.'

"Godfrey mighty!' I sings out. 'I wouldn't come nigh such a nest of crazy murderers as that fur no money! I'd sooner ride in that automobile of yours, and St. Peter himself couldn't coax me into *that* again, not if 'twas fur a cruise plumb up the middle of the golden street!'

"I meant it, too, and the next afternoon when it come time to start for home he found out that I meant it. We'd shot a lot of ducks, and Billings was havin' such a good time that I had to coax and tease him as if he was a young one afore he'd think of quittin'. It was quarter of six when he backed the gas-cart out of the shed. I was uneasy, 'cause 'twas past low-water time, and there was fog comin' on.

"Brace up, Dewey!' says he. 'Get in.'

"No, Mr. Billings,' says I. 'I ain't goin' to get in. You take that craft of yourn home, and I'll sail up alongside in my dory.'

"In your which?' says he.

"In my dory,' I says. 'That's her, hauled up on the beach abreast the shanty.'

"He looked at the dory and then at me.

"Go on!' says he. 'You ain't goin' to pack yourself twelve mile on *that shingle?*'

"Sartin I am!' says I. 'I ain't takin' no more chances.'

"Do you know, he actually seemed to think I was crazy then. Seemed to figger that the dory wan't big enough; and she's carried five easy afore now. We had an argument that lasted twenty minutes more, and the fog driftin' in nigher all the time. At last he got sick of arguin', ripped out somethin' brisk and personal, and got his tin-shop to movin'.

"You want to cross over to the ocean side,' I called after him. 'The Cut-through's been dredged at the bay end, remember.'

"Be hanged!' he yells, or more emphatic. And off he whizzed. I see him go and fetched a long breath. Thanks to a merciful Providence, I'd come so fur without bein' buttered on the undercrust of that automobile or scalped with its crazy shover's bowie-knife.

"Ten minutes later I was beatin' out into the bay in my dory. All around was the fog, thin as poor-house gruel so fur, but thickenin' every minute. I was worried; not for myself, you understand, but for that cowboy shover. I was afraid he wouldn't fetch t'other side of the Cut-through. There wan't much wind, and I had to make long tacks. I took the in-shore channel, and kept listenin' all the time. And at last, when 'twas pretty dark and I was cal'latin' to be about abreast of the bay end of the Cut-through, I heard from somewheres ashore a dismal honkin' kind of noise, same as a wild goose might make if 'twas chokin' to death and not resigned to the worst.

"My land!' says I. 'It's happened!' And I come about and headed straight in for the beach. I struck it just alongside the gov'ment shanty. The engineers had knocked off work for the week, waitin' for supplies, but they hadn't took away their dunnage.

"Hi!' I yells, as I hauled up the dory. 'Hi-i-i! Billings, where be you?'

"The honkin' stopped and back comes the answer; there was joy in it.

"What? Is that Captain Stitt?'



" 'Yes,' I sings out. 'Where be you?'

" 'I'm stuck out here in the middle of the crick. And there's a flood on. Help me, can't you?'

" Next minute I was aboard the dory, rowin' her against the tide up the channel. Pretty quick I got where I could see him through the fog and dark. The auto was on the flat in the middle of the Cut-through and the water was hub high already. Billings was standin' up on the for'ard thwart, makin' wet foot-marks all over them expensive cushions.

" 'Lord,' says he, 'I sure am glad to see you, pard! Can we get to land, do you think?'

" 'Land?' says I, makin' the dory fast alongside and hoppin' out into the drink. 'Course we can land! What's the matter with your old derelict? Sprung a leak, has it?'

" He went on to explain that the automobile had broke down when he struck the flat, and he couldn't get no further. He'd been honkin' and howlin' for ten year at least, so he reckoned.

" 'Why in time,' says I, 'didn't you mind me and go up the ocean side? And why in nation didn't you go ashore and—But never mind that now. Let me think. Here! You set where you be.'

" As I shoved off in the dory again he turned loose a distress signal.

" 'Where you goin'?' he yells. 'Say, pard, you ain't goin' to leave me here, are you?'

" 'I'll be back in a shake,' says I, layin' to my oars. 'Don't holler so! You'll have the life-savers down here, and then the joke'll be on us. Hush, can't you? I'll be right back!'

### III

" I ROWED up channel a little ways, and then I sighted the place I was bound for. Them gov'ment folks had another shanty further up the Cut-through. Moored out in front of it was a couple of big floats, for their stone-sloops to tie up to at high-water. The floats were made of empty kerosene-barrels and planks, and they'd have held up a house easy. I run alongside the fust one, cut the anchor-cable with my jack-knife, and next minute I was navigatin' that float down channel, steerin' it with my oar and towin' the dory astern.

" 'Twas no slouch of a job, pilotin' that big float, but part by steerin' and part by polin' I managed to land her broadside on to the auto. I made her fast with the cable ends and went back after the other float. This one was a bigger job than the fust, but by and by that gas-wagon, with planks under her and cable lashin's holdin' her firm, was restin' easy as a settin' hen between them two floats. I unshipped my mast, fetched it aboard the nighest float, and spread the sail over the biggest part of the brass-work and upholstery.

" 'There,' says I, 'if it rains durin' the night she'll keep pretty dry. Now I'll take the dory and row back to the shanty after some spare anchors there is there.'

" 'But what's it fur, pard?' asks Billings for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time. 'Why don't we go where it's dry? The flood's risin' all the time.'

" 'Let it rise,' I says. 'I cal'late when it gets high enough them floats'll rise with it and lift the automobile up too. If she's anchored bow and stern she'll hold, unless it comes on to blow a gale, and to-morrow mornin' at low tide maybe you can tinker her up so she'll go.'

" 'Go?' says he, like he was astonished. 'Do you mean to say you're reckonin' to save the car?'

" 'Good land!' I says, starin' at him. 'What else d'you s'pose? Think I'd let seventy-five hundred dollars' wuth of gilt-edged extravagance go to the bottom? What did you cal'late I was tryin' to save—the clam-flat? Give me that dory-rope; I'm goin' after them anchors. Sufferin' snakes! Where *is* the dory? What have you done with it?'

" He'd been holdin' the bight of the dory-rodin'. I handed it to him so's he'd have somethin' to take up his mind. And, by time, he'd forgot all about it and let it drop! And the dory had gone adrift and was out of sight.

" 'Gosh!' says he, astonished-like. 'Pard, the son of a gun has slipped his halter!'

" I was pretty mad—dories don't grow on every beach-plum bush—but there wan't nothin' to say that fitted the case, so I didn't try.

" 'Humph!' says I. 'Well, I'll have to swim ashore, that's all, and go up to the station inlet after another boat. You

stand by the ship. If she gets afloat afore I come back you honk and holler and I'll row after you. I'll fetch the anchors and we'll moor her wherever she happens to be. If she shouldn't float on an even keel, or goes to capsize, you jump overboard and swim ashore. I'll—

"Swim?" says he, with a shake in his voice. "Why, pard, I can't swim!"

"I turned and looked at him. Shover of a two-mile-a-minute gold-plated butcher-cart like that, a cowboy murderer that et his friends for breakfast—and couldn't swim! I fetched a kind of combination groan and sigh, turned back the sail, climbed aboard the automobile, and lit up my pipe.

"What are you settin' there for?" says he. "What are you goin' to do?"

"Do?" says I. "Wait, that's all—wait and smoke. We won't have to wait long."

"My prophesyin' was good. We didn't have to wait very long. It was pitch dark, foggy as ever, and the tide a risin' fast. The floats got to be awash. I shinned out onto 'em, picked up the oar that had been left there, and took my seat again. Billings climbed in too, only—and it kind of shows the change sence the previous evenin'—he was in the passenger-cockpit astern and I was for'ard in the pilot house. For a reckless dare-devil he was actin' mighty fidgety.

"And at last one of the floats swung off the sand. The automobile tipped scandalous. It looked as if we was goin' on our beam-ends. Billings let out an awful yell. Then t'other float bobbed up and the whole shebang, car and all, drifted out and down the channel.

"My lashin's held—I cal'lated they would. Soon's I was sure of that I grabbed up the oar and shoved it over the stern between the floats. I hoped I could round her to after we passed the mouth of the Cut-through, and make port on the inside beach. But not in that tide. Inside of five minutes I see 'twas no use; we was bound across the bay.

"And now commenced a v'yage that beat any ever took sence Noah's time, I cal'late; and even Noah never went to sea in an automobile, though the one animal I had along was as much trouble as his whole menagerie. Billings was howlin' blue murder.

"Stop that bellerin'!" I ordered. "Quit it, d'you hear! You'll have the station crew out after us, and they'll guy me till I can't rest. Shut up! If you don't, I'll—I'll swim ashore and leave you."

"I was takin' big chances, as I look at it now. He might have drawn a bowie-knife or a lasso on me; 'cordin' to his yarns he'd butchered folks for a good sight less'n that. But he kept quiet this time, only gurglin' some when the ark tilted. I had time to think of another idee. You remember the dory-sail, mast and all, was alongside that cart. I clewed up the canvas well as I could and managed to lash the mast up straight over the auto's bows. Then I shook out the sail.

"Here!" says I, turnin' to Billings. "You hang on to that sheet. No, you needn't nuther. Make it fast to that cleat alongside."

"I couldn't see his face plain, but his voice had a funny tremble to it; reminded me of my own when I climbed out of that very cart after he'd jounced me down to Setuckit, the day before.

"What?" he says. "Wh-what? What sheet? I don't see any sheet. What do you want me to do?"

"Tie this line to that cleat. That cleat there! *Cleat*, you lubber! *Cleat*! That knob! *Make it fast*! Oh, my gosh t'mighty! Get out of my way!"

"The critter had tied the sheet to the handle of the door instead of the one I meant, and the pull of the sail hauled the door open and pretty nigh ripped it off the hinges. I had to climb into the cockpit and straighten out the mess. I was losin' my temper; I do hate bunglin' seamanship aboard a craft of mine.

"But what'll become of us?" begs Billings. "Will we drown?"

"What in tunket do we want to drown for? Ain't we got a good sailin' breeze and the whole bay to stay on top of—fifty foot of water and more?"

"Fifty foot!" he yells. "Is there fifty foot of water underneath us now? Pard, you don't mean it!"

"Course I mean it. Good thing, too!"

"But fifty foot! It's enough to drown in ten times over!"

"Can't drown but once, can you? And I'd just as soon drown in fifty foot

as four—ruther, 'cause 'twouldn't take so long.'

"He didn't answer out loud; but I heard him talkin' to himself pretty constant.

#### IV

"WE was well out in the bay by now, and the seas was a little mite more rugged—nothin' to hurt, you understand, but the floats was all foam, and once in a while we'd ship a little spray. And every time that happened Billings would jump and grab for somethin' solid—sometimes 'twas the upholstery and sometimes 'twas me. He wan't on the thwart, but down in a heap on the cockpit floor.

"'Let go of my leg!' I sings out, after we'd hit a high wave and that shover had made a more'n ordinary savage claw at my underpinnin'. 'You make me nervous. Drat this everlastin' fog! Somethin' 'll bump into us if we don't look out. Here, you go for'ard and light them cruisin'-lights. They ain't colored 'cordin' to regulations, but they'll have to do. Go for'ard! What you waitin' for?'

"Well, it turned out that he didn't like to leave that cockpit. I was mad.

"'Go for'ard there and light them lights!' I yelled, hangin' to the steerin'-oar and keepin' the ark runnin' afore the wind.

"'I won't!' he says, loud and emphatic. 'Think I'm a blame fool? I sure would be a jack-rabbit to climb over them seats the way they're buckin' and light them lamps. You're talkin' through your hat!'

"Well, I hadn't no business to do it, but, you see, I was on salt water, and skipper, as you might say, of the junk we was afloat in; and if there's one thing I never would stand it's mutiny. I hauled in the oar, jumped over the cockpit-rail, and went for him. He see me comin', stood up, tried to get out of the way, and fell overboard backwards. Part of him lit on one of the floats, but the biggest part trailed in the water between the two. He clawed with his hands, but the planks was slippery, and he slid astern fast. Just as he reached the last plank and slid off and under I jumped after him and got him by the scruff of the neck. I had hold of the lashin'-end with one hand and we tailed out behind the ark, which

was sloppin' along, graceful as an elephant on skates.

"I was pretty well beat out when I yanked him into that cockpit again. Neither of us said anything for a spell, breath bein' source as di'monds. But when he'd collected some of his, he spoke.

"'Pard,' he says, puffin', 'I'm much obleeged to you. I reckon I sure ain't treated you right. If it hadn't been for you that time I'd—'

"But I was bilin' over. I whirled on him like a teetotum.

"'Drat your hide!' I says. 'When you speak to your officer you say sir! And now you go for'ard and light them lights. Don't you answer back! If you do I'll fix you so's you'll never ship aboard another vessel! For'ard there! Lively, you lubber, lively!'

"He went for'ard, takin' consider'ble time and hangin' on for dear life. But somehow or 'nuther he got the lights to goin'; and all the time I hazed him terrible. I was mate on an Australian packet afore I went fishin' to the Banks, and I can haze some. I blackguarded that shover awful.

"'Ripperty-rip your everlastin' blankerty-blanked dough-head!' I roared at him. 'You ain't wuth the weight to sink you. For'ard there and get that fog-horn to goin'! And keep it goin'! Lively, you sculpin! Don't you open your mouth to me!'

"Well, all night we sloshed along, straight acrost the bay. We must have been a curious sight to look at. The floats was awash, so that the automobile looked like she was ridin' the waves all by her lonesome; the lamps was blazin' at either side of the bow; Billings was a tootin' the rubber fog-horn as if he was wound up; and I was standin' on the cushions amidships, keepin' the whole calabash afore the wind.

"We never met another craft the whole night through. Yes, we did meet one. Old Ezra Cahoon, of Harnis, was out in his dory stealin' quahaugs from Seth Andrews's bed over nigh the Wapatomac shore. Ezra stayed long enough to get one good glimpse of us as we bust through the fog; then he cut his rodin' and laid to his oars, bound for home and mother. We could hear him screech for half an hour after he left us.

"Ez told next day that the devil had come ridin' acrost the bay after him in a chariot of fire. Said he could smell the brimstone and hear the trumpet callin' him to judgment. Likewise he hove in a lot of particulars concernin' the personal appearance of the Old Boy himself, who, he said, was standin' up wavin' a red-hot pitchfork. Some folks might have been flattered at bein' took for such a famous character; but I wan't; I'm retirin' by nature, and, besides, Ez's description wan't cal'lated to bust a body's vanity-biler. I was prouder of the consequences, the same bein' that Ezra signed the Good Templars' pledge that afternoon, and kept it for three whole months, just sixty-nine days longer than any previous attack within the memory of man had lasted.

"And finally, just as mornin' was breakin', the bows of the floats slid easy and slick up on a hard, sandy beach. Then the sun riz and the fog lifted, and there we was within sight of the South Ostable meetin'-house. We'd sailed eighteen miles in that ark and made a better landin' blindfold than we ever could have made on purpose.

"I hauled down the sail, unshipped the mast, and jumped ashore to find a rock big enough to use for a makeshift anchor. It wan't more'n three minutes after we fust struck afore my boots hit dry ground, but Billings beat me one hundred and seventy seconds, at that. When I had time to look at that shover man he was a cable's-length from high-tide mark, settin' down and grippin' a bunch of beach-grass as if he was afeard the sand was goin' to slide from under him; and you never seen a yallerer, more upset critter in your born days.

"Well, I got the ark anchored, after a fashion, and then we walked up to the South Ostable tavern. Sim Small, who runs the place, he knows me, so he let me have a room and I turned in for a

nap. I slept about three hours. When I woke up I started out to hunt the automobile and Billings. Both of 'em looked consider'ble better than they had when I see 'em last. The shover had got a gang of men and they'd got the gas-cart ashore, and Billings and a blacksmith was workin' over—or rather under—the clock-work.

"'Hello!' I hails, comin' alongside.

"Billings sticks his head out from under the tinware.

"'Hi, pard!' says he. I noticed he hadn't called me 'Grace' nor 'Dewey' for a long spell. 'Hi, pard,' he says, gettin' to his feet, 'the old gal ain't hurt a hair. She'll be good as ever in a couple of hours. Then you and me can start for Orham.'

"'In her?' says I.

"'Sure,' he says.

"'Not by a jugful!' says I, emphatic. 'I'll berrer a boat to get to Orham in, when I'm ready to go. You won't ketch me in that man-killer again; and you can call me a coward all you want to!'

"'A coward?' says he. 'You a coward? And—Why, you was in that car all night!'

"'Oh!' I says. 'Last night was dif'rent. The thing was on water then, and when I've got enough water underneath me I know I'm safe.'

"'Safe!' he sings out. 'Safe! Well, by—gosh! Pard, I hate to say it, but it's the Lord's truth—you had me doin' my "Now I lay me's!"'

"For a minute we looked at each other. Then says I, sort of thinkin' out loud, 'I cal'late,' I says, 'that whether a man's brave or not depends consider'ble on whether he's used to his latitude. It's all accordin'. It lays in the bringin' up, as the duck said when the hen tried to swim.'

"He nodded solemn. 'Pard,' says he, 'I sure reckon you've called the turn. Let's shake hands on it.'

#### NIGHT ON THE LAKE

A SILVER thread betwixt me and yon moon;  
All else a darkling waste—till, cutting clear  
Into the darkness, hark, a ghostly loon  
Frightens my heart with half-forgotten fear!

*Wilma F. Schmits*

# THE STAGE

NEW PLAYS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK

**A**ROUND of the London theaters during the closed season in New York proved to be a not particularly engaging pastime. Just one striking success was on view, and that an adaptation from the German—the Viennese “play with music,” as it is phrased on the house-bill, “The Merry Widow.” For two years past the writer has noted this work on the programs of the Austrian and German theaters; and as neither of these countries is given to long runs, he has wondered why so evidently pronounced a hit was suffered to remain on the Continent. But not till George Edwardes, the London purveyor-in-chief of musical comedy, had squeezed dry the sponge of home production, and had found but scanty moisture in Gallic importations, did he turn his attention to Vienna.

Nor did the city that has given us so many kings of merry melody—Strauss, Von Suppe, Millöcker—fail him in the emergency. Not for years, say the ticket-dealers, has London known such a popular success as “The Merry Widow”; and even in the face and eyes of expectations roused to such a pitch, a hearing of the work at the English Daly’s resulted in not one atom of disappointment. Possibly there might be a little more singing in the play, but the wish for this is fathered by the superior quality of the music that is provided. The comedy is so clever of itself that little of it could be spared—except possibly some of the local gags introduced into the book by George Graves—who may be remembered as having scored the only hit when the luckless “Two Little Michus” was brought to New York, about a year ago. In “The Merry Widow,” as *Baron Popoff*, the ambassador from mythical Marsovia to Paris, he creates a distinctly new type in stage comedy, and in transatlantic popularity runs a close second to our own Joe

Coyne, who is the *Prince Danilo*, secretary to the same embassy, and whom *Popoff* is desirous of marrying to the merry widow, *Sonia*, in order to keep her millions in the country, where they are sadly needed.

Now *Danilo* was in love with *Sonia* when she was merely a poor farmer’s daughter, but was forbidden by his family to marry her. Meantime she has wedded an old man of immense wealth, who obligingly died at the end of a week, leaving her all his money and a train of eager suitors. For these she cares not a snap of her fingers, her heart having long since been given to *Danilo*, who is frivolling away his time with the girls at Maxim’s. Now that the bar to his union with *Sonia* has been removed, his pride forbids him to go to her. We have the true spirit of play-building in the conflict between the two, *Sonia* masking her own feelings for the prince with gayety, and he announcing outright that he will never say that he loves her. To this book by Victor Leon and Leo Stein, Franz Lehar has written most attractive music, full of airs that possess real worth as well as ear-tickling seductiveness. And many of them, too, possess the added charm of novelty in the rendering. For example, *Sonia’s* first entrance is made with the train of suitors giving a capital background of bass and barytone for the single soprano; while the famous waltz number is sung while she and *Prince Danilo* are whirling about in a bizarre Marsovian dance, dressed in native costume, on the occasion of a fête given by the widow in the grounds of her villa near Paris.

The last act is laid in that much-advertised Paris restaurant, Maxim’s, whither *Sonia* comes in search of the prince, to tell him that she arranged to be discovered with the *Vicomte* merely to save another woman’s reputation, thus providing the happy ending required by twentieth-century audiences.

If Mr. Savage is to duplicate the Lon-



don success with his American production of the piece, he needs to look carefully after the selection of his cast, which will doubtless be playing by the

lately at the Gaiety as the boy in "The New Aladdin."

In drama, aside from revivals and importations from America, the fantastic



LILY ELSIE, APPEARING AS SONIA (THE WIDOW) IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF THE GREAT COMIC OPERA SUCCESS OF EUROPE, "THE MERRY WIDOW"

*From her latest photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London*

time these lines are read. At this writing he has chosen Ethel Jackson for the part of the widow, created in England by Lily Elsie, a new London favorite,

article of the "looking backward" order seemed to have the call in London. At Wyndham's a farce of this description called "When Knights Were Bold"—



FAY FAIRCHILD, APPEARING IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF "THE MERRY WIDOW"

*From a photograph*

since exported to New York for Francis Wilson—had run for more than two hundred performances. One Charles Marlowe was set down as the author of the play, which to the present observer seemed very thin, and distinctly inferior to "The Road to Yesterday"—which in form, of course, it closely resembles.

The same drawback can be charged against "The Eighteenth Century," the unattractively named comedy with which Edward Compton occupied the stage of the St. James's during George Alexander's absence on tour. A note on the house-bill admits that the piece was originally produced by Mr. Compton as "To-Morrow," in 1904, so that its resurrection, apparently in altered form, is no doubt due to the vogue attained by

James Welch (the creator of *Mr. Hopkinson*) with "When Knights Were Bold."

It seems a pity that the Shuberts abandoned their intention of presenting "The Road to Yesterday" in London. With all its scenes laid in England, and with a plot infinitely more logical and entertaining than either of the two just mentioned, it would seem that West End playgoers, in their present penchant for peeping into the past, might have preferred it to the entertainment offered at the St. James's and Wyndham's.

At the Haymarket a summer run was achieved by "My Wife," an adaptation from the French, which Mr. Frohman has selected for John Drew's use this season. Drew's part was played in London by C. Aubrey Smith, who was once on the business staff of the St. James's, and who in manner is exceedingly like to "Our John." The rôle of

*Gerald Eversleigh*, who obliges his ward *Trixie* by marrying her in order that she may get a divorce from him later, could not have suited Drew better had it been built to order. As a matter of fact, although Drew's recent characters have all borne a strong mutual resemblance, and have all seemed to fit him extremely well, in nearly every case they were originated by other men on the other side of the ocean. Only one of the American plays he has used scored complete success, and in that one—"Butterflies"—Olive May ran away with the chief acting honors.

As it happens, Mr. Drew's long suit—serving as the protector of youth and the friend of innocence—is also that of Charles Wyndham, many of whose ve-



ESTELLE CHRISTIE, IN THE SHUBERTS' NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE GREAT WHITE WAY"

*From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*

hicles Mr. Frohman has secured for Drew. This season's Wyndham offering is called "The Mollusc," and was written by Hubert Henry Davies, author of "Cousin Kate" and of "Captain Drew on Leave," which it was rumored our Mr. Drew was to do last season. "The Mollusc" contains only four characters,

so that if it proves a hit it will be a goldmine to thrifty managers.

Of course there is a big contrast between "My Wife," which is comedy, and "His House in Order," which was

problem; but then variety is the *sauce piquante* of drama, and with Billie Burke for *Trixie* and Ferdinand Gottschalk as *Gibby* Mr. Drew's new offering forms pleasing entertainment. Most



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH ACTRESS, WHO IS TO MAKE A SECOND AMERICAN TOUR, THIS TIME IN A VERSION OF THE GREEK TRAGEDY BY EURIPIDES, "ELECTRA"

*From a photograph by Savony, New York*



DOROTHY TENNANT, WHO IS MIRIAM HAWTHORNE, THE ACTRESS, WITH JOHN DREW IN "MY WIFE"

*From her latest photograph by Hall, New York*

of the acting interest centers on Billie Burke, an American, who has made her reputation in London musical shows. In the cast is also Dorothy Tennant, the original *College Widow*.

Repeated reference has been made in this department to the pronounced play-famine in London, and a personal sight of the billboards only confirmed the impression derived from mail advices. On every hand one is confronted by new names as playwrights—which can only mean that managers have been driven to

the last ditch, or never would "the un-acted" have obtained this unwonted chance at the footlights. No doubt, too, scarcity of the home-made article partly accounts for the fact that four American offerings are actually "making good" in West End houses—"Brewster's Millions," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "The Earl of Pawtucket," and "The Truth." Marie Tempest has lifted this last Clyde Fitch drama into a popularity abroad which it failed to secure at home.





BERNICE YERRANCE, WHO MAKES UP AS A REPULSIVE LOOKING OLD MEXICAN WOMAN, LA MARANA, IN "THE RANGER" THE NEW PLAY BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS, IN WHICH DUSTIN FARNUM IS STARRING

*From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*

Early autumn ventures on the New York stage were not over and above prosperous. Nor was the element of surprise lacking on the score-board. For instance, of two more Western dramas that came up for judgment, "The Ranger," with Dustin Farnum, of "Virginian" fame, by so popular a playwright as Augustus Thomas, did not do so well as "The Round Up," evolved by Edmund Day, a neophyte, out of his vaudeville sketch, "The Sheriff." This is the second time that a play of the West by Augustus Thomas has spelled disaster for Charles Frohman at Wallack's, "Colorado" having gone into the storage warehouse from these boards some half dozen years since.

If Mr. Thomas knew less about the West, he would probably have written a better play. In fact, both in "The Ranger" and in "The Round Up" there was quite an apparent effort to obtain the Belasco touch in atmosphere. But "The Round Up" possesses a virility in melodramatic effect lacking in "The Ranger." Few audiences can sit unmoved and watch twenty-two Indians wind their way on horseback down the mountainside from the top of the stage, with the chance that a false step would send horse and man crashing to death on the boards twenty feet below. And a fight between redskins and the troops in this same scene makes the first-act encounter in "The Ranger" size up as a Gettysburg beside a boys' quarrel in comparison.

Oddly enough, there is a strong resemblance in one respect between two



JULIA SANDERSON, WHO HAS THE LEADING RÔLE, PEGGY, IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH MUSICAL FARCE, "THE DAIRYMAIDS"

*From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*



TOPSY SIEGRIST, WITH LEW FIELDS IN HIS NEW SHOW FROM LONDON, "THE GIRL  
BEHIND THE COUNTER"

*From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*



MABEL RUSSELL, WHO WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL LAST SUMMER IN TAKING  
GERTIE MILLAR'S RÔLE IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG,"  
AT THE LONDON GAIETY

*From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*

otherwise widely dissimilar plays—"The Round Up" and Robert Edeson's new vehicle, "Classmates." In both a man is lost in the wilds, and another man, who loves the same woman, goes in search of him. But unhappily this incident does not dovetail neatly with the rest of "Classmates," which is comedy-drama, so those who like the latter sort of entertainment do not care for the melodrama. This means that the play as a whole pleases only in sections.

The play was written by William C.

DeMille and Margaret Turnbull, which is probably equivalent to saying that Miss Turnbull turned in the original manuscript and Mr. DeMille was commissioned to "whip it into shape." He did the same service—or disservice—to "The Movers," by Martha Morton, a new play which the critics agreed fell to pieces after its second act. Is it any wonder such a thing should happen when the plot is hauled this way and that in order to "trick" an effect which has caught the public in some other

piece, and which may be utterly irrelevant in the present premises?

Thank Heaven no such liberties were taken with "The Thief," from the French of Henri Bernstein, which was a hit in Paris last winter and is easily

and 9 A.M., revolving about a robbery in a château near Paris. There are absolutely no side issues, not one laugh from beginning to end, and the interest is held tense from the moment in the first act when the nineteen-year-old son of the



ELISE DE VERE, ONE OF THE LEADING LIGHTS OF THE PARIS CONCERT-HALLS, ANSWERING TO AMERICAN VAUDEVILLE

*From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris*

the sensational success of the new season here. It sets forth only six characters, and the whole second act is played by two of these, impersonated in New York by the "featured" members of the cast, Kyrle Bellew and Margaret Illington. There are three acts, and the entire traffic takes place between 9 P.M.

house tells the wife of his father's friend that he loves her, to the end of the play, which leaves him seated alone to realize that the woman loves only her husband.

Although there are oceans of dialogue, and some tremendously long speeches, the play does not seem talky. In other words, it is built with the skill of a





FRANCES RING, LEADING WOMAN IN THE WESTERN "MAN OF THE HOUR"  
COMPANY, THE PLAY BY GEORGE BROADHURST NOW IN ITS  
SECOND YEAR IN NEW YORK

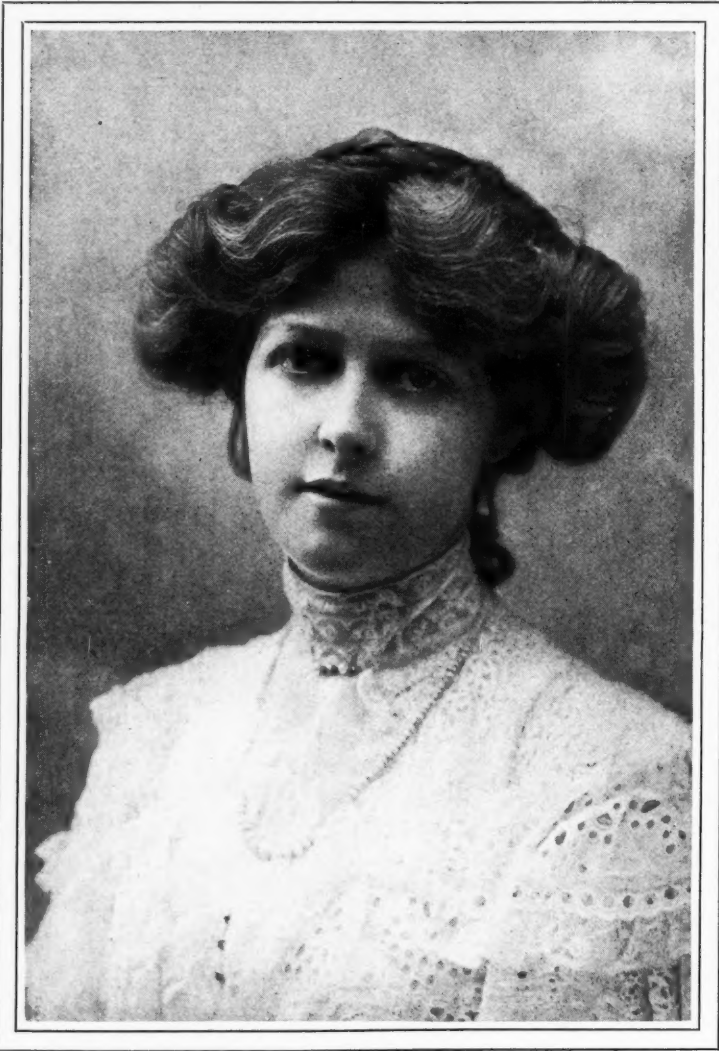
*From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago*

constructor, rather than written with the fluency of a *raconteur*.

As to the acting, honors easily fall to Mr. Bellew, although it is to be ad-

best written and most absorbing play Charles Frohman has produced in years.

Already he has arranged to send out three additional companies to present it

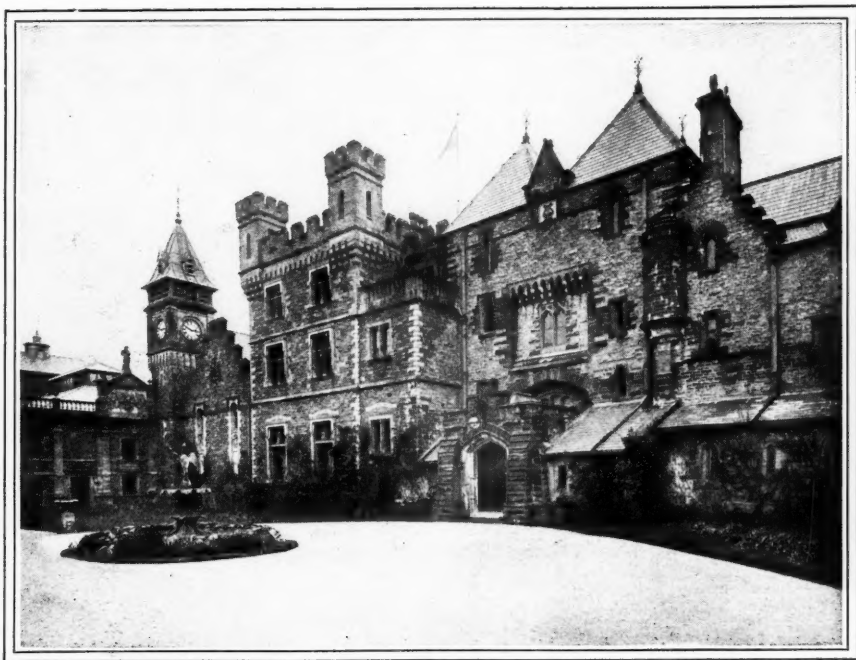


MARIE LÖHR, WHO PLAYED IN LONDON THE LEADING PART FILLED IN AMERICA BY BILLIE BURKE WITH JOHN DREW IN "MY WIFE"

*From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*

mitted that Miss Illington's part is far and away the more difficult. In London this rôle is to be done by Irene Vanbrugh, supporting George Alexander. "The Thief" may be set down as the

on the road while the other cast continues at the Lyceum. Herein lies the great advantage to managers of scoring with a play in which nobody is starred, as was the case with "The Lion and the Mouse."



CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, MME. PATTI'S HOME IN BRECONSHIRE, SOUTH WALES

## ADELINA PATTI

BY W. J. HENDERSON

THE CLOSING OF A CAREER WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED  
ON THE LYRIC STAGE—PATTI'S ROMANTIC LIFE-STORY,  
HER PHENOMENAL VOCAL GIFTS, AND HER FORTY YEARS  
OF PROFESSIONAL TRIUMPHS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

*Book of Baptisms, No. 42, page 153.*—In the city of Madrid, province of the same name, on April 8, 1843, I, Don Josef Losada, vicar of the parish of San Luis, solemnly baptized a girl, born at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of February, in the current year, the legitimate daughter of Salvatore Patti, professor of music, born at Catania, in Sicily, and of Caterina Chiesa, born in Rome. The child was given the name of Adela Juana Maria.

IT takes from six to eight years to train a singing voice so that it is fit for the delivery of operatic music; and even then success is entirely out of

the aspirant's reach if the voice is not backed by musical temperament, poetic feeling, passion, and intelligence. But once in a way nature launches upon the surface of human life a singer who apparently takes no thought of training, yet sings marvelously.

Adelina Patti was without question nature's masterpiece in this line. Acknowledged to be the queen of all singers in so far as voice and technique were concerned, Patti reigned for forty years. She was more than fifty-five when her voice began to show signs of the wear of time, but when past sixty she still had

some tones so beautiful that they seemed to gush from the very fountain-spring of vocal youth.

Lilli Lehmann, the foremost exponent of a vastly different school of singing from that represented by Patti, published, a few years ago, a work on the art of

she was, so to speak, the greatest Italian singer of my time. Her art was absolutely correct and flawless, her voice like a bell that you seemed to hear long after its singing had ceased. Yet she could give no explanation of her technique, and answered all her colleagues' questions concerning it with an "*Ah, je n'en sais rien!*"



THE THEATER AT CRAIG-Y-NOS—HERE MME. PATTI ENTERTAINS HER GUESTS WITH CONCERTS AND LITTLE OPERAS, IN WHICH SHE SINGS AND WEARS HER FAMOUS DIAMONDS

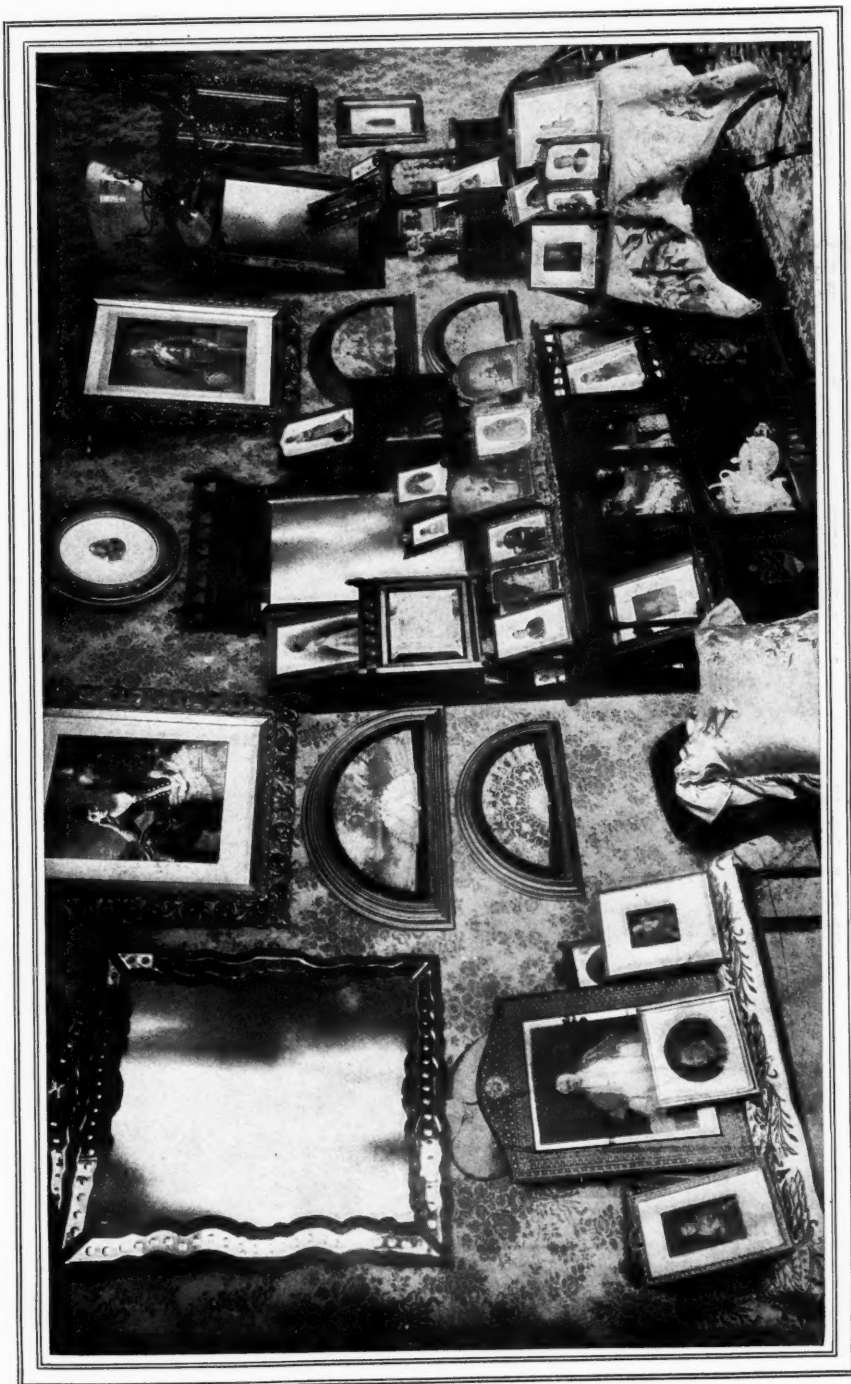
singing. In it she paid this warm tribute to the other artist:

In Adelina Patti everything was united—the splendid voice, paired with great talent for singing, and the long oversight of her studies by her distinguished teacher, Strakosch. She never sang rôles that did not suit her voice; in her earlier years she sang only arias and duets or single solos, never taking part in any ensembles.\* She never sang even her limited repertory when she was indisposed. She never attended rehearsals, but came to the theater in the evening and sang triumphantly without ever having seen the people who sang and acted with her. Although she was a Spaniard by birth and an American by early adoption,

\*Mme. Lehmann is here mistaken, for Patti was singing in operatic ensembles at the age of nineteen.

Lehmann notes that Patti did not possess the accent of great dramatic power, but she ascribes its absence to intellectual indolence, not to lack of ability. Indeed, who can wonder that this glorious singer, who swayed all hearers by the pure beauty of her tones and the flashing splendors of her facile delivery, should not have struggled to reach the Olympian heights of tragedy?

As the record quoted at the head of this article shows, Adela Juana Maria Patti was born at Madrid in 1843. She is still living, but as a singer she is of the past. Her career was one of easeful triumph from its beginning. Her parents came to the United States when Adelina—she has always borne this diminutive



A CORNER OF MME. PATTI'S BOUDOIR AT CRAIG-Y-NOS—THE ROOM IS DECORATED WITH AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAITS PRESENTED TO HER BY MOST OF THE RULERS OF EUROPE





ADELINA PATTI, BARONESS CEDERSTRÖM

*From her latest photograph*

form of her first name—was little more than a babe, and it was natural that, being opera-singers, they should soon have made the acquaintance of the Stra-

kosches, who were then the impresarios of New York.

Maurice Strakosch, to employ a pertinent bit of slang, saw Patti first, and

speedily undertook to set her up in the singing business. Practically all the instruction she ever had she received from him, but she did not need much. Singing came to her spontaneously. Her sister, Carlotta, was studying at the same time as Adelina, and when the little girl heard her struggling with the exercises leading to the trill she said, "Why does not Carlotta do it like this?" And thereupon, without any instruction, she sang a perfect shake.

#### PATTI'S DÉBUT IN NEW YORK

Adelina was put forward in this city as a juvenile prodigy at the age of nine. After a short experience in this line she retired till she was thirteen. By this time Strakosch realized that he had something extraordinary, and he sent her back into retirement for three years more. She was still sufficiently youthful when she made her operatic début on November 24, 1859, at the Academy of Music in New York, singing the title rôle in Donizetti's "Lucia" with Brignoli as *Edgardo*. I once searched the files of the newspapers of that time to ascertain whether her performance foreshadowed her future, and found that one critic possessed the courage to say that she was undoubtedly one of those great stars which occasionally swim into the musical firmament.

Her success with the opera-loving public was pronounced, and Strakosch prepared for wide sweeps of conquest. He arranged a tour of Mexico for the following season, but some good friend told the young prima donna that that country was filled with brigands, whereupon she flatly refused to go, and the arrangements had to be canceled. Thus came about her early appearance at Covent Garden in London, where she made her début as *Amina* in "La Sonnambula" on May 14, 1861—a month after her eighteenth birthday. She carried London off its feet, for of course that capital had never heard of her American appearances, and she fell upon it like lightning from a clear sky. And indeed Patti at eighteen, as *Amina*, must have been a dream. She was exceedingly handsome, with a perfect figure and celestial eyes. She never quite lost either of these charms, for at sixty she was as trim as most women are at half

the age, and the liquid splendor of her glance almost hid the haggardness of her face.

In that first London season she defined her artistic field, for her successes were *Lucia*, *Violetta* in "Traviata," *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni," *Martha*, and *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." She afterward sang many other parts, and made a notable figure of the great Babylonian queen in Rossini's "Semiramide"; but she never excelled her impersonations of the two sentimental heroines of Donizetti and Verdi and the captivating comedy characters of Mozart, Flotow, and Rossini.

#### PATTI'S THREE MARRIAGES

It was at this time, too, that men began to fall at her feet. Probably no other opera-singer in modern times had as many lovers as Patti, but she brushed them all aside with a laugh and a trill. In her earliest years it was said that her affections were centered on her mentor, Maurice Strakosch, but he married her sister Amelia, who was probably much better suited to the rôle of housewife than the adored Adelina.

However, on July 29, 1868, Mme. Patti, as she was always called, became the bride of Henri, Marquis de Caux, equerry to Napoleon III. The marriage was a failure, and in the course of time, after a somewhat prolonged separation, the queen of singers secured a divorce. In the mean time, she had found a new affinity in Ernesto Nicolini, a tenor, whose personal charms consisted chiefly of an easy manner, a fondness for billiards, and a desire to sing as little as possible. He led Patti to the altar for the second of her marital experiments, and this proved to be a success. They were a happy pair until Nicolini's death in 1898. They sang together occasionally, the last time in this country at a "farewell" performance in the Metropolitan Opera-House in 1892, when they appeared in the Nile scene from "Aida."

Nicolini's death left Patti inconsolable. She found life alone to be more than she could bear, and in 1899, when she was nearing sixty, she took unto herself a third mate, one Baron Rolf Cederström, a Swede. This marriage is still in existence, and Mme. Patti has on many

occasions published her perfect satisfaction with it.

Patti frequently sang through Europe with the most brilliant success. The public raved about her, and potentates loaded her with honors, decorations, and social distinctions. Better still, her voice gained in fulness and opulence, and her salary rose like the morning sun. In all those years of triumph she thought little or nothing of America, but in 1881 she returned to the United States to give a concert tour. She was the sensation of the hour; and not the least interesting part of her success was in the fact that people clamored to hear her sing "Home, Sweet Home," and "'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," which she sang no better than a score of other artists.

#### FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS A NIGHT

In that year Colonel Mapleson was battling against fate with his opera company at the Academy of Music in New York. Prévost, his star tenor, could not sing anything but high C; and his feminine star, Mlle. Vachot, who had the sacred kiss of Gounod on her brow, was a placid and deadly dull *Marguerite*. The astute colonel saw that his salvation would be Patti, and he engaged her for the following season. Her reappearance in opera after an absence of more than twenty years set the town wild. She sang magnificently, and the revival of "Semiramide" with her in the title rôle was the musical sensation of the winter.

She sang in New York again the next season, and it was then that her salary rose to fabulous heights. The Metropolitan Opera-House was about to open, and Mr. Abbey made a strong bid for Patti. Mapleson was in the end forced to pay her five thousand dollars a night. He really paid it, too, for Patti invariably refused to go on the stage till Fontana, her personal agent, had the money in his possession.

After that season the songstress returned to Europe, but not for so long an absence as before. Abbey was bound to make money through her art, and he brought her over for both concert and opera. She appeared at the Metropolitan Opera-House as *Semiramide* in the spring of 1890, and was heard also in other rôles, including *Lakmé*. She had

one of her memorable farewell appearances on April 25, when she sang *Violetta* incomparably to an immense audience.

#### THE PATTI "FAREWELL" CONCERTS

In 1892 she came back to New York, to sing in a concert in January, and in March she was heard in some operatic performances. About this time was invented the Patti farewell concert, which has been repeated so often. The first ones took place in Madison Square Garden on May 10 and 11, 1892. Mme. Fabbri, Dippel, Galassi, Novara, a big chorus, and an orchestra directed by Arditi all assisted the prima donna. The Garden was not quite full, but farewell-ing was proved to be a good business, and Mme. Patti never abandoned it.

The following season she sang again in New York, just as if farewell-ing had not been invented. She even produced a new one-act opera, "Gabrielle," composed expressly for her. Wiseacres shook their heads and said she was finished; but in 1894 she appeared in a London opera season for the first time in ten years, and had great glory thereby. Every year she still gave her great concert in Albert Hall, London, and in some seasons she toured the British provinces. The Albert Hall concerts were going as late as last spring.

She came to bid America a last farewell in the autumn of 1903. Her concerts were painful exhibitions, for Patti was at last old, and the marvelous voice was dead at the top and the bottom. A few middle tones remained to recall to her old adorers the matchless *Violetta* of the seventies and eighties.

Mme. Patti is rich. She is believed to be worth about three million dollars. Her castle at Craig-y-Nos, in South Wales, is a magnificent place. There she entertains her guests royally with fêtes and sometimes little operas, in which she sings and wears her famous diamonds. Afterward she receives in the great hall. No one sits till the queen sits. All bend half-way to the floor when she enters. Yet they really love her, for, as one great artist said, "Patti is a witch."

#### PATTI'S RANK IN VOCAL ART

Albert Niemann, the famous Wagner singer, the original *Siegfried* in "Die Walküre," declared that Patti was the

greatest singer the world ever knew. He was probably right. Agujari and Catalani had more extraordinary voices, but the former had little else, while the latter failed wholly in simple and plaintive melodies. Pasta and Grisi excelled Patti in the splendor of their dramatic powers, but neither could equal her in the flawless emission of tones. Malibran, the great daughter of Manuel Garcia, had a style which was marred by questionable taste in ornament.

Doubtless Patti's greatest rival in facility and elegance was Jenny Lind; but Patti's voice was more extensive, more rich, and more thoroughly equal-

ized. Mme. Patti executed all the dazzling cadenzas of her rôles with consummate ease, exquisite taste, and a perfect quality of tone. She sang sentimental numbers, such as "*Ah, fors è lui*" in "*Traviata*," faultlessly. Her *Zerlina* in "*Don Giovanni*," *Rosina* in "*Il Barbiere*," and *Martha* in Flotow's opera will doubtless remain the models of vocal ease, abandon, and spontaneity and the highest embodiments of elegant and vivacious comedy in the domain of opera.

Taking her all in all, we may not see her like again, for she was the best exponent of a school of singing fast passing away.

## INTIMATE TALKS ABOUT BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

### IV—THE "ODYSSEY," ATTRIBUTED TO HOMER

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is always doing something that is interesting and unexpected, gave to the public his opinion as to the literary and ethical value of Homer. Not a few persons were inclined to mock at this deliverance and to recall the old maxim that the cobbler should stick to his last. Mr. Carnegie, they said, might know more about iron and steel than any living man; but why should he put himself forward as an authority on classical literature? He himself would certainly not have listened with much respect to the views of Professor Gildersleeve or the late Sir Richard Jebb on the subject of iron tubing or steel rails.

To me, at least, such criticism seemed decidedly unfair. It might well be not only interesting but instructive for specialists in any field to listen to the comments of those whose interests have lain wholly outside of that especial sphere, but who could bring to bear upon it a strong and highly trained intelligence, together with an unbiased mind, and who, therefore, could look at it through fresh eyes and from a view-point that would be wholly new. I should, for example, be intensely eager to hear what Mr. John D. Rockefeller would have to say about Aristotle's "*Ethics*," if he were to read that work in an adequate translation and ponder it with all his remarkably acute intelligence. Again,

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the fourth of a series of articles discussing in a familiar way the world's best books, of which every one should know something, and to which allusions are very frequently made in the every-day conversation of intelligent people. The first paper, published in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August, was on "*The Novels of Charles Dickens*"; the second (September), on Alphonse Daudet's "*Sappho*"; the third (October), on "*The Scarlet Letter*," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Forthcoming articles will deal with "*Jane Eyre*," by Charlotte Brontë; with "*M. Lecoq*," by Emile Gaboriau; and with the short stories of Edgar Allan Poe.

who would not like to hear just how Plato's "Republic" would impress the mind of ex-Senator Clark, of Montana; whether Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" would appeal to the taste of Mr. John Wanamaker; or how far Matthew Arnold's essays on "Culture and Anarchy" would have any attraction for Mr. Charles M. Schwab?

Therefore, what Mr. Carnegie said regarding Homer is really to be considered with respect. And Homer was an ideal choice for him, because the supreme glory of Homer is the imaginative quality of his poetry, and Mr. Carnegie is himself a man of imagination. He has shown this in the unusual and striking objects to which he has devoted a large part of his great fortune. Other multimillionaires have been relatively as generous, but they have given in conventional ways, and therefore will be forgotten when Mr. Carnegie is remembered. Hence, his judgment on Homer is to be regarded seriously and by no means to be cast aside with a flippant jest.

Mr. Carnegie found in Homer nothing to commend or to admire. He found the "Iliad" tiresome. It was almost all a tale of fighting, of bloodshed, and of brutality—a poem that could teach no useful lesson and that was monotonous and dull to read. In some parts of his criticism Mr. Carnegie was in unconscious agreement with Socrates and Plato; but classical scholars would be likely to bristle with indignation at being told that the "Iliad" was dull. Nevertheless, let us look at the Homeric literature fairly, to see whether there be not some basis for the censure; and then let us consider the topic with which the present paper is immediately concerned.

#### EPIC POETRY IN GENERAL

In the first place, it was unfortunate that Mr. Carnegie chose to read the "Iliad" in Pope's metrical translation. That translation was characterized for all time by the great Hellenist, Richard Bentley, when he said to the author, with his usual bluntness:

"A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you mustn't call it Homer."

And, in truth, nothing could be more incongruous than to take Pope's neat, trim, balanced, mincing lines as repre-

senting the splendid, surging, billowy hexameters of Homer. It is like stripping an ancient Greek of his flowing robes and trussing him up in doublet and hose and pointed shoes, with a periwig upon his head, and a gilt snuff-box in his hand. If one must read the "Iliad" in English, let him read it in the simple, manly prose of Leaf. Then the flavor of the original will not all be lost.

But, apart from the matter of translation, is the "Iliad" world-literature in the sense that it has in it some quality which will survive the process of translation—even of a poor translation—and appeal not merely to classical scholars or to cultivated readers, but to every human being who has a brain to understand and a heart to feel? I should answer most emphatically "No," although this answer involves the rankest kind of heresy. I am willing to go even further and to say that, in the true sense of the word, there is but one epic poem in existence which meets the test, which is world-literature, and not class-literature, or race-literature.

The "Iliad," for instance, is a splendid monument to the Greek genius. In parts, it is fit to thrill or melt or awe the soul of any one. Yet this is true of parts alone. As a whole, Mr. Carnegie was right in calling it monotonous. It is tiresome even if you read it in the Greek and with a scholar's knowledge of its multifarious allusions, of its characters, and of the creative, restless people who at last read it as a sacred book, the fountain-head of all their knowledge—a book to be learned by heart in school, and quoted as the Bible is now quoted. But the interminable wrangle of the gods, the heroism of heroes who were invulnerable, the endless battles—one feels at last as if he had been listening to the banging of a brazen kettle. In the twenty-four books of the "Iliad" there are twenty passages that deserve to be immortal. The rest belong to the classicist, the antiquarian, the philologist.

Of Vergil's "Æneid" the very same thing may be said. From Lucan's "Pharsalia" there may be chosen bits of glowing declamation that stir the blood, and here and there an epigram, or a line that lives and burns. The Finnish



"Kalevala" is race-literature, and so is the "Lusiad" of Camoëns. Who but a Frenchman, and how many Frenchmen, ever read the "Henriade" of Voltaire? And as for "Paradise Lost," it is an epic of Puritanism, clogged with seventeenth-century theology, and made ludicrous at its climax by that preposterous passage where the devils bowl the angels over with big cannon-balls. Now and then some German scholar will write a labored dissertation on it; but what foreigner could read it, and—to be frank—how many English or Americans have ever read more than a few stray passages from its labored pages? So far as these poems which I have just mentioned have exercised a world-influence, they are little more important than the gigantic Sanskrit epic that is eight times as long as both the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" combined, and that contains a hundred thousand stanzas.

The truth is that all these long poems survive because they appeal either to the pride of some particular race or nation, or because they are made the subject of special study by highly educated persons, who master them, or at any rate mess in them, as a part of language-training, or antiquities, or culture-history. There is only one epic which, no matter how badly it may be translated, can be read spontaneously, for the pure pleasure of it, and which has got beyond the limits of nation and of race, and down below the stratum of the cultivated, and made its way by a thousand channels into the knowledge of men and women of ordinary intelligence, and even into the prattle of children in the nursery. This is the "Odyssey," ascribed to Homer; and I am sure that had Mr. Carnegie read it as a whole in the fine English prose of Professor Butcher and Mr. Andrew Lang, he would have pronounced a very different verdict upon Homer.

#### THE COMPOSITION OF THE "ODYSSEY"

The "Odyssey" is the one epic that has possessed and still possesses a fascination for the peoples of every age and every race since it was first completed. It is the only epic poem of which this is true, and it is, therefore, the greatest epic in all literature. I would venture to go

still further and to pronounce it the most wonderful and most beautiful single poem of which mankind has any knowledge. If we disregard the fact that it is in verse and not in prose, we may say that it is the finest novel, the most stirring romance, that ever has been written. Because it was essentially a novel, the Greeks were very late in evolving prose fiction. They did not need it.

For our present purpose, we need not consider when or how it came into existence; whether it was the work of a single brain or of many; whether it represents a growth in which a multitude of legends slowly grouped themselves about a central theme and became blended into a seamless unity, or whether this process was hastened and made perfect by the genius of a great master of his art. Let us take the poem as it is, and be content to see in it a rare combination of the most primitive fancy with the sure touch and exquisite skill of the supreme artist.

Embodied in the "Odyssey" is every kind of legend and tradition that floated down, detached and isolated, in the great stream of folk-lore. These stories belong to the childhood of the human race, and are rich with that glorious imagination whose warmth had not yet been chilled, and whose freedom had not yet been fettered by the sophisticated knowledge of civilization. The rainbow hues of fancy irradiate these charming tales, which are not Greek alone, but the inherited treasures of humanity all over the world.

Thus, the adventure with the *Cyclops*, when the huge one-eyed giant is blinded by *Odysseus*, can be found in the legends of the Basques and Celts. The bag of *Æolus*, which held all the winds save one, is familiar in the folk-tales of the Lapps and Finns. The beautiful enchantress *Circe*, who changes the sailors of *Odysseus* into swine, was known centuries ago to the story-tellers of India. The descent into hell, which Vergil borrowed from the "Odyssey," and which Dante, in turn, borrowed from Vergil, is a theme of fiction so wide-spread as to occur among the Finns and also among the savages of Polynesia. The *Sirens*, who by their sweet songs would charm the

passing mariners and draw them on the rocks, were invented by sailors of perhaps a hundred centuries ago. The towering cliffs which clashed together and destroyed the ships that sailed between them made a fearsome fable for the Aztecs, back in the mists of time, while still the Greeks were but an infant people. In a word, the "Odyssey" contains a mass of curious, primeval, universal myth. It is the wonder-book of the whole world.

But all these myths and fables and traditions are not thrown together loosely so that they are only a string of episodes quite unrelated to each other, like the stories in the "Arabian Nights," for instance. They are strands which some one carefully selected and with consummate ingenuity wove together into a whole that is artistically one. The plot of the "Odyssey" is a marvel of construction. It is worked out in such a way that no part of the poem can be detached. The bits of legend, whatever may have been their origin, are closely linked with the one absorbing theme of the return of *Odysseus*, and they are so treated as to give infinite variety, while never for a moment letting our attention wander from the plot.

Here, then, are at once diversity and unity and artistry combined. Out of all the epics that we know, the "Odyssey" alone compels attention from the first line to the last. It appeals to curiosity, to imagination, to humor, to pity, and in some of its great passages, to our sense of the sublime.

#### HUMANITY IN THE "ODYSSEY"

The ultimate reason why the "Odyssey" has achieved the sort of immortality which no other epic poem ever won is found, I think, in the great prominence which it gives to the purely human element. The gods, instead of being always thrust before us, are seen only, as it were, hovering in the background; and it is the fate of men and women with which we are first of all concerned. *Odysseus* himself, the hero of the poem, though he is a great warrior and wise above all other men, is not always void of fear, any more than he is always free from folly. He has moments of weakness and unwisdom, like any other man.

He dreads the perils of an unknown shore. He yields to the fascination of *Calypso*. He rashly runs unnecessary risks when he makes his visit to the *Cyclops*, and thereby is forced to wander over sea and land for two long years. But his courage and his wisdom pull him through at last, and the climax of the poem makes us thrill at the triumph of manhood over every obstacle.

And two women in the book are wonderfully true. *Penelope*, the loyal wife of *Odysseus*, beset by wooers, not knowing surely that her husband still survives—she is the type for all time of purity and truth, of devotion to the man to whom her entire heart is given. What shall we say of *Nausicaa*, the island maiden? She was first drawn for us almost three thousand years ago, yet she is as winsome and as sweet as though we had just met her playing tennis. This island princess, the daughter of a rich and luxurious king, still goes with her companions to wash her garments in a little stream, and romps with her attendant maidens. She blushes when she comes upon the shipwrecked *Odysseus*, and will not herself guide him to the palace through the city streets, lest people should gossip and say, "Where did she pick him up?" *Nausicaa* is a genuine girl, with all a young girl's modesty and sweetness and naïveté. She and *Chrysothemis*, in the "Electra" of Sophocles, are the only two genuine girls in all Greek literature—*Nausicaa*, a frank, lovable, and sensible young creature, and *Chrysothemis* just the least bit pert. Once I happened to speak of these two dainty little Greeks to a very accomplished classical scholar, and he remarked laughingly:

"Yes, I'm sure that *Chrysothemis* wore side-combs."

He would scarcely have said this in a public lecture on Greek literature, and yet it expresses absolutely the feeling that one has on first reading the few lines in which a master of psychology has given us a bit of everlasting human nature.

It is of *Nausicaa* that Charles Dudley Warner wrote that "nothing is more enduring in literature than this girl." And he goes on to make some general remarks which seem to me peculiarly appropriate to the "Odyssey" as a whole. "All the elements of the picture are simple, hu-

man, natural, standing in as unconfused relation as any events in common life." Here, indeed, we find "the true realism that is touched with the ideality of genius," and this is "the immortal element in literature." For the highest genius is marked first of all by a beautiful simplicity, a quality which appeals to the universal understanding, generation after generation and age after age. This realism touched with ideality, this natural and simple and human element, are what make the "Odyssey" the first of epics, inimitable and unapproachable.

#### THE DRAMATIC CLIMAX

It is in the climax of the book that the human interest of the poem is most sharply and surely felt. *Odysseus* has wandered for ten weary years, seeking to reach his home in Ithaca, and always beaten back by the curse of *Poseidon*, which leads him through a strange and striking series of adventure. In his absence, and because he is thought to be long since dead, a swarm of suitors throng the palace, where his wife still hopes for his return. They are eager, lustful, arrogant young nobles who browbeat the aged father of *Odysseus*, quarter themselves upon the absent king's domain, eat and drink at his table, waste his possessions, and make loose love to the maidens who wait upon the queen, *Penelope*.

When at last *Odysseus* comes, it is in the guise of a beggar, mean and squalid in appearance. His anger blazes hotly in his heart at what he hears and sees; but he is wise, and he stays his hand until his vengeance shall be the more tremendous. His aged father does not recognize him, nor even his wife, who loves him; his old hound, *Argos*, alone remembers the lord and king of Ithaca. Then comes the moment when the suitors are lolling over the wine-cups, and they mock the beggar-man. The great bow of *King Odysseus* is brought forth, and one after another the jeering youths essay to bend it, but their strength is not sufficient. At last the beggar takes it in his hands, and looks down upon the wanton revelers who have robbed him and would have dishonored him. And as he looks, the meanness of the beggar gives way to the majesty of the monarch. He

towers above them with blazing eyes, and with all the glory of triumphant and avenging power. The doors of the great hall are barred, and a peal of thunder shakes the heaven. *Odysseus* calls to his son, *Telemachus*, and "*Telemachus* girt his sharp sword about him, and took his spear in his grasp, and stood fast by his father's side, all armed with gleaming bronze, while *Odysseus* stripped himself of his rags and leaped upon the threshold, and poured out the swift arrows there before his feet."

It is superb—this vengeance of a king, who, returning home, stands forth magnificent in his just rage, and bends the mighty bow and slays with his shafts those who have insulted him and who have dared to treat his wife with less than honor. The story stirs the blood, whether we read it in the splendid, rolling measure of the Greek or in one of the many translations. It plays upon the elemental primitive emotions, and therefore it is a poem written for all time.

Alone of all epic poems, the "Odyssey," as I have said, has entered not merely into every form of later literature, but into the common speech of man. We find it largely drawn upon by Vergil in the greatest Latin epic, just as we find fragments of its fine gold scattered through the works of modern writers—the poetry of Tennyson, for example, or the child-prose of Hawthorne. So it is that even those who never read the "Odyssey" have come to possess at least a little of its treasure; for there are few who have not heard of the *Sirens* and of "Cimmerian darkness," and of *Circe*, of the *Cyclops*, of *Penelope's* web, and of the lotus-eaters.

The "Odyssey" has for its very heart the home toward which the hero is ever striving. It is a poem of the sea—the wonderful sea in whose enchanted isles are dreams of loveliness and dangers that appal. It has all the magic and the mystery of the ocean—its endless fascination, the radiance of its sunlit waves, the stern grandeur of its tempests. Thus, unlike any other epic, its music is infinitely varied; yet underneath it are always—so that it may be epic in its power—the "surge and thunder" whose deep tones haunt the ear and reach at last the very soul of him who reads.

# STORIETTES

## Unfolded Hands

OLD David Griscom awoke from his after-dinner nap on the front porch with an uneasy feeling, which amounted almost to guilt. He straightened himself in his rocking-chair—which his son had insisted on bringing out for him—and glared about defiantly, as if he were denying an imputation that he had been dozing at midday.

In his semi-somnolent condition his first hazy idea that it was Sunday; but the sound of his daughter-in-law's voice, rising in secular crescendos as she washed the dinner-dishes in the back kitchen, and the shouts of the men loading the teams in the hay-field, brought to him the realization that, despite his idleness here on the front porch, it was a week-day, after all.

Old David grunted. On the impulse of the moment he half rose from the chair; then he settled back in it with all the air of a man who bows to the inevitable.

Beside him, on the floor of the porch, lay the morning paper, where it had fallen from his hands. Griscom picked it up, set his spectacles on the bridge of his nose, and read for a time. Now and then he hitched about in the chair; and the longer he read, the more frequent became these restless squirmings. At length he tossed the paper from him and pushed the spectacles up to his forehead.

"Ain't nothin' in the papers these days," he told himself disgustedly. "Seems as if they gets worse every year!"

He sat for a while looking thoughtfully at the July sky. The smell of the new-made hay came fragrant from the meadows.

"Great hayin' weather," he mused. "'Most always we gets more or less showers in hayin'-time, but there ain't been a drop of 'ain for more'n a week. I'll bet the lower lot's makin' well."

His keen old ears caught the sound of

a creaking hay-rack, as it went rumbling into the big barn. A wistful light came into the gray eyes; but he stolidly kept his solitary state in the rocking-chair.

Momentarily the smell of the hay grew more compelling; the busy clatter in the barn beckoned him more forcefully; his own idleness bore upon him with more pressing heaviness. When at length he could stand it no longer, he deserted his chair and strolled leisurely around the house in the direction of the barn.

His son, a sturdy young farmer of thirty-five, was pitching great forkfuls to the man on the mow. He paused to smile pleasantly at the old man, as the latter came up to the rack.

"Hay enough this year, father!" he said, leaning on his fork and mopping his brow.

"You want to get it in before it rains, Sam," old David admonished. "The weather ain't goin' to hold on like this forever."

"We'll have the last of it in to-night," the son replied.

"I guess I'll go down with you, next load," said David, "an' rake scatterin's."

"No, you won't!" the younger man laughingly vetoed. "I told you when I come home an' took the farm this summer that you was goin' to be a gentleman of leisure, an' that's just what you're goin' to be. I'm the one that's goin' to do the work now."

He began tossing up the hay to the mow again, and old David sat down on a near-by grain-chest to watch the proceedings in stony silence.

"I s'pose I might go over an' hill up a little of that corn across the road," he hazarded at length. "I noticed this mornin' it was plenty high enough to begin hillin'."

"There ain't no hurry about that," said the other from the top of the load.

Old David's face lengthened. "Well, I might begin paris-greenin' them potatoes," he suggested as a forlorn hope.



"There, there," said the son, a bit impatiently, "I wish you wouldn't fret yourself about these things! All I want you to do is just to leave them to me."

The old man shuffled out of the barn and sought the front porch again. He sank into the rocker, and for a time creaked monotonously to and fro. At length he brought one horny fist down on the arm of the chair with a resounding whack.

"Talk about takin' things easy!" he exploded disgustedly. "It's about the hardest work I ever done, an' I ain't a goin' to stan' it!"

With a light of determination in his eyes, he got stiffly out of the chair and stalked into the house. When he came out, a few minutes later, he wore his old working-clothes. With many covert glances in the direction of the barn, he made his way to the field across the road. Beside the bean-patch lay a pile of newly cut poles. David threw off his coat and set to work, trimming the poles and planting them upright, one in each hill.

So engrossed was he in his occupation that he failed to note the rapid lengthening of the shadows eastward and the approach of supper-time. A bell jangled lustily from the back door, but old David, absorbed in his work, did not hear it. Indeed, it was not until heavy footsteps sounded behind him, and he turned to find his son close upon him, that he realized the lateness of the hour.

"Thought I better be settin' these poles," he observed with something of apology in his tones.

"Father, we might just as well have an understandin' in this matter first as last," his son said with finality. "If I'm goin' to run this place, I want to do it. I gave up my own place an' come here so you could have things easy, an' you keep right on, just as if I wa'n't capable, or as if you wa'n't satisfied."

Old David's face twitched uncertainly for a moment. There was something amounting almost to appeal in the glance he gave his son; but the latter's mouth was set in hard lines. The old man picked up his coat.

"I don't want you to think I'm findin' fault with you, Sam, or that I ain't satisfied," he said hastily. "I promise you I won't raise a finger again."

His son turned back toward the house, and old David silently followed him, a queer half-hurt, half-angry expression on his face.

Directly after the early breakfast the next morning, David came shuffling into the kitchen, where his daughter-in-law was shelling peas.

"I wish you'd put me up a lunch, Clara," said he. "I'm goin' off to-day an' I don't believe I shall be back to dinner."

"You jest tell me what you want," was the cheerful response, "an' I'll put it up for you right away."

"Oh, some sandwiches an' eggs an' pie an' a bottle of cold coffee," he specified.

"Where you goin', father?" she asked, as she made her way into the pantry.

The old man grinned sheepishly. "I was cal'latin' to do a little fishin'," he announced.

"Well, I don't doubt it'll do you good," she agreed heartily. "But you want to be careful not to go too far an' get all tuckered out."

"There ain't no danger of that," said David drily.

He delayed only until the lunch was ready; then, picking up the well-filled dinner-pail, he went out of the house and tramped sturdily down the road through the hot July sunshine.

Supper was nearly over when old David came back that evening. He sank into his place at the table, plainly tired out, but there was a sparkle in his eyes, and his whole bearing was one of supreme contentment.

"Clara tells me you've been fishin' to-day," said the son. "How'd they bite? Get any?"

"Nary a one," David chuckled, evidently not in the least downcast by his ill luck.

"Where'd you go?" his son went on.

"Over to Dow's brook," said the old man, as he helped himself liberally to the fried potatoes. "I guess there's fish in there, all right. I'm goin' up again to-morrer an' every day now for a spell till I git some."

"That's right, you go ahead an' enjoy yourself; only look out that you don't get too tired."

David indulged in a quiet smile. "I



guess I ain't no tender plant, if I be over seventy," he announced.

Every morning for a week the old man took his dinner-pail and departed immediately after breakfast. Each evening he returned, tired, happy, but invariably fishless. His son's chaff about his continual lack of success the old man bore good-naturedly.

"Oh, I'll get some yet," he declared. "A feller that goes fishin' has got to take his patience along with him. I guess the fish don't matter so much, so long as I'm enjoyin' myself."

But, one day, when old David had departed on his usual fishing-trip, the younger Griscom, coming in from the field to dinner, found his wife weeping brokenly by the kitchen window.

"Good land, Clara, what's the matter?" he asked in alarm.

"I never had such a talkin' to in all my life!" his wife sobbed from the depths of her apron. "Mis' Gannett run in a few minutes ago, an' she set here an' raked us over somethin' awful. She said she thought 'twas pretty doin's for us to come here an' take this farm an' then send father out to work. She said everybody in town was talkin' about it!"

"Send father out to work?" gasped her amazed husband.

Young Mrs. Griscom nodded miserably. "Your father ain't been fishin' at all," she explained. "He's been over to Parker's every day for the past week, helpin' 'em hay—workin' for a dollar a day."

For a moment her husband stared at her in dumb incredulity. Then, slowly, a great enlightenment came to his bewildered mind. Without a word he turned on his heel and went out by the back door.

He hurried down the road to the Parker farm, and made his way straight to the hay-field. There was old David, pitching enormous forkfuls of hay onto a waiting rack, and boyishly chaffing the man on top.

"Buck up, there, buck up!" old David was calling to him. "You got to hustle some now to load as fast as us old fellers of seventy can pitch up to you!"

The younger Griscom strode up to his father and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I guess I've made a mistake, father,"

he said gently. "You can pitch hay or hill corn or paris-green the potatoes over to your own farm any time you're a mind to, an' I won't open my mouth. I'm sorry I've drove you to anything like this."

The old man's eyes rested fondly on his son. "You meant well, Sam," he said soothingly. "You done what you thought was right, but you overdone the leisure business a little mite—that was the trouble."

*John Barton Oxford*

### A Conflict of Authorities

THROUGH a congenital defect Jimmy Claney walked on the sides of his feet; but having never known the advantages of straight legs, just as he had never known eider-down comforters or a bath-tub—both of which are things of habit—he got along very cheerfully. For physical agility he substituted mental rapidity and a crooked, shrewd little smile.

"Extry!" he would cry. "Forty-one dagos blown to pieces eatin' dynamite in their spaghetti!" or "Terrible traction accident—motorman swallowed his quid of tobacco!"

But for a couple of months Jimmy's invention had failed. He still sat on the fire-plug at the entrance to the roller-skating hall over the market, but he rarely smiled. He was scarcely curious when one day the whir and roar of the skates over his head, and the monotonous throb of the band, gave way to quiet and decorum. It was only when Hop Jenkins, a one-legged bootblack, was attracted by the "admission free" card and paid the exhibit up-stairs a call, that Jimmy was roused to interest.

"Y' oughter go up," Hop reported. "There's a nurse up there, and she showed me around. It's how to cure sick folks—all about sleepin' with yer head out the winder, and not spittin' around."

"Aw, gwan!" Jimmy had responded. "What you goin' to do if you don't spit?"

After which retort he shuffled home; but he was turning over in his mind, skeptically, what he had just heard. As he reached the landing of the tenement

he could hear a persistent cough from down the dirty hall, and he drew a long breath. Near at hand Mrs. Simmons's voice rose above the hissing of her fried potatoes and stabbed his soul.

"I don't know who'll take the boy," she said, "and him crippled. He's a good boy, too, Jimmy is. If I didn't have so many—"

"Old fool!" the boy muttered savagely; and to fill an interval when his voice got in his throat and strangled him, he dug a piece of plaster from the broken wall and fired it at the Simmons's cat. Then he went on.

Jimmy ate his supper from a plate on his lap. The whirr of the heavy, old-fashioned sewing-machine seemed to fill the little room, and in the lamplight the boy surreptitiously watched his mother's face.

"How's the cough to-day?" he asked finally. It was always "the cough" between them, and then only incidentally, as one might mention the weather, or the crying of the Levinsky baby.

His mother did not answer. She was busy counting a double stack of trousers piled on the bed. Jimmy didn't wait. He launched into a description of Hop's visit to the City Hall, and ended with a suggestion that they "take in the show."

"It's a free blow," he ended, "and you could get Mrs. Simmons's straw hat." The etiquette of Cherry Row forbade felt head-gear after the middle of May.

It required finesse to borrow the hat without telling its owner where it was to be worn. It necessitated diplomacy to get his mother to wear it, and there was a further scramble for Jimmy to find a pair of stockings to draw over his old ones, thus hiding deficiencies in both pairs. And there was the final and greatest struggle of all—to get Mrs. Claney up the steps and into the lighted hall, when they finally arrived.

"Maybe they won't let us in," she said timidly.

"Sure they will," Jimmy asserted. "There's a guy there now shootin' off his face."

The nurse of Hop's description was just inside the door. Jimmy was not shy, and he shuffled over to her.

"Me mother an' me'd like to look

around," he said. "No objection, is there?"

"None at all." The nurse smiled a little. "That's what the things are here for. If you have anybody who is—not well, I could show you—"

Jimmy shrank back.

"We haven't nobody," he said, glancing uneasily at his mother's timid figure near the door. "That is, me mother has a cough, but that's all." He walked away a few steps, then he came back. "You needn't speak about the cough to her," he said confidentially. "She's always had it."

Through a maze of model open-air shacks, of outdoor sleeping-bags and porch tents, Jimmy led his mother. When the nurse came up she found him alone, stooping before a photograph of a woman in a bed on a fire-escape. Below, all around, were chimneys and blackened roofs.

"Did she get better?" he asked, jerking his thumb toward the picture.

"Yes, she got better," said the nurse. "It's all a matter of plenty of air, you see—air day and night."

The picture was something Jimmy could comprehend. He took a deep breath and straightened up.

"We've got a fire-escape," he said.

When Mrs. Claney was somewhat rested, they started home. As they went, Jimmy paved the way for his new plan.

"Say," he began diplomatically, "do you remember when the police let us sleep on the park benches last summer? Didn't the air feel good? That there woman back there said when folks got used to sleepin' out they never wanted to sleep inside again."

Mrs. Claney waited to cough a little. "I always thought night air was as good as poison," she objected.

"I guess it's all air," Jimmy said largely, "only one you see and one you don't." Which seemed to settle the argument. "I was thinkin'," he went on, "that we don't have enough air in the room nights. How'd it be if we made a bed on the fire-escape and took turns at it? Wouldn't the Levinskys open their eyes?"

It took all Jimmy's art to persuade his mother to the innovation. It was Jimmy who spread the old mattress on the iron

slats, who draped the railing with an old-fashioned patchwork quilt; and it was Jimmy who crept up-stairs after his mother had been tucked into her airy couch and requested the Levinskys not to upset the milk-pitcher on the fire-escape over her head.

There was little sleep for mother or son that night. Jimmy sat on the window-sill until very late, until his twisted feet went to sleep and his eyelids grew heavy. His mother coughed very little. She lay peacefully, watching the stars overhead, and now and then wistfully looking at the boy's old-young face. Once she held out her hand, and Jimmy sheepishly slipped his own little rough paw into it.

It was a night of dreams. When the moon came out, the little jets of steam from the big warehouse next door looked like vanishing angels, and the stair of the fire-escape going up and up was a Jacob's ladder leading to heaven. The heat of the street was far below; indeed, the earth seemed to have dropped away, and the sky was very close.

At ten o'clock next morning big Pat Donlon, seeing Jimmy at his old post by the market-house, sauntered over to him.

"Look here, young un," he said, not unkindly, "you got to cut out that sleepin' on the fire-escape."

"It's our fire-escape," Jimmy replied doggedly. "It don't hurt nobody, me mother sleepin' there."

The policeman moved on a few steps pompously; then he turned around.

"Cut it out," he said impressively. "It's again' the law, and if there was a fire there'd be trouble."

Jimmy's passions were elemental, his revolt against authority cyclonic. Hop's heavy wooden box went flying through the air; it struck a little low and caught Mr. Donlon at the back of the knees. He doubled up with amazing swiftness, and in that instant of collapse Jimmy disappeared. In the constant warfare of the street boys against authority, for once the law was laid low. Nobody had seen Jimmy; no one knew even the direction his flight had taken. Decidedly, the sentiment of the quarter was in his favor. Was not a man's fire-escape his castle, his veranda, or his refrigerator, as he chose?

At the end of fifteen minutes Jimmy crawled from under a delicatessen-stand and put a new resolve into action. His rights as an American citizen being impugned, he would appeal to the law. He went down to Alderman O'Toole's and stumped in. Donlon was there, talking across the desk with Mr. O'Toole and straightening his dented helmet.

"There's the little devil now," he said, as much surprised as Jimmy.

"Don't ye touch me!" Jimmy yelled, but he did not retreat. Instead, he came directly to the desk.

"Well?" said O'Toole severely, with a twinkle in his eye.

"It's like this," Jimmy began, bold in his confidence that justice would be done. "Me mother—she ain't been very well; she's had a cough, and she didn't eat. Yesterday I heard of a cure—how sleepin' out on a fire-escape'd make her better. Las' night she slep' out, and to-day this here guy says it's agin the law. That's why I slammed him."

"Obstructing fire-escapes," quoted the alderman. "Better have her sleep inside, Jimmy. There's entirely too much use made of those fire-escapes, anyhow. If a fire ever gets any headway there, there'll be something doing. Next case!"

Jimmy stepped forward desperately. "It was the air," he tried to explain. "She's got to have air. What kind of a place is it where you can't even have air?"

A titter went around the room, and the alderman, who was popular in the ward, and with reason, reached over and patted the boy's shoulder.

"You keep your mother in out of the night air, my lad, if you want her to get better," he said, "and here's a dollar for some cough-medicine."

Officer Donlon was apoplectic with rage as Jimmy went out. As for the boy, his soul was chaos. With his instinct for getting to the bottom of things, he went directly to the market-house, and up the stairs. The hall was almost empty. He looked at the picture of the woman in bed on the fire-escape. Yes, there she was, cozy and smiling, with an umbrella over her head and a flower-pot on the window-sill.

The nurse recognized him and came up.

"Well," she queried, "did you try the fire-escape?"

Jimmy searched the woman's face with suspicious eyes.

"Say"—he waved a hand vaguely around the hall—"put me on, won't you? Is it a bluff?"

For a moment the nurse was staggered. Then she took the boy by the arm and led him to a small private office, where sat a young man with a cigarette, which the nurse pretended not to see.

"Now, you tell him the whole thing," she said; and being a wise woman, she left them to talk, man to man.

## II

WHEN the early spring vegetables in the market had given way to heaps of fragrant green corn, and that in its turn to baskets of cool, dusky grapes, Jimmy came back to his old stand at the corner. He came slowly, but his old shuffling gait was gone forever. The market people stared, for Jimmy's legs were straight. Straight! And the familiar crooked smile spread over a face rotund and sunburnt as the ward had never seen it.

"Me mother?" he said, in response to Mrs. Simmons's hesitating inquiry. "Say, you oughter see her. Bustin' out of her clothes she is, and they're that stuck on her at the home they want her to stay and help run it. Me? I came down to the city to go to night-school. I'm goin' back every week. Extry, terrible explosion! Alderman O'Toole blown up—by the boss!"

*Mary Roberts Rinehart*

## The Man

HE came in from the factory, his large arms covered with black. His face was also blackened. He was a man of nearly sixty. After he had washed himself, he came into the kitchen, where his wife was working. The small house they lived in—or, rather, half house—consisted of four rooms. The three children slept in one; the man and his wife in another. The remaining two were a kitchen and a dining-room.

The man changed his coat, and said he was going out.

"Where to?" asked his wife.

"To the leader's. There may be a strike."

The woman said nothing. There seemed nothing worth saying. Her dull, work-driven face was expressionless. Besides, at this moment the children began to cry, and she was obliged to quiet them.

The man went out, down the long street. Presently he came to the labor-union headquarters. There was a large crowd there, but he forced his way in. He stood by the labor leader.

"Tell me," he said, "are the molders going out?"

"I expect so."

"And will the puddlers go also?"

"They will have to."

"I am a puddler. I have no grievance."

"That makes no difference. You are a member of the union, and you must go out with the rest."

"But—"

The labor leader turned upon him a stern face.

"We must stand or fall together," he said. "No chain is stronger than its weakest link. If a strike is ordered you must obey."

The man turned sullenly away. He pushed back through the crowd, and walked off down the street. He was bound to the other end—the end where the smoke hung. Half-way there he paused for a moment to look in the window of a pawnbroker. In the window was a variety of objects—that fascinating array that almost invariably claims the attention of the idly curious.

The man paused, gazed, and moved on. At the other end of the avenue lay the huge furnaces. The man made his way through the gates, by the piles of pig iron, into the office of the superintendent.

Again, crowds of men. He waited for some time. Finally the superintendent looked down on him.

"What do you want?"

"I heard the molders in the north end were going out."

"They are out. The news just came."

"The puddlers may go out, too."

"You are a puddler. I know you. You have been with us—?"

"Ten years."

"And you will go out with the rest?"

"I have no grievance against the company, sir."

"Well, you must make your own choice. A strike will be called at any moment. If you stick by us, you will not regret it—I think I may say that. If you go out with the others, the inevitable will happen. History will repeat itself—do you understand? You will be replaced. It may take time—but *you will be replaced*. Move on."

The man went back to his work. It was two o'clock. One hour's time was taken from his wages by the timer from whom he had obtained leave of absence to go on his errand.

At six the whistle sounded. As the men filed out into the street, a slip was placed in his hands. It read as follows:

A general strike is ordered, beginning tomorrow morning, the 12th. You will not report for work until further notice.

*By order of the Committee.*

The man went home. All that night he tossed on his hard bed, although his wife, like a tired animal, slept. In the morning he kissed his children silently, his wife last. Nothing was said. He had made his decision.

He made a roundabout journey to the furnace, coming through on the other side. It was early, and the line at this one point was broken. He got in. He made his way to the superintendent's office. That gentleman was on hand. There had been a conference.

"Well?"

"I came to report."

"You will go to work?"

"Yes, sir. I have no grievance. I cannot afford to be idle. I do not see why my family should suffer—"

"Enough—take your usual place."

"Will I be protected?"

"If we have to call out the State militia and the United States troops."

The man went back to his place.

And so on, day after day. There were riots, but he escaped them. His age favored him. On Saturday he drew his pay as usual.

On Sunday the strike was broken. A settlement had been reached.

On Monday morning the man reported as usual; but as he took his accustomed place a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"You are to report at the superintendent's office."

The man strode blindly on. He entered the already familiar place. The superintendent gazed at him kindly.

"You are the man who did not go out with the others?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have bad news for you. Among the conditions of the settlement we made was one in which we agreed not to employ a non-union man. We are obliged to make this concession in the interests of everybody—that is, we could not consider an isolated case. You are therefore dismissed with regret, as you are no longer a member of the union; but in view of the unusual circumstances, I am instructed to pay you two weeks' wages. You can get the money by presenting this card."

The man took the card, turned on the superintendent, and as he tore it up he threw the pieces over the desk. They fluttered to the floor.

"Keep your dirty money!" he said.

He walked out. No one stopped him. Only a column of smoke followed him, like a huge pall.

He kept on down the street, on the way toward the labor leader's headquarters—blindly, stupidly. Suddenly he paused—in front of the pawnbroker's window. An object attracted his attention. Long he gazed at it. It was a dull, black, forty-two-caliber revolver. The man felt in his pocket for a moment. Undecided, he turned his face up the street toward the labor-union office. Then he turned it back again to where the column of smoke vanished into thin air. Then he went into the pawnbroker's.

That evening, at nine o'clock, the new city editor of the *Planet*, a college man who was being coached by the managing editor, went over to that gentleman's desk, and said:

"That millionaire Graston, who owns the furnaces at the north end of town, has just come back from Europe with a young woman whose name we can't find out."

"You must," exclaimed the managing editor. "Put two or three men on it and give it half a page."

"All right. Here's an item just came



in of the suicide of a puddler in the furnace who was thrown out of a job because he deserted the union. There may be an interesting story in it."

The managing editor smiled satirically.

"Mention it in the briefs," he said. "Why should it be interesting? Who knows *him*?"

*Thomas L. Masson.*

## A Paper of Pins

THERE was no sign displayed over the doorway of the little store; no name painted on the single window. But if the neighbors wished thread, or needles, or fish-hooks, or yarn, or any one of fifty other things, they ran in to see Silas.

Among his motley stock of small wares the old man would delve patiently for the desired article. If not to be found, he would remember who purchased the last, and offer to hobble out and borrow it while the purchaser "tended shop." He was extremely eager to oblige, and painfully anxious not to charge too much, lest his friends might become dissatisfied and trade elsewhere.

Much loved, much laughed at, and, alas! frequently cheated, was Silas, but he did not mind trifling impositions. He couldn't haggle. Any one could beat him down. The joy of his life lay in accommodating and in feeling that he was appreciated.

The sunlight poured in at his window; children sat on the grass-grown stone step, sucking gratuitous lemon-drops; a cat dozed in a basket of woollen socks behind the counter; and Silas gazed cheerfully from the open door, entirely at peace with his surroundings.

His white hair rippled in the late afternoon breeze; his mild eyes filled with a calm satisfaction; in his clean-shaven cheeks showed a childlike pink, and an immaculate bow-tie of lavender ornamented the snowy collar above his spotless shirt-bosom.

There was something fresh and sweet about the old man. He was so neat, so smiling, like a wind-brushed white birch-tree leaning from the bank of a happy stream to reflect itself in peaceful waters. He rested his twisted leg on a

chair-rung, and, shading his eyes with a well-kept hand, peered down the street of the quiet village.

The touring-car which had caught his attention whirled up and stopped nearly opposite. Such were not rare sights, but this automobile was a large one and held several people. To halt here was unusual. The children on the step toddled over to stare.

Some occupant of the car was speaking to a passer. He pointed across the road. Silas heard him laugh. Then a lady, elderly, dignified, alighted and came toward the shopkeeper.

As she approached, the old man got behind the counter with alacrity. Here, surely, was a customer. He liked always to be in readiness, with a certain welcoming air, that strangers might feel at home directly. If they cared to chat or to hear his story, Silas had plenty of time.

She was a handsome woman, even in age, this visitor, with her regular, high-bred features; yet her mouth and eyes were hard, as if the years had not passed lightly. They softened pleasedly while she glanced about the tidy little room.

"How nice!" she said. "Really worth coming into, as a relief from the dust and everlasting chatter. Have you any large pins—black ones?"

"I have, madam. How are these? Or these? I aim to carry three sizes, but am out of the medium." Silas clawed alertly in the show-case.

At the sound of his voice the woman, who had scarcely looked at him, started and gazed intently at his face. Her own expressed intense surprise mingled with recognition. She ran the tip of her tongue along her lips. Her bosom swelled. She stepped closer, eying him eagerly. The man returned her scrutiny with placid courtesy, smiling and holding out his wares.

"Am I—am I"—his customer cleared her throat—"am I speaking to Mr. Latimore—Silas Latimore?"

"Yes, madam," he said, bowing; "I'm Silas Latimore." There was no recognition in his gentle eyes, no hint of any former knowledge of her. "Five cents," he said. "You will find them excellent pins. I sell a great many. Anything else I can show you?"

The woman looked at the doorway, then

back at the man. Mechanically she laid a coin on the counter. He put the paper of pins in an envelope and handed it to her.

"Thank you very much," said he gratefully.

Across the road the automobile panted. Loud voices and laughter floated over. Some one called.

A bit of red stole into the woman's cheeks. Her eyes were strange and bright. The gloved hand resting on the counter was tightly clenched. She spoke queerly.

"You do not remember me?"

"No, madam, I—no, I'm quite sure I never had the pleasure of meeting you before, unless—"

"Unless what?" she said sharply, a note of agony in her tone.

"My accident," he replied simply. "It left a blank, you know."

"Your accident! A blank! I—I never heard," she exclaimed, as if to herself. Her fingers unclasped, going to his passive hand. "Why, Silas!" cried she impulsively. "I'm Helen Foslake—or—I was."

"Yes?" he said apologetically. "Helen—Foslake—dear me! No, I'm sorry, but—"

Slowly she withdrew her hand. A sigh, half impatient, half piteous, broke from her.

The shopkeeper showed deep concern. He bent partly over the counter, drumming softly with his finger-tips.

"Please don't mind my forgetting," he said anxiously. "You must be one of my old friends, but it's useless to try to recollect. Maybe you would like to hear the way of it."

She nodded, and made a queer, assenting murmur.

He began a glib recital, smiling again as if his tale must prove entertaining.

"Something—I can't imagine what, and they won't tell me—sent me off at a tangent when I was twenty-six years old. They say I was reckless and miserable, and I went away, traveling. My train ran off a bridge. I got a maimed leg and a badly banged skull. I guess about seven years of my existence is wiped off my brain-map. The rest is all right. I remember my school-days. For a long, long time after the wreck my wits were slow. Then they cleared by degrees, but

I was like a boy, and had to learn a good deal all over again. My people obtained damages from the railroad company—a good deal, I think, for I am sent money every month. I have been here keeping my store for many years. You see, I hate noise, and it gives me an interest to have a shop, besides being so lovely and quiet. The folks are friendly, and I'm very happy and well. That's about all there is to it, and you'll understand. It's nice to have some money. I was always hard up at school, and now I can buy things. It costs quite a bit to run my shop. I'm very glad you came in, and I hope the pins are what you wish. Isn't your party calling for you to hurry?"

"Yes. Good-by—God keep you!" whispered the woman. She squeezed both his hands, gave him a lingering look which startled him, and went.

Silas Latimore gazed serenely after the departing car.

"Who in creation was Helen Foslake?" he meditated. "That old lady must once have known me well. Bless my soul! she looked ready to shed tears, but there's nothing to cry about. A sympathetic old lady—very!"

The heavy, red-faced, white-mustached owner of the auto nudged his wife with a petulant elbow.

"Talk, can't you!" said he. "Are you asleep, Helen?"

The woman roused herself.

"Of what?" she asked dully. "Places? People? Whatever became of Harriet Latimore? She was a sister of Silas. You remember Silas?"

"That impecunious, big chap you threw over for me, my dear? Yes, I have a dim recollection of the boy. His sister? Gracious! I don't know what becomes of all the people. Do you?"

His wife sat up stiffly, and steadily regarded the mountains.

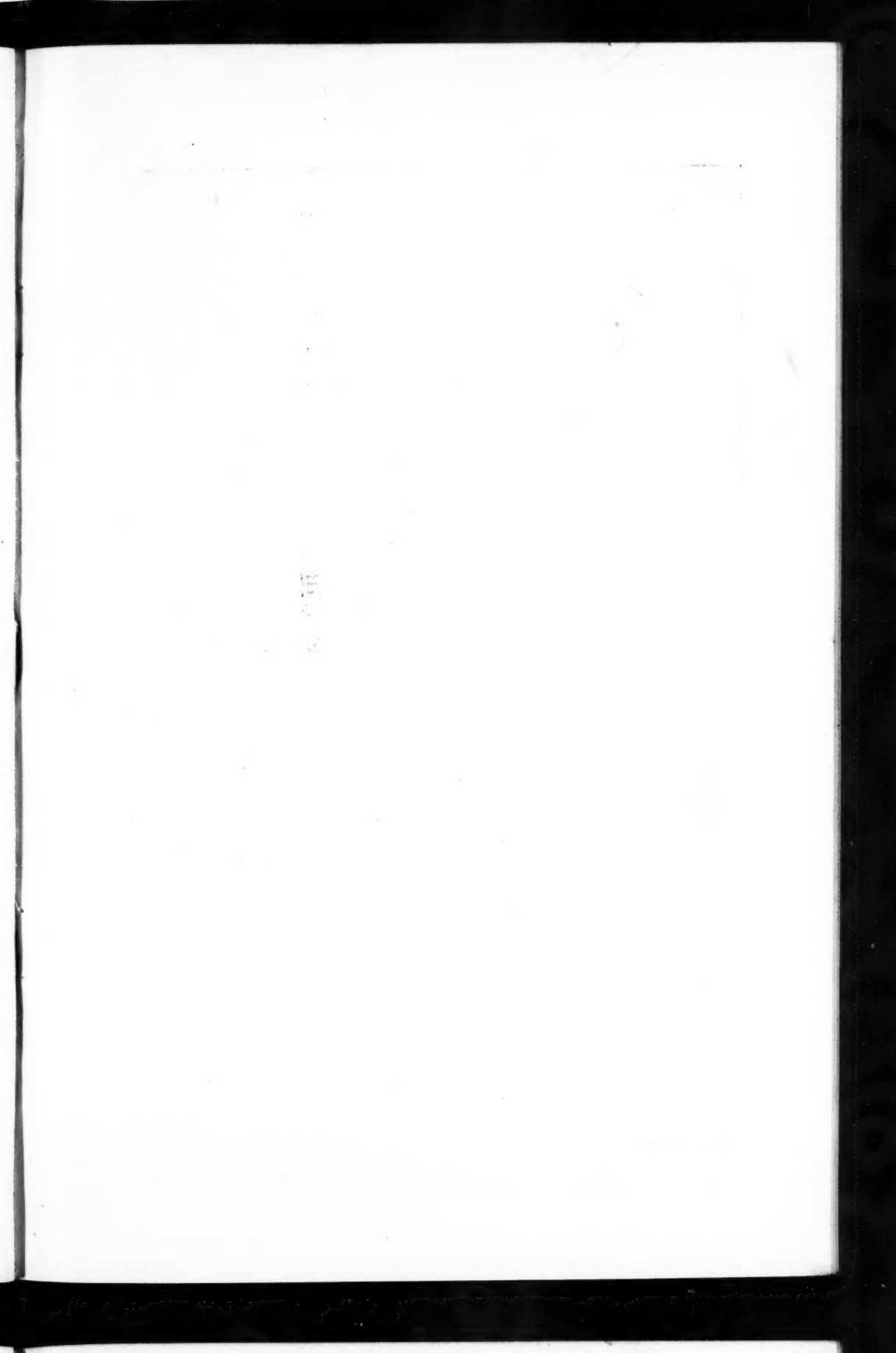
"One, occasionally," she returned. "Wrap that shawl about me, Dave; I'm cold."

He tucked the covering around her shoulders, saying severely:

"You stayed forever in that cool shop after being in the heat. What did you get, anyway?"

"Pins," replied she, shivering. "Nothing but pins, my dear."

*Elliot Walker*



## CHRISTMAS EVE IN TOWN

I

FOR some, the hedges banked with snow,  
The yule-log's flame, the quiet night;  
For me, the crowds that come and go,  
The noisy street, the cheery light,  
The faker's call, the mistletoe,  
The snow that falls so softly down,  
The toy-shop windows all aglow —  
Ah, this is Christmas Eve in town!



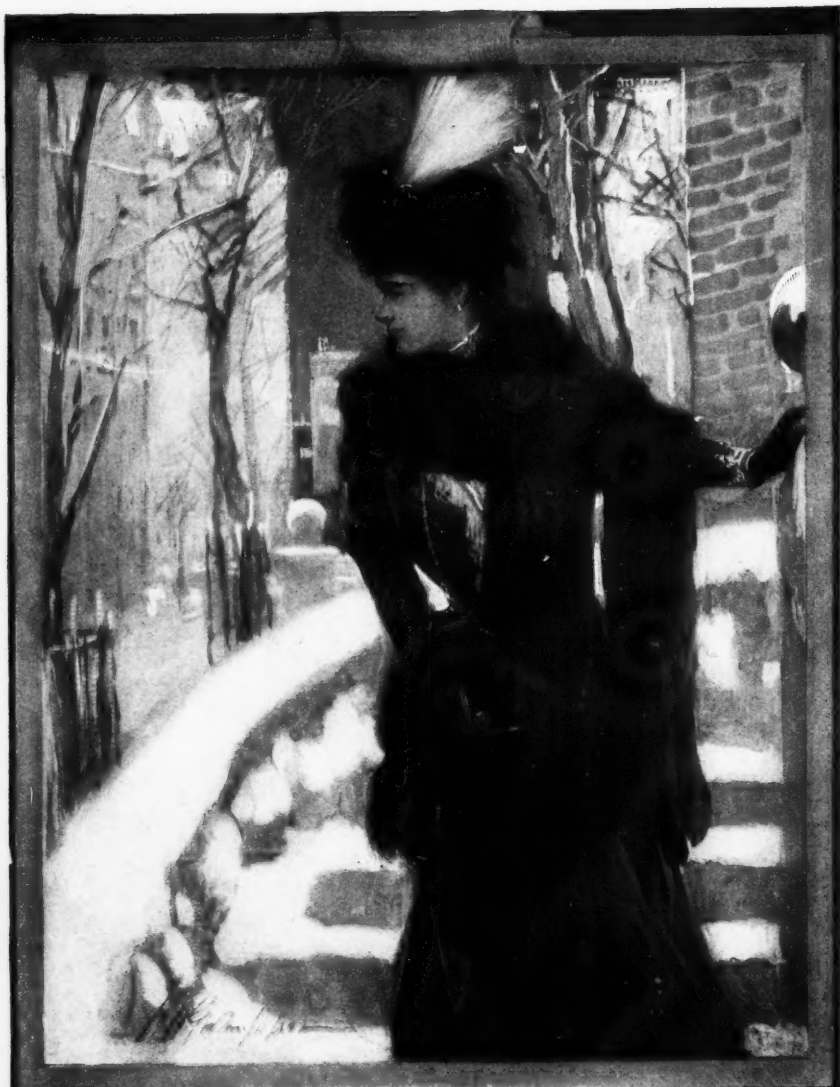
## CHRISTMAS EVE IN TOWN

II

LET those who will sit close to-night  
Draw up their chairs, and hug the blaze;  
For me, the gay electric light,  
The carnival of the holidays;  
The Christmas buyers, clutching tight  
Their bundled gifts, and on the breeze  
That pungent promise of delight,  
The piny smell of Christmas-trees.







## CHRISTMAS EVE IN TOWN

### III

SEE, here are angels' fluttering wings,  
 And in that window, on the walls,  
 Are gold and silver tinsel strings,  
 With red and green and yellow balls.  
 Let those who will, be old to-night—  
 I'll sally forth upon my way;  
 For, though it's covered hoary-white,  
 The town is young on Christmas Day!

*Mary Roberts Rinehart*